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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

D'AVENANT.

III.

*Printed for Subscribers only.*

450 copies Small Paper.

150 „ Large Paper.

30 „ Whatman's Paper.

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THE DRAMATIC  
WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



MDCCCLXXIII.

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## CONTENTS.

	Page
THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS, . . . .	1
LOVE AND HONOUR, . . . .	91
ENTERTAINMENT AT RUTLAND HOUSE, . . .	193
THE SIEGE OF RHODES, . . . .	231





THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

VOL. III.

A

*The Unfortunate Lovers: a Tragedie; as it was lately acted with great applause at the private House in Black-Fryers; By His Majesties Servants.*

*The Author Sir William Davenant,  
Serrant to her Majestie*

*London, Printed by R. H. and are to be sold by Francis Coles at his Shop in the Old Bayley, Anno Dom. 1643. 4to.*

*The Unfortunate Lovers. London Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes armes in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1649. 4to.*

*The Unfortunate Lovers.—In the folio edition of D'arenant's works, 1673.*

"This tragedy," says the *Biographia Britannica*, "founded upon an Italian story, was received very kindly at the time of its appearance, and was often acted after the Restoration. It is somewhat strange that it should be omitted in Mr Langbaine's catalogue of our author's works, notwithstanding it is mentioned by Winstanley, and, which is more, in Mr Langbaine's own catalogue of plays."

The same authority in reference to this play and the tragi-comedy of "Love and Honour," suggests:—"it is very probable that the two following pieces were written some years earlier than they were printed, for it can hardly be supposed that after Mr D'avenant had fallen so grievously under the displeasure of the Parliament he could have any great intercourse with his stationer at London; so that it is more likely these plays having been formerly acted with applause, were now printed in the absence, though not without the consent, of the author."

"Both these plays," it is further remarked, "are without any testimonies of the author's friends before them, because published at a time when, perhaps, there were not many who were inclined to inform the world that they *were* his friends."

Pepys, in his diary, has this entry, "8th April 1668. With Lord Brouncker to the Duke of York's playhouse, where we saw 'The Unfortunate Lovers,'—an extraordinary play."

There were frequent subsequent repetitions of it, and it would seem to have been a favourite stock play, and much relished by the public. Geneste, in his account of the English stage, in noticing its performance on the 3d December in the same year, remarks, "It is on the whole a good tragedy."

The text of the first and second editions are identical, but the third, included in the folio edition of 1673, has undergone considerable alteration and curtailment. In

the present instance, as before, the original text has been adopted.

Among the *dramatis personæ* the folio has "Frisklin" in place of "Friskin," and "Fibbia" is there called "Orna, Cousin to Amaranta." Further, to render the play more acceptable to the growing taste for the introduction of music into dramatic entertainments, a short dialogue to enable Fibbia to sing a song about "Love's Lottery" has been interpolated in the first scene of the third act. This interpolation will now be found at the end of the play.

The dedication which follows prefaces the first and second editions only, and, as it does not emanate from the pen of D'Avenant himself, affords confirmation of the conjectures of the *Biographia Britannica*.

The nobleman to whom this dedication is addressed was the second son of the lady to whom Sir Philip Sidney inscribed his *Arcadia*, and in memory of whom Ben Jonson composed the following lines:—

"Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse—  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death ere thou has slain another,  
Wise, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.  
Marble piles let no man raise  
To her name, for after dayes,  
Some kind woman born as she,  
Reading this, like Niobe,  
Shall turn statue, and become  
Both her mourner and her tomb."\*

Mary Sydney, daughter of Sir Henry Sydney, K.G., and sister of Sir Philip Sydney, was the third wife of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, who died at Wilton, the family seat, upon the 19th day of January 1600-1, and was buried in the Cathedral of Salisbury. The

\* The last six lines are supposed to have been cancelled by Jonson, "on account", in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, "of the outrageous false wit with which they disgrace the commencement."—See *Osborne's* "Secret History of the Court of James I.," reprinted, Edinburgh, 1811, vol. i., p. 225, in which these verses are preserved entire.

Countess survived her husband for many years, and, departing this life in her house at Aldersgate Street, London, her remains were removed to Salisbury, where they were placed in the cathedral beside those of her husband.

Of this marriage there were two sons, William and Philip. The latter was created Earl of Montgomery by James, who also honoured him with the Garter. According to Arthur Wilson, his Majesty "either not finding him suitable to his *honours* or *affections*, or seeing another *object* 'more' delightful,"\* adopted in his stead Robert Carr, better known as Earl of Somerset, and the husband of Lady Katherine Howard of infamous memory. Upon the demise of his brother William, third Earl of Pembroke, at his house called Bayards Castle, in the city of London, April 10, 1630, without surviving issue by his wife,—a daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury,—Philip succeeded to his honours and estates. There is a remarkable anecdote, to be found in Clarendon, connected with Lord Pembroke's death, worthy of notice. It was prognosticated that he would not outlive his fiftieth year. The prognosticator was "his tutor Sandford," who seems to have cast his nativity. Some friends of the Earl, persons of quality, meeting at Maidenhead, drank the health of the Earl, upon which another of them said, "that he believed his Lord was very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor Sandford had prognosticated upon his nativity he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birthday, which had completed his age of fifty years. The next morning by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death." This singular story resembles the anecdote of the warning said to have been given to the second Lord Lyttleton, who had a party assembled on the day assigned for his death, and who, supposing the hour was past—some friends having put forward the clock—observed "he had jockeyed the ghost," and, retiring to the adjoining apartment, was found dead on his bed.

The character of Pembroke, by Clarendon, is said by Walpole to have been "one of the best drawn" of his

\* "History of Great Britain." London, 1653, folio, p. 54.

portraits. Wood, "Fasti," vol. i., describes him "as the very picture and *viva effigies* of nobility. The person was rather majestic than elegant, and his presence, whether quiet or in motion, was full of stately gravity. The mind was purely heroic, often stout, but never disloyal, and so vehement an opponent of the Spaniard, that when that match fell under consideration in the latter end of the reign of James I., he would sometimes rise to the trepidation of that king, yet kept in favour still; for his Majesty knew plain dealing as a power in all men, so was it in a privy counsellor an ornamental duty, and the same truchearnedness commended him to Charles I."

Osborne, Master of the Horse, and afterwards Chamberlain to Lord Montgomery, after devoting, in his memoirs, some pages to his lordship, says he was "a man carressed by King James for his handsome face, which kept him not long company, leaving little behind it so acceptable as to render him fit society for any body but himselfe, and such bookes as posterity may find ordinarily dedicated to him, which might yet have prompted his understanding to a more candid proceeding than he used at Oxford, where he exercised greater passion against learning, that had by teaching books to speak English endeavoured to make him wiser, than he did towards Ramsay, who, by switching him on the face at Croydon, rendered him ridiculous."\*

James, whose aversion from duelling is notorious, was the only person who approved of the pusillanimous conduct of his well-featured favourite. He was raised to the peerage in token of the Monarch's approbation of his adoption of the royal maxim, *Beati Pacifici*, Blessed are the Peaceful. Ramsay, for appearance sake, and to appease the English nobility, was banished the Court for a short time, and, upon his return, was presented as Viscount Haddington of the kingdom of Scotland. Thus Philip got his peerage for submitting to be switched, and Ramsay his for switching him. In 1620, Ramsay was created Earl of Holderness in England.

The Countess of Pembroke, Montgomery's mother, could not be reconciled to this pacific mode of pocketing an affront, respecting which Osborne remarks, "I have

\* P. 219.

been told, the mother of Herbert tore her hair at the report of her son's dishonour, who, I am confident upon a like opportunity, would have ransom'd her own repute, if she had not redeemed her country's. She was that sister of Sir Philip Sidney to whom he addressed his *Arcadia*, and of whom he had no other advantage than what he received from that partial benevolence of fortune, in making him a man; which yet she did, in some judgments, recompense in beauty."

Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted in an elegant form the poems written by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Stewart of His Majestie's Household, whereof many of which are answered, by way of repartee, by Sir Benjamin Ruddyer Knight,—being several distinct poems, written by them occasionally and apart, London, 1660,—and, in commenting on their merit, remarks that Pembroke "was an infant when his uncle, Sir Philip Sydney, died; but he must have imbibed from his mother much of that uncle's romantic cast of mind. Thence he must have learned not only the chivalrous spirit by which both the life and the writings of Sir Philip were inspired, but a veneration of that genius and those forms by which Spencer had clothed, in the most powerful verse, all the gorgeous imagery of such a romantic cast of intellect."\*

These poems had been preserved in manuscript by Christian, Countess Dowager of Devonshire, for whom his lordship had formed a platonic† attachment, and, more than thirty years after the death of the writer, were given for publication to Donne, usually called Dunne, a son of Dr. Donne, the famous Dean of St. Paul's. As regards these he used no discrimination, but included other verses found in the lady's common-place book. From Donne's preface, it appears that the sonnets were "set" by the "greatest masters of music."

The new Earl of Pembroke presents a remarkable contrast to his accomplished brother. He had not a particle of the chivalrous feelings either of his paternal or maternal ancestors. Although, as Chancellor of the

\* Poems of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, K.G. Second edition, London, 1817, 12mo. Preface p. xxi.

† See preface to the *Platonic Lovers* in our second volume.

University of Oxford, he had taken an oath to defend its privileges, he joined with the Presbyterians in their attempt to abrogate them. "In private life," says Gilpin, "he was vicious, ignorant, and unlettered in a surprising degree." In public his character was stained with ingratitude and tergiversation, as appears in the noble historian of those unfortunate times. This worthless man and his unhappy lady lived nearly twenty years together. During the latter part of his life, he became so dissolute that she was obliged to leave him."

The Countess was Anne, daughter and heiress of George, Earl of Cumberland—the representative of the Shepherd Earl—and widow of Richard, Earl of Dorset. She survived her second husband, to whom she had given her hand upon the 3rd June 1630, many years, and died at the advanced age of eighty-seven upon the 22nd March 1675, having had no issue by either of her espousals.\*

Sir Walter Scott observes, that "this unworthy nobleman had no qualities to recommend him as a royal favourite, saving two, any one of which would have made him acceptable to James. These were comeliness of person and indefatigable zeal in hunting. His character was that of Squire Western, choleric, boisterous, illiterate, selfish, absurd, and cowardly. He was besides a profligate, a gambler, and, above all, an ungrateful rebel to the son of the prince who raised him, as he adhered with great vehemence to the cause of the Parliament and afterwards to that of Cromwell." In this ingratitude to his monarch he was not unlike his namesake, Philip Lord Wharton, one of the masquers in *Britannia Triumphans*,† who persecuted Strafford and Laud, and allied himself to the Great Protector, taking good care after his death to suit himself to the times that he foresaw must follow. The Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery died upon the 23rd January 1649, having had by his first wife Susan, daughter of Edward Vere of Oxford, seven sons and three daughters. His Lordship is the direct

\* See Brydges' edition of Collins, vol. iii., London 1812, 8vo, pp. 135 to 139.

† See our vol. ii., p. 295.



ancestor of the present Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, and Carnarvon.\*

Inigo Jones who assisted D'Avenant in the mechanical portion of the *Masques* seems to have incurred the dislike of the Earl. Lord Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, informs his readers that "in the Harleian Library was an edition of *Stonehenge* which previously belonged to the Earl, and the margins of which were full of strange notes written by him, not on the work but on the author or any thing else. I have another commonplace book, if one may call it so of Earl Philip—the life of Sir Thomas More. In the *Stonehenge* are memorandums, jokes, witticisms, and abuse on several persons, particularly on Cromwell and his daughters, and on Inigo, whom his Lordship calls Iniquity Jones, and says he had £16,000 for keeping the king's houses in repair.

"Earl Philip's resentment to Jones was probably occasioned by some disagreement while the latter was employed at Wilton. There he built the noble front and the grotto at the end of the water."

It seems strange that D'Avenant should have selected such a man as Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery as the fitting patron of a drama, the beauties of which, from what posterity has learned of him, he was altogether unable to appreciate, and, it is still more wonderful that he should have selected as its patron an opponent of the cause he served. The dedication, which is signed W.H., suggests that it did not emanate from him, but was the device of some satellite of the Herberts, who was desirous of propitiating the wealthy nobleman by ascribing to him excellences he never possessed. It appeared only in the two early impressions of the play in

\* Lord Orford must have fallen into error as to the name of the book on which these notes were written, for Pembroke died previous to the publication of Jones' work, which was first published by Mr John Webb, in small folio, in 1655, after the death of Jones in 1652. As Lord Orford had in his own possession a commonplace book of Pembroke's, he must have been familiar with the Earl's calligraphy, so that it was not likely he could mistake the hand-writing, although he might the name of the work in which they were written.

See introduction to *Britannia Triumphans* in our second volume.

4to, but was omitted in the collected folio edition of our Poet's works. The first edition of 1643 was wholly printed from the acting copy without the knowledge of the author, who was at the time not engaged in providing amusement for the factious citizens of London, but as a gallant and consistent gentleman endeavouring to serve the crown, under the noblest cavalier that ever bore the name of Cavendish.

The part of Arthiopa was originally sustained by the boy-actress, Edward Kynaston. See further respecting Kynaston in the Memoir of D'Avenant, vol. i. page lxxv.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND  
MONTGOMERY, &c.

MY NOBLE LORD,—The natural affection, which by the successive virtue of your family you have always borne to Poetry, engages me, in the absence of the worthy author, to present your Lordship this piece, that you, the best Mæcenas of the age, might patronize this best of *Plays*. Had Mr. Davenant himself been present, he would have elected no other Patron but your Lordship, and in his absence I trust you accept this work of his; whose excellence, I hope, will excuse his boldness, who had no other ambition in the dedication, but that he might by public profession be known to be that which he has long time been in his private affection,

The humble honourer of your

Name and Family,

W. H.

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

*The Prologue spoken at Black-Friars.*

WERE you but half so humble to confess,  
As you are wise to know your happiness ;  
Our author would not grieve to see you sit  
Ruling, with such unquestion'd power, his wit :  
What would I give, that I could still preserve  
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve  
Your kind opinion, by revealing now  
The cause of that great storm which clouds his brow,  
And his close murmurs, which since meant to you,  
I cannot think, or mannerly or true ?  
Well ; I begin to be resolv'd, and let  
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret ;  
Let him the several harmless weapons use  
Of that all daring trifle called his Muse ;  
Yet I'll inform you, what this very day,  
Twice before witness, I have heard him say.  
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud,  
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd  
Your silly ancestors in twenty year,  
Y' expect should in two hours be given you here ;  
For they, he swears, to th' Theatre would come  
Ere they had din'd to take up the best room ;  
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,  
And graciously did vail their high-crowned hats  
To every half dress'd Player,\* as he still  
Through th' hangings peep'd to see how th' house  
did fill.  
Good easy judging souls, with what delight

\* "To vail bonnet," which occurs in the Plays of Edward II., Edward III., and George-a-Green, signifies to "uncover in submission."

They would expect a jig, or target fight,  
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought  
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly sought ;  
Laught at a clinch,\* the shadow of a jest,  
And cry a passing good one, I protest.  
Such dull and humble-witted people were  
Even your fore-fathers, whom we govern'd here ;  
And such had you been too he swears, had not  
The poets taught you how t'unweave the plot,  
And tract the winding scenes, taught you to admit  
What was true sense, not what did sound like wit.  
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to  
fight,  
Made strong and mischievous from what they write ;  
You have been lately highly feasted here  
With two great wits, that grac'd our Theatre.  
But, if to feed you often with delight,  
Will more corrupt than mend your appetite ;  
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,  
As others did your homely Ancestors.

\* A witty saying, or repartee. — *Howell's Lett. Tet.*

THE PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY.

HEILDEBRAND, *King of the Lombards.*

ASCOLI, *Prince of Verona.*

ALTOPHIL, *A Duke and General.*

RANGONE, *A Count, Captain of the Guard to Ascoli.*

GALEOTTO, *A politic stout ambitious favourite to Ascoli.*

MORELLO, *A Gentleman, and creature to Galeotto.*

GANDOLPHO, *Brother to Morello, Captain of the Fort  
in Verona.*

RAMPINO, *A young gallant Soldier, much indebted  
and vexed by Creditors.*

BRUSCO, *An old Captain, his companion.*

HIRCO, *A Soldier, companion to them both.*

FRISKIN, *An ambitious Tailor, to whom Rampino  
owes money.*

ARTHIOPA, *Mistress to Altophil.*

AMARANTA, *Her Rival, daughter to Galeotto.*

FIBBIA, *A precise widow, to whom also Rampino is  
indebted.*

*A Carthusian. Soldiers of Heildebrand.*

*The Guard to Ascoli.*

*The Scene : VERONA.*

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter RAMPINO, BRUSCO, HIRCO.*

RAM. Come, gentlemen, I'll shew you the whole Court :

Hirco, I think, was never here before.

BRU. Never ! He takes these o'er-grown babes, These tender sucking giants of the guard, For Colonels of Switzerland ; each usher Of the presence for a famous leader.

HIR. Yes, of women in the dark.

RAM. Why dost thou sneak and tread so bashfully

Behind ? Come boldly on ! they'll think thee else A City-spy that seeks for leave t' arrest.\*

BRU. He looks as if he had a black jack under His cloak, and came to beg budge at the buttery.

RAM. Move on ! This is the presence, gentlemen ! Hence is your passage to the privy chamber. You should erect your fingers to your hair, Which being order'd thus—or, having us'd Your little Tortoise-combs to titubate† Your empty heads, you may salute those of But half a fortune thus with half a face, The favourite with your entire frame ; here, He is your idol, your religion else Will be believ'd heretical.

HIR. Rampino, walk no farther into sight !

\* *Folio*—A City-dun that sues for leave to arrest 'em.

† *Qy.* Tittivate !—To dress neatly. *Var. dial.*

Our General's pleasure was, we should not be  
Discover'd yet, for fear it chance to make  
His coming known : 'Tis sudden and by stealth.

*Enter ASCOLI, GALEOTTO, AMARANTA, who whisper together.*

RAM. Young Ascoli, our Prince ! Brusco, retire !

BRU. Since my last visit to the Camp, he's grown  
Tall, man ; and he becomes his growth. We that  
Pursue the sullen business of the war,  
Long much to shew him to the foe ; not in his  
Perfume and his silks, but iron vest.  
There he must change his gentle looks, and learn  
To frown. Men think his courage great.

RAM. Brusco, he will make good in future acts  
Of Chivalry men's best belief, and has  
A nature uncorrupted yet with exercise  
Of guilt. His ignorance in sin makes all  
His errors seem mistakes ; and well  
That false Galeotto knows how to subdue  
A heart whose innocence is all  
The armour of his breast.

BRU. Is that Galeotto his dear favourite ?

RAM. It is. He was a soldier in his youth,  
And had the luck of early victories,  
Which rais'd him to a restless pride, such as  
He since maintains by wicked arts of Court ;\*  
The horror of his thoughts ought make him sad,  
'Tis a melancholy doth cause him groan  
At night, but they're mandrakes' groans and still  
Bode death. Nor is his mirth less dangerous ;  
For, like the wanton play of porpoises,  
It prophesies a storm, and when he shakes  
His foe by the hand 'tis not in kindness but  
To reach his pulse, that he may feel how soon

\* The accession of Charles evidently caused this word to be altered to " power " in the *Folio*.



Nature would kill whom he hath long proscrib'd.

BRU. What lady's that his eyes so overlook ?

HIR. I could lie perdue with her all night i'th' snow !

RAM. 'Tis fair Amaranta, Galeotto's daughter !

The beauty of her mind shines in her face :

For she is good as fair, and more to urge

Her excellence, her virtues are so great

They overmatch his vice ; but, luckless maid,

She mourns within, and loves the noble Duke,

Our General, ev'n with a sick and waking heart.

ASCO. This news hath much of joy, and somewhat too

Of wonder in't. Duke Altophil, our General,

So near the town ! stol'n hither to prevent

The triumphs due unto his victory.

GAL. It is your Highness' custom to give trust

To my intelligence, and this hath truth

Enough to merit your belief ; but as

You ever have vouchsaf'd your help to make

Me prosperous so I beseech you now

Assist my daughter's pensive love. This Duke

Is high in worth, as in his blood, and may,

If you procure \* him, choose her for his wife :

By his alliance so confirm my family,

That I shall need to fear no change of time,

Nor angry fate, but from your princely self.

ASCO. Fair Amaranta, do you love Duke Altophil ?

It is a choice so excellent, you need

Not blush to own the passion of your heart.

AMA. Sir, since it was his virtues taught me how

To love, I hope my modesty may give

Me leave still to confess it to the world.

ASCO. His judgment seldom harbours near his eyes,

\* Provoke.—*Folio*.

If he can look on so much beauty, and  
Not wish to make it his. But, gentle maid,  
Trust me I shall persuade him to this happiness  
With all my pow'r and skill !

AMA. It is a favour that  
My prayer shall endeavour to requite,  
Though I am doubtful how to own it from  
Mine own doubts.

GAL. Amaranta, peace !  
I am the elder beggar, Sir, and by  
Continual practice want no confidence  
To ask \* your help at all necessities.

ASCO. This, Galeotto, is a kindness to myself :  
I long to see those nuptials consummate,  
Where each so much deserves the other's love.  
Let's in to make enquiry of the cause,  
Why his arrival is so much conceal'd.

[*Exeunt Ascoli, Galeotto, Amaranta.*]

BRU. But why, Rampino, since this lady is  
So rarely qualified, and being heir  
To all her father's wealth and hopes, doth not  
Our general make her lawful mistress of his bed ?

RAM. The cause is evident : for his  
Affections and his faith already are  
Engag'd unto the beautiful Arthiopa.

BRU. Arthiopa ! the daughter of our old  
Dead General ? Alas ! his fame was greater  
Than his fortune, for he left her poor.

RAM. Most true !  
So poor, she was constrain'd to live conceal'd  
Here in Verona, and become, 'tis thought,  
Her lover's chaste and thankful pensioner ;  
And you have heard what strange reports were oft  
Disperst into our camp of her disloyalty :  
Some saucily would style it lust, and those  
Were punish'd for their loose and slippery tongues.

\* Crave. - *Falio*.

BRU. It seems then, our Duke Altophil retains  
Her still in's breast with's former confidence.

RAM. She grows the faster to his heart, for he  
Had strong suspicions to believe these tales  
By Galeotto forg'd, who strives, it seems,  
By this poor lady's infamy, to make  
More easy room for his fair daughter's love !

HIR. O, how full of mischief are these wise men !

BRU. It would be long, Hirco, ere we could  
squeeze

Such another plot out of thy lean head.

RAM. Never ! though it were crushed to a circumference

So small that he might make a helmet of  
A hazle nut.

HIR. Well, gentlemen ! you'll find  
Our General an angry man ere night ;  
Take that from my intelligence, though I  
Receiv'd it since we came to town i'th' streets !

BRU. How, Hirco ? Come, the news !

HIR. The lady that  
You call Arthiopa, this morning, was  
Arrested in her chamber by the officers  
Of the purgation-house, and 's thither sent  
To suffer for unchastity !

RAM. The devil made thee drunk with spirit of  
sulphur.

HIR. I'm sure this is the people's language now,  
And talk'd on too, by children two foot high.  
And more ; three witnesses, whom they believe  
Brib'd and suborn'd, have all depos'd against  
Her maiden-head ; that was the phrase.

RAM. Here will we knock \* ere long. Let them  
that have  
No money take up plasters upon trust.

\* Here will be knocks. *Folio.*

BRU. Away ! let's to Saint Laurence Port : it  
 was our  
 General's will we should be expected there.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter GALLEOTTO, MORELLO.*

GAL. Morello, I'm subdu'd with thy fine arts ;  
 Thou art as swift to execute as to  
 Contrive. How did our witnesses behave  
 Themselves when they beheld Arthiopa ?

MO. Good faith, my Lord, [like] valiant rogues  
 that had

Full oft o'ercome their consciences before ;  
 And, therefore to resist her blushes, thought  
 It but an easy victory. The Articles  
 Were many they had t'accuse her chastity ;  
 Which they both read and swore to in a breath,  
 And wish'd them longer for your Lordship's sake !  
 Protesting their good natures checkt them, 'cause  
 They earn'd their money with so little pains.

GAL. How did the governors o' th' severe house  
 Digest th' employment my request did lay  
 Upon their gravity ?

MO. They are a kind  
 Of more solemn villains ; and, like old fishes,  
 Choose to demur and swim about the bait  
 Awhile, ere they would catch what afterwards  
 They swallow'd greedily.

GAL. I thank their tenderness !

MO. It seem'd at first as if her innocence  
 And beauty would pervert their justice to  
 Rebel against your Lordship's power.  
 But then, presuming pity was a little too  
 Effeminate for ancient magistrates,  
 They thought upon your gold, and had decreed  
 Her to the whip, but that I interpos'd  
 To mitigate their purchas'd wrath !

GAL. 'Twas safely done, for such severity  
Would too much exasperate her friends.

MOR. Their sentence is, she must from that  
Devout chaste college march, vested in white,  
And with a purifying taper in her hand,  
To the Cathedral Church !

GAL. If Altophil do breed his honour with  
Strict discipline, or have but any taste  
Of wisdom in her love, this imputation will  
Divorce him from her eyes. My Amaranta then  
Hath no impediment to terrify her hopes.  
These mischiefs make me more indebted  
To my brain, in that they are obscurely laid,  
And I their guilty author am unknown.

*Enter AMARANTA.*

AMA. O, sir, if either tears, or fervent prayers  
Can move you to compassion, show it now !  
My woman, half depriv'd of breath with her  
Astonishment and haste, imperfectly  
Hath told me news so sad, would make a fierce  
Young Thracian soldier weep before his bride.

GAL. This news were sad indeed ! What is it ?  
Is it, hoh ?

Or if it be too fearful for [thy] speech  
Bring here thy lute and breathe it in a song.

AMA. My virtuous rival, poor Arthiopa,  
Is in distress ; she suffers shame, such vile  
Abuse, as lips well taught will blush to utter of  
Afflicted enemies.

GAL. What is this to me ?

AMA. Sir, she's guiltlessly betray'd ;  
I'll gage my yet unspotted fame, nay, all  
The treasures of my soul, she's most innocent :  
Therefore I beg you would employ your power  
To take her from the rigour of the law,  
And punish those that have perverted it

To exercise their cruelty !

GAL. Away ! thou meek religious fool, get thee to

Thy closet : go ! and with thy needle form  
In shadow'd works some ruthless lover's death,  
Then weep the silly story out, until  
Thy tears stain all thy silk ! Hence, from my sight !

AMA. Alas ! thou wrong'd Arthiopa ! Thou canst  
Not hope for truer grief than mine,  
When other virgins shall lament thy death. [*Exit.*

GAL. Morello ! haste, and lay out several spies  
For Altophil's approach, and bring me word  
To whom his earliest visits are address. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ALTOPHIL, RAMPINO, BRUSCO, HIRCO.

ALT. Hah ! gone ? There's treachery of State in  
this !

From her small solitary mansion ta'en,  
Where she liv'd cloister'd up, cag'd like a bird,  
To mourn my absence in a pensive song ;  
Forc'd thence, and by stern officers :  
Hirco, what did the people say ?

HIR. I know not, sir,  
There is no trusting to their whisperings ;  
Their murmurs are but noise, uncertain, sir,  
And not to be believ'd !

ALT. Good soldier, speak !  
Deal justly with my griefs : what did they say ?

HIR. Why, sir, they talk'd as if—pray do not  
hear't—

All they discourse is out of rage or drink.

ALT. I pray thee vex me not with thy o'erwise  
Ill-manner'd love. It is not safe ; what did they  
say ?

RAM. 'Slight, tell the General !

HIR. Why, if you needs will know, 'tis given out  
She was convey'd to the holy college, sir ;

The new purgation house, where witnesses  
Have severally depos'd she was unchaste.

ALT. Blisters and rottenness consume thy tongue !  
Villain ! thou hast talk'd away thy life.

*[Draws upon him.]*

BRU. Oh ! hold sir, hold ! can you enforce  
A slander from him, and then punish it  
Yourself ? Your sword upon your vassal too !

HIR. If rogues will bear false witness, can I  
help't ?

Cause they lose their souls, must I lose my life ?

RAM. Galeotto, sir, the favourite may be,  
With argument enough, suspected chief  
In this conspiracy.

ALT. Thou dost receive  
My jealous fears with truth too naked,  
And evident to be conceal'd. What is  
That holy college he's in madness nam'd ?

RAM. A place to whip offenders for their lust.

ALT. O heavens ! why is your business so remote  
And high, that you can take no notice of  
Such wrongs as these ? Was this the house thought  
fit

To entertain Arthiopa ? Furies  
And fiends ascend ! take up your dwelling here :  
For all this goodly city I'll convert  
Into one spreading fume—a fire so large  
And hot, shall make the rivers seethe, and seas  
To boil without the trouble of a storm.

RAM. Kill all you meet, and burn the rest that are  
Imprison'd or asleep.\*

BRU. Let's think of rifling first, then fire shops  
after.

Though I must never wear silks, I do not like  
Flame-colour'd taffeta.

\* These two lines are, in the folio, given to Altophil, the next three to Rampino, and the following two to Hirco.

HIR. I'd fain to the mercers too,  
And fall a measuring with my iron yard.

ALT. Why, Brusco, dost thou stand so lamely\*  
now ?

When I perceive my injuries so great,  
Our patience will be held no virtue but a sin.  
Draw up the scatter'd troops that winter'd here  
Since the last siege.

BRU. O sir! ease your distemper with  
Your wiser thoughts ; the prince, you know's, in  
town ;

He's gracious, and will do you right. Lose not  
The fame your noble youth hath justly gain'd  
With one rash act, which must be treason call'd  
And so interpreted by all the Court :  
Then think what danger a commotion here  
Would urge, since Heildebrand, the Lombard's  
King,

Our watchful enemy, is now within  
Ten leagues strongly encamp'd.

*Enter a CARTHUSIAN, ARTHIOPA, who is held by him,  
clothed in white, a taper in her hand, people and  
boys following her.*

ALT. What means this sad and bashful spectacle,  
My friends ? What penitential lady's that  
You wait on with such needless courtesy ?  
You sir, speak, can you tell ? are you all dumb ?

*[They run from him as afraid.]*

Here's one whose habit promises so much  
Civility as will afford me a reply.

*[Speaks to the Carthusian.]*

Pray, Sir, instruct me in this lady's name !  
And what's the cause her penance is expos'd  
Thus to the public view ?

RAM. He's a Carthusian, and, by's order, tied

\* Tamely.—*Folio.*



To a concealment of his tongue. He  
Must not speak.

ALT. Sure I have had some knowledge of her face !

ART. 'Tis Altophil, the Lord of all my vows !  
Sweet Heaven let fall a cloud and hide me in't,  
That my shame, since undeserv'd, may be  
Conceal'd from all but you. I ask not for  
Revenge from men : their justice I have felt  
So cruel on myself, that I not dare  
Write it to those who thus have injur'd me !

ALT. Mine eyes have been too bold.  
It is not fit they should discover her  
In so much shame : yet it must be she.  
O heart ! heart ! if ever thou wert made for love,  
Love would have weaved thy strings not of such  
tough

And stubborn wire, but silk, such as would crack  
With half that weight which hangs upon his grief.  
Arthiopa !

ART. Fly ! fly ! my Lord, and follow not this  
light,  
It is that walking fire which in the night  
Misleads the traveller, and, like an  
Unwholesome mist about it, needs must blast  
Whom it shall tempt to wander from his wits.

ALT. Stay ! stay ! 'tis instant death to take her  
hence :

Though all your tyrants of the law were here,  
They would fall down, down at her feet and hide  
Their antic faces that do fright poor prisoners more  
Than their false sentence when they're half asleep.  
Forgive me, reverend Sir ! I know, in this  
Your office, you but serve some high command.  
Lend me this lady for a short discourse,  
And, on my honour, I'll restore her to  
Your charge. The laws shall be exactly satisfied.

[Takes her aside.

ART. Sure, Altophil, thou'rt lately come from  
 Heaven ;  
 For this is more than human courtesy  
 To own a luckless virgin, so much lost  
 In sorrow and distress !

ALT. Preserve thy tears !  
 This is a wicked place ; such precious drops  
 Should not bedew unhallow'd ground. Thy infamy  
 Is meant to me, and thou art punish'd for  
 My envied love. Ay, 't must be so, the proofs  
 Are pregnant that persuade my faith.

ART. My sorrows will seem easy to me, though  
 Accompanied with death. Such is the joy  
 I take, that you believe me guiltless of  
 A crime, which, though I blush to name, yet I  
 Must own before the world in punishment.  
 The angels if they had but leisure to  
 Descend would testify I am betray'd.

ALT. And I, Arthiopa, to vindicate  
 Thy fame, yet shew obedience to the laws,  
 In these injurious penitential weeds  
 Will lead thee straight unto that Church  
 To which thy penance is prescrib'd ; and there  
 I'll marry thee, in scorn of all the dull  
 Abused world. Go on ! *[She kneels.*

ART. O ! sir, though I  
 Am strictly chaste, most true and loyal to your love,  
 Respect the honour of your house,  
 Renown'd in war and foreign courts. How will  
 It be defil'd when y' are allied not unto me  
 Alone, but to my shame ? That is a stain  
 So deep and public now, not all my tears,  
 Though they could fall in show'rs, will wash't away.

ALT. Go on ! My resolution needs no vows.

BRU. Where is your reason, sir ? you that are  
 wise  
 Enough to govern armies in their rage,

In your own fury now should be so wise  
To rule your self. Though this sweet lady's truth  
And virtues sacred are, and firm to our  
Belief; yet in the high importance of  
A wife, you should take care to match where not  
A single doubt, though ne'er so weak, could be  
By envy urg'd!

ART. Sir, you have borrow'd much  
Of time, much have you seen, and speak from all  
Discreet experience: and your love, I know:  
You love your Duke. Therefore in this advice  
You have my thanks sincerely from my soul!

ALT. Old man, could'st thou convey thy heart  
into  
My breast, and so possess my grief; could'st thou  
With my subdued moist eyes behold the great  
Gonsalvo's daughter, mistress of my life,  
Disgraced thus, like th' people's sinful offspring,  
[Here]\* in the street: how would it stir thy blood?  
And then to know her suff'rance treacherously  
Contrived by power, one that did malice all  
Our holy vows. I'll not indure't!—burn—burn  
The town! kill, kill all you meet!

HIR. Rampino, raise the old garrison i'th' citadel.  
I'll to the sconce behind the bridge.

RAM. Since they do love to see a soldier's mistress  
In a white sheet, we'll see their wives in their  
Smocks too, before night.

BRU. Stay! stay! is this your love unto your  
General,  
Or thirst to pillage and to blood?

ART. Sir, let me quench your anger with my tears.  
Upon my knees let me request you leave  
Me to mine own misfortune, and the laws.  
This dangerous act at once would violate  
All your allegiance to the Prince.

\* Interpolated in the folio.

BRU. Think on your self, and us that must depend  
Upon your better hopes !

ALT. My fair white mourner, rise !  
You with your priestly office lead the way,  
'Tis to the church, she shall obey the law.  
Hold high the taper, and move boldly on !  
Know, injur'd Hymen, 'tis thy torch, and this  
My wedding day. Dissuade me not ! my soul  
Hath vowed it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven. You that  
Affect your General, follow ! and afford  
Me straight your shouts of joy. Not wealth,  
Wisdom nor honour, is to me above  
The fame and resolution of my love !

*[Exeunt omnes, and straight several shouts are heard within.]*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter BRUSCO, HIRCO.*

BRU. Hirco ! have you appeas'd the mutiny  
The General's discontents did raise  
Amongst his fry of friends, our tattered camp-  
Companions in the street ?

HIR. All's quiet now ;  
They sadly wear their fingers in their pockets,  
Which they did hope ere this should have been used  
In telling pistols\* and chickeens.†

*Enter RAMPINO.*

BRU. Rampino ! 'tis expected you bring peace !

\* See vol ii., p. 176.

† Also spelt "Zecchin" and "Sequin." A coin of gold, current in Venice, worth about seven shillings and sixpence. The Turkish Zecchine is valued at nine shillings sterling.—*Glossographia.*

RAM. Two hours I have been preaching  
On a stall to certain car-men, that took't ill  
In a good cause they might not hang with our  
Cast troops to pull down houses and to rob  
An heretical new church or two, but they  
Are gone swearing and well edified. Come !  
What news ? Is our General married ?

BRU. Not yet.

RAM. How ! not married ?

BRU. No, some small spy, that watch'd  
Which way the current of his discontents  
Would run, convey'd it to the Court, and straight  
The Prince himself sent to forbid the banns.

RAM. The embers are but cover'd yet ; I fear  
When they are stirr'd the fire will flame again.

BRU. Our Duke conveyed the lady to his house ;  
Repair'd to Court, where the kind Prince, with  
praise

And joy, receiv'd him in open arms.

RAM. This qualifies the heat of our affairs !

BRU. He then laid out for those spies that were  
Suborn'd against his lady's fame ; who, with  
Severe enquiry, being produced, had strict  
Examination from the Prince ; a while  
They justified their oaths ; but still  
Falsehood betray'd itself : for when  
He urg'd for names of persons, time, and place,  
With doubtful terms, and words disjointed, they  
Began to stammer out their evidence ;  
Then Altophil claims leave he may present  
Their worships with an odd engine of pleasure.

RAM. Which courteous politicians call a rock ! \*

BRU. The same, and each with painful leisure was  
Slowly, sir, wound up.

RAM. Like a huge jack-weight by a weak sick  
wench !

\* Qy. Rack !

BRU. Right, sir, and then they both confess'd  
That Saint, Galeotto, brib'd them to this perjury.  
And know my joy-sweet, wanting men of war,  
He is by th' prince imprison'd in the fort.

RAM. An excellent Prince, by this hand he sha'  
not want.

First, I'll forgive him all my pay ; then, Hirco,  
Thou shalt lend him money !

HIR. Excuse me, sir,  
Upon security not else ; I've been  
Too often bit that way already. Retire, gentlemen !

*Enter ASCOLI, ALTOPHIL, GALEOTTO, who is held by  
the Guard.*

ASCO. Though thou hast so behav'd thyself in war,  
With wise directions and a valiant arm,  
That fortune cannot boast a share in thy  
Fam'd victories ; yet I must chide thee, Altophil,  
Since being mine, and so much lov'd, thou could'st  
Unto a lady give thyself away,  
Not freed by my consent.

ALT. Sir, I have ask'd your pardon, and believe  
My joys you did lessen with your sorrows,  
To make them by your kindness now more full.

ASCO. This separation will be short, for since  
Your mistress' innocence is by her false  
Accusers clear'd unto the world,  
Your nuptials I will celebrate, with all  
The glory I can add to th' triumph of  
A friend ; and you, Galeotto, shall receive  
Such punishment, as shall declare  
My justice equal to your crime.

GAL. Sir, I confess your favour lifted me  
To hope alliance with the noble Duke ;  
Which, had I lawfully contriv'd, perhaps  
Th' ambition had not much been blam'd.

But I am lost ; nor would I beg  
 Forgiveness of your laws, but of your self,  
 And next, my Lord, of you. Be pleas'd to think  
 The wrongs were not of malice, but of pride.

ALT. Not the eldest devil with his long practice  
 had

The skill to lay on me so great a wrong,  
 But I could pardon it ; unless when I  
 Perceive the whiteness of my mistress' virtue stain'd,  
 Betray'd to penance too ! It were a cruelty  
 The fiends would sooner weep at than commend !

GAL. Then I'll provide to suffer, and to scorn  
 That fate I cannot alter with my prayers !

ASCO. Thou, once the health, art poison now to  
 sight ;

'Tis wholesomer to look upon the basilisk.\*  
 Perfidious to my friend ! But where's Rangone,  
 That went to fetch your Mistress, Altophil ?  
 I never saw her yet. Trust me you are  
 A cunning lover, that so long concealed  
 The beauty you admire.

*Enter RANGONE, ARTHIOPA, richly attired.*

RAN. Madam ! your sweetness doth deserve the  
 best

Of joys, and I have brought you where they are.

ASCO. What light is this, that ere the day is  
 spent

Breaks like a second morning in our eyes ?  
 Whil'st all that's shining else shews like a shade  
 About her beams, sweet as the precious smoke  
 Ascending from the funeral fire o' th' long-  
 Lived bird of Araby.

RAN. You sent me for this lady, sir : will you  
 Not speak to her ? See, where she kneels !

ASCO. O ! rise ! If I have trespass'd in neglect,

\* See vol. ii. page 179.

Forgive thy beauty, that hath forced my wonder  
To adore what I perhaps by th' laws of courtesy  
Should first salute.

AR. Sir, though I never fear'd my stock  
Of modesty so small, that I could want  
It for my necessary use ; yet I  
Shall need to borrow blushes, if you lay  
More beauty to my charge than I dare own.

ASCO. Where have I liv'd that I could never hear  
Sweet music until now? O, Altophil !  
I find the treasure of thy love so great,  
That, were it mine, I should not blame  
The envy of a friend, since from the excess  
Of judgment, when it values things at full,  
Our envy grows—it is our nicety  
To call that envy sin.

ALT. What means the Prince ?

ASCO. Was she that was so delicate, and soft as is  
The purple fleece of clouds—was she thought fit  
T' endure the rigour o' th' perverted law ?  
Convey the traitor hence ! and never more  
Presume to set thy treacherous foot upon  
The confines of my land !

AR. If so, you'll vouchsafe  
To make my mercy an example unto yours.  
I shall forgive his cruelties.

ASC. It were an injury to heaven ; away !  
If, the next time I, in my dominions, spy  
This loathed face, thy life is forfeited.

GAL. Sir, I'll presume you'll think my daughter had  
No share in my unlucky guilt, therefore,  
It were not like your usual justice she  
Should suffer in my loss.

ASCO. She is too good for thy society :  
Her virtues shall preserve her here.

GAL. Peace crown you at home, and victory  
abroad ! *[Exit with the Guard.*



ASCO. Know, Altophil, my darkest thoughts are  
not

So secret to myself, but I dare trust  
Thy knowledge with them, and be safe.  
Why then should thy intentions or desires  
Be hid from me? I fain would sound thy breast  
With a new question ; prithee, give me leave !

ALT. Sir, I am born to follow your command :  
Ask what you please ; if I want knowledge here  
To satisfy your doubt, I'll study to know more.  
Pray, speak !

ASCO. It is decreed by th' powers above, whom no  
Dull earthly meditation can dissuade  
Or alter, I must needs marry fair Arthiopa !

ALT. I look'd for comfort, sir,  
From your consent, not trouble from your doubts.

ASCO. Is it inevitable then, as the  
Conjunction of th' illustrious planets are  
That needs must meet ; else all the spheres will  
straight

Be out of tune ; time break his glass, and throw  
The sand in the sun's eyes to make him wink,  
And leave us in the dark. Speak, must it be,  
Or else you both will suffer an eclipse?  
Make answer from thy kind thoughts. Is it  
Decreed ?

ALT. It is : and nought can alter it but death.

ASCO. How hardly then hath nature dealt with  
us :

For we are prisoners all ; all circumscrib'd,  
And to our limits tied : the fortunate,  
And luckless, are alike ; for thou art with  
As strict necessity unto thy happiness  
Confin'd, as others to their evil fate.

ALT. To be her prisoner, sir, is to be free ;  
Nor can I wish my bondage off, whilst I  
Am fetter'd in her arms.

ASCO. You'll give me leave  
To try how far your mistress hath engag'd  
Her faith, and not be jealous, Altophil ?

ALT. I'll trust such virtue with mine enemy.

*[Ascoli withdraws with Arthiopa.]*

Ah ! me ! where is a lover's wealth ? what joy  
Is there of beauty, when once conceal'd, more than  
Of jewels in the dark ? but, when reveal'd,  
We stand to th' hazard of another's claim.

RAN. I do not like this alteration in the Prince :  
If he doth love, I fear it is too late.

ASCO. Oh, do not promise so much comfort in  
Your looks, and in your language breathe despair ;  
'Tis like fantastic April, that erewhile  
With gaudy sun-beams smiles upon the Spring,  
And in a minute's space gathers the black  
Thick clouds about his brow to make a storm.  
Have you no pity left ?

AR. My pity, sir, you'll hardly entertain ;  
Since it must come alone without relief !

ASCO. Why were you trusted with such bounte-  
ous wealth,  
And make such hasty bargains for your self ?  
Could you have skill to know the value of  
Your love, and give it all away at once ?

AR. Sir, I beseech you do not urge me  
To deny, what in your gentler clemency  
You should forbear to ask ; heaven made my vows,  
And they are Altophil's.

ASCO. No more ! my trespass I'll decline, though I  
Augment my griefs. My Altophil, farewell !

*[Takes him by the hand.]*

When thou dost hear me sick, think what disease  
Arthiopa's neglect might once have bred  
In thee ; then mourn me at that rate.  
Rangone, come ! lead me to the cypress grove.

*[Ex. Ascoli, Rangone.]*

ALTO. Thou art as much unfortunate as fair.  
 But smile upon thy stars, perhaps they may  
 Be sooth'd into a kinder influence.  
 The Prince is noble, and in's wisdom will  
 Digest this fit that shakes him out of frame.  
 These gentlemen have shar'd with me the sharp  
 Calamities of war; give them your hand.

[*Brusco, Ramp., Hirc., kiss her hand.*]

Take care thy valiant friends, here in the town  
 You give example of a sober discipline.

[*Exeunt Altophil, Arthiopa,*

BRU. A rare creature!

RAM. No sweet meat in the world  
 Is like the conserve of a lady's hand.

HIRC. She'll think o' th' Hircos this twelvemonth  
 by way

Of a full buss. I laid it roundly on.

RAM. Why, you came last, sir, and kiss'd but her  
 wrist,  
 Her hand was melted before into my mouth; ah!

*Enter FRISKIN.*

[*Ram. spies him and starts back.*]

BRU. What, planet-struck!

HIR. 'Tis his tailor! he owes him money.

RAM. How did the rascal find me out? I shift  
 My lodging as often as conveniently  
 I can remove my trunks; thrice in two days;  
 Would's needle stuck across his throat!

FRIS. Signior Rampino!

RAM. Signior Friskin! I thought it should be  
 you.

And how, dear heart, and how, how does thy wife?  
 My godson too at nurse? I've a little whistle  
 For him, 'tis coming in the General's Court.\*

FRIS. All well, signior. Do the wars thrive, sir?

\* Waggon.—*Folio.*

Is there any money stirring?

RAMP. Faith, some of us here,  
By our continual practice, know a ducket  
From a counter.\* We've mauled King Heildebrand.

FRIS. We hear he is encamp'd some ten leagues  
hence.

RAM. Yes, we have put him to his sallads, like  
A saucy frog upon another's meadow.

FRISK. Signior, there is an old debt!

RAM. Dost thou think I have forgot it? I prithee  
What skirt's in fashion now? the jacket-way  
Down to the hams?

FRIS. No, sir, six in a rank.\* But, sir, the debt  
is old.

RAM. Ay, Ay, with all my heart! How are their  
cloaks?  
A square full cape?

FRIS. Just as you left them, sir.  
Would you would think upon your debt?

RAM. Dost think I do not? I prithee bring me but  
A pattern of a Polish coat, I'd wear it loose and short.  
Pray, gentlemen, know my friend! believ't  
I'd rather see him sit cross-legg'd than any man  
In Lombardy; his thimble on, and's needle thus—  
He'll run a tilt through cloth two inches thick.

BRU. Is he so excellent? he shall make my  
clothes.

HIR. And mine too, if he please.

FRIS. Have they any sorts, sir? Are they well  
stor'd?

RAM. A brace of rich close curmudgeonly fellows.  
Thou see'st they care not what their outside is,

\* "Counters" were pieces resembling money, formerly used  
in calculations.

† "Eight, sir, and short. But, sir, the debt is long."—*Folio*.  
This difference in the two readings marks the change of  
fashion in the thirty years which had elapsed between the first  
appearance of the play and its reproduction.

So their pockets be well lined.

FRIS. It seems they are a little careless, sir, indeed.

Where is your lodging now ?

RAM. In troth, 'twill be in the old mansion near  
The palace-yard, till six of clock at night,  
But then I must remove ; the fiddlers do  
So often waken me with their muttoned gridirons  
And good morrows, I cannot sleep for them.  
I'll send thee word where I shall fix.

FRIS. And you'll remember, sir, my bill ?

RAM. Dost think I'll fail ?

I prithee bring thy weights along with thee ;  
We shall else wrangle about light gold.

FRIS. Y'are welcome, sir, to town !

RAM. Away, lest we be vex'd again with new  
Solicitors for the old cause. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter* GALEOTTO, GANDOLPHO, MORELLO.

GAL. Is Amaranta sent for by the Prince ?

MO. She is ! but for what use I could not learn.  
My brother, whom your former bounties have  
Preferred and late made captain of the fort,  
Is come, sir, to bewail your miseries,  
And proffer all his service ; to make known  
Your loss cannot dissuade his gratitude.

GAN. My Lord, from low deservings you have  
rais'd

Me to the best command, this place affords  
A soldier's hope, but, if my life can pay  
Your bounty, I will keep it for that use.

GAL. Your natures are so thankful, gentlemen,  
For little benefits, that I am taught,  
If ever I can reach my former power,  
T' oblige more friends though with a greater charge.

MO. My Lord, your wisdom hath the skill to cure  
Distempers, stronger than your fortune feels.

GAL. Greatness hath still a little taint i'the blood;  
And often 'tis corrupted near the heart.  
But these are not diseases held till by  
The monarch spied, who our ambition feeds  
Till't surfeits with his love; nor do we strive  
To cure or take it from ourselves, but from  
His eyes, and then our medicine we apply  
Like the weapon-salve,\* not to ourselves, but him  
Who was the sword that made the wound; and this  
State medicine is compos'd of flattering industry,  
And such false cures as like to false alarms  
Fright men to fear danger, when none is near,  
Still vex'd and busy to no real use,  
As drones that keep most noise about the hive,  
And then devour the politic Court flies  
What foolish bees bring on their weary thighs.

MO. These lectures, my Gandolpho, show a brain  
That will preserve him, spite of power.  
My Lord, my brother is your own, and we  
Will share the hazard of your fortune.

GAL. The captain hath a valiant soul, and I  
Perhaps shall use him in a close design,  
That i'th' success may richly pay his love.

GAN. When y' are most confident of me, you  
can't

Expect so much as I'll perform.

GAL. Enough! Morello, sir, shall undertake  
For my belief, to all you dare  
Make promise of; if you will please to bring  
Me to the ports where short the allowance of  
My time will force me take a sad farewell,  
I'll breathe my love and business to you both.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Weapon-salve was supposed to cure a wounded person by being applied to the sword by which the wound had been inflicted. It was first discovered by Paracelsus.

*Enter ALTOPHIL, ARTHIOPA.*

ALT. Gladness possess my mistress' thoughts. I'm told

The Count Rangone from the Prince is now  
Alighted at my gates. Good news, I hope?  
For though we live as in a convent here,  
You as my nun to-morrow may proclaim  
This house a Court, and you my cheerful bride.

AR. The frowns of heav'n are to the virtuous  
like  
Those thick dark clouds poor wand'ring seamen  
spy,  
Which oft foretell their happiness, and shew  
The long expected land is near.

*Enter RANGONE, AMARANTA, her face veiled.*

RAN. Felicity and everlasting fame  
Betide the noble general! Thus I  
Am bid salute you from our mighty Prince.

ALT. I am the creature of his power and will.

RAN. I, with this gentle greeting, must present  
The richest treasure nature in her last  
Declining stock of beauty could afford  
The world. Behold it, and admire!

*[Unveils Amar. who weeps.]*

Her eyes, dissolving thus in tears, should teach  
Thy heart to melt: for know, thou cruel Lord,  
She long hath chastely sickened for thy love.

ALT. Alas! unlucky maid! How can thy griefs  
Expect comfort from him, that knows not to  
Redress his own?

AMA. Yet, Sir, I hope 'tis in  
Your power t'excuse th' unwilling error of  
My modesty. I surely am the first  
Sad lady that ever was constrain'd to seek  
Her lover, and then woo him too. But 'tis

The Prince hath forc'd me here to nourish my  
Affection with your real sight, that else  
Had been conceal'd, and with your shadow fed.

AR. Poor Amaranta! I must needs lament  
The malice of thy fortune, though  
My pity shews unkindness to myself.

RAN. Sir, my commission is to ask, if you  
Can love and celebrate this lady for  
Your wife? And our kind Prince, besides the forfeited

Possessions of her father's wealth, will to  
Her dowry add honours and lands, until  
You share his royalty.

ALT. Too soon this am'rous riddle is resolv'd.  
He loves Arthiopa, and would  
Enforce me wed this lady, to assure  
More easy way for's own desires.

AR. O! Altophil! Were I not well  
Instructed in thy loyalty, how soon  
Her beauty and these soothing hopes would throw  
Me cold into the arms of death.

ALT. Sir, you must carry to the Prince, what I  
Was never wont to send: a harsh denial of  
His suit; and, give me leave to say, 'tis troublesome,  
And too severe.

AMA. How am I lately hardened with the use  
Of sorrows, that I can listen to  
My angry doom, and live?

RAN. Summon your wise  
And kinder thoughts, and make such reply  
As I may joy in the delivery,  
And soon procure a mutual happiness.

ALT. To court me to a better knowledge of my  
bliss,  
Than I already understand, were but  
A vain attempt; I am resolv'd within



The chaste embraces of these arms to live  
Or die.

AMA. My ears have forfeited their faculty ;  
Why should they still preserve their sense, that  
could

Not for a while be deaf, but needs must hearken  
To my evil fate ?

RAN. Sir, pardon mine obedience to my Prince,  
For I shall execute a sad command.  
You of the guard, lay hold upon the Duke !

*Enter the GUARD and seize on ALTOPHIL.*

ALT. Fear not, Arthiopa ! some joy remains  
I' th' hopes we shall not be divided in  
Our sufferings.

RAN. She is my pris'ner, sir,  
And must to court, whilst you and Amaranta stay  
Confin'd together in this house.

ALT. False Prince ! how cunning is thy cruelty.

AR. Lest we had courage left t' expect an end  
Of our calamities, this way was found  
To make us yet more certain of despair.

RAN. In this, Sir, you perceive the intricate  
Though pow'rful influence of love, that doth  
Pervert most righteous natures to attempt  
Unjust designs. His God-head 's not full known  
And's miseries have been but dully taught  
To men : for I am charg'd to say this new  
Constraint is but a sad experiment  
To try if you to Amaranta can  
Pay equal love for hers, and nice Arthiopa  
Return unto the prince what's passions now  
May challenge as a debt ?

AR. O, my true Lord,  
Shall we ne'er meet again, and tell our thoughts,  
Which still we found too like, as if we two  
Had but one heart, wherein we gave them forms ?

ALT. 'Twere sin to have no hope. We'll change  
our stars,  
For there are many more will gladly take  
Protection of our loves.

RAN. My time was limited ; my witness is  
Become my charge, and must to Court.

AR. Sir, give me leave but to salute this lady,  
Whose friendship, though of noble worth, I shall  
Too soon receive, too soon, I fear, forsake ;  
You, gentle Amaranta, must enjoy  
Your blessed habitation here, here with my Lord,  
Whom I would fain commend, not to  
Your care, but your neglect : for know,  
We, in our virgin bashfulness, esteem  
Solicitation and address a more  
Undoubted sin than our disdain.

AM. Madam ! I'm here a prisoner too, and will  
Expect, like others, in harsh times distress'd,  
His pity, not relief ; I'll hope for that,  
If you'll permit without a jealousy.

ART. Preserve me in your kind remembrance,  
Altophil.

ALT. What other use have I of memory  
When I have conceal'd the records of thee ?

ART. Sir ! I am loth to leave this lady here ;  
Imprisonment is cruel to a maid.  
Was it the Prince's will she needs must stay ?

RAN. I have receiv'd it in a strict command.\*

ART. O Altophil ! sir, let me hide mine eyes ;  
It were some crime 'gainst them, thus to forsake  
Their chiefest joy, and let them see it too.

ALT. Since Amaranta, we  
Must strive to woo, let's learn no mortal love,  
That's dangerous, and quickly ends ; but try  
To make eternal which is first to die.

[*Ex. omnes.*

\* See Addenda to this Play, No. I.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter BRUSCO, RAMPINO, HIRCO, their swords drawn.  
A noise of drums first heard afar off.*

RAM. All's lost, the town is taken, w' are betray'd !  
That cursed traitor, Galeotto, sold  
Us like tame feeble sheep to Heildebrand  
The Lombards' king ; whom false Morello, taught  
By 's master's art, gave, in the sleepy\* hour  
Of night, a secret entrance through the western port.

HIR. No courage left ? Is the citadal surpriz'd ?

BRU. Past all recovery ! Gandolpho, he  
That was preferred to the command of it  
Some two years† since, by th' treacherous favourite,  
At his design made a surrender to  
The filching king that hath not overcome  
But stolen us to captivity.

RAM. What drowsy ignorance possess'd the  
Prince  
To trust, with such important power, one whom  
He knew a traitor, to that villain's lust ?

BRU. Ay, there his reason shew'd herself be-  
witch'd ;  
When he had banished Galeotto, and  
Incens'd his very soul to all malignity,  
That his envenom'd gall could e'er produce ;  
Then to put trust in those he had preferred !

*Enter RANGONE.*

RAN. O gentlemen ! To what unseasonable use  
Do you advance your weapons, as you meant  
To threaten the victorious foe ? when we  
Are so much past the likelihood of help,  
That all resistance you can make is but  
To hasten on the forfeit of your lives !

\* Darkest.—*Folio.*

† Hours.—*Ib.*

BRU. If channels must o'erflow with blood, they shall

Be fed from proudest veins that highest swell ;  
Theirs who would empty ours shall open too.

RAM. Why should we calmly die, as if we had  
Drunk cold mandragora, and breathe our souls  
Out in our sleep, departing with less noise  
Than men who dream they die ? Let's venture to  
Regain the fort.

HIR. There are enow to make  
Scalladoes left, that have not yielded up  
Their arms ; if we must fall, it is as good  
We do it climbing as thus standing still.

RAN. Your forces are too weak ! 'Tis fortified  
Already with two regiments of Switz.  
I know you think I am as much inclin'd  
To hazard, as that man, who dares the most  
In glory or revenge : but this attempt  
Will only serve t'incense stern Heildebrand  
Against our prince and Altophil ; who, with  
Arthiopa, are prisoners, and given  
To Galeotto's power, as a reward :  
First promis'd him to purchase his lost faith.

BRU. The Prince, our general, and his mistress too !  
All ta'en ? the destinies are grown too curst !\*

[*Drums afar off.*]

Stand close, and make this passage good.

*Enter* HEILDEBRAND, GALEOTTO, MORELLO,  
GANDOLPHO, SOLDIERS.

HEI. What left mistaken souls are these, who, but  
A piece and remnant of discourag'd strength,  
Presume defiance still, when all the rest  
Have safely yielded to our power ? Bid them,  
Galeotto, give their weapons up.

GAL. Why, gentlemen, do you vainly tempt

\* Cruel.—*Folio.*

A danger from his wrath, that not delights  
To ruin where his mercy is implor'd ?  
Present him your unprofitable swords,  
And I'll procure a full assurance of  
Your lives and liberties.

RAN. Kindness sounds ill in a traitor's tongue.  
If you had loyal held unto your Prince  
Such mediation had been out of use.

GAL. This language is too bold ; it doth proclaim  
Your anger great, and your discretion small.  
But such untimely choler, know, I can  
As easily forgive as scorn ; and will  
Requite it, if you'll yet submit, with a  
Protection of your throats, that else are in  
Great danger to swallow no more new wine.

MOR. The counsel that he gives you is not fit  
To be refus'd.

GAN. You'r brothers of the camp, is it not better  
To live and spend your pay, when you can get it,  
Than die, and have't laid out in fun'ral plums ?\*

HEI. If you will hazard death, we can afford it.  
If you with taking but a little pains,  
Stand still and smile whil'st it is done ; if you'll  
Deserve to live, you shall enjoy the same  
Kind mercy we afford the town ; be free,  
And still protected by your former laws ;  
But first yield up your swords.

BRU. Our swords are all our wealth ! Take those  
away  
And we are left to poverty and shame.

HEI. Your grant already hath allow'd our citizens  
The preservation of their lands and goods.

RAM. Shall we fare worse than retailers of small  
wares ?

HEI. The tribute of your arms we'll but possess

\* Qy. Plumes ; or the comfits then in use for funerals ? See  
Engle's remark in " The Wits," vol. ii. p. 192.

Till night, and then, on th' honour of a King,  
They shall be all restor'd.

RAN. In our resistance, gentlemen, vainly  
We give away our lives ; let us preserve  
Them rather for our Prince's future use.

BRU. Since, it must be, make answer as you  
please.

RAN. Upon your Kingly word we yield !

HEI. Disarm, and lead them to the court-du-guard !  
Where, when you have enroll'd their names, take care  
That our engagement be made good.

*[The soldiers take away their swords.]*

RAM. I pray look to the ribbon on the hilt :  
It was a widow's favour.

*[Exeunt Rang., Brusc., Ramp., Hirc., soldiers.]*

HEI. Where's, Galeotto, your prisoners ?

GAL. Safely confin'd in my own house, and now,  
According to your royal grant, I crave  
The full disposing of their lives.

HEI. Take our consent, we ne'er will lessen what  
At first our bounty did assure ; but then  
Your secret promise must be straight perform'd,

GAL. At night ! or let me forfeit all your trust.

HEI. Lead to the city-Senate, that we may  
Receive their homage, and confirm their laws.  
Still wear your secret promise in your thoughts.\*

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter ASCOLI, ALTOPHIL, ARTHIOPA, their  
arms bound.*

ASC. My fall from sov'reign title and command,  
My loss of that which nature worst can miss,  
My pleasant liberty ; thus being bound  
Like a cheap slave, that's sold for less than buys  
The conqueror the riots of one meal.  
Not all these suff'rings make me mourn so much

\* See Addenda to this Play, No. II.

As that short separation of your loves.  
Yet when I saw her faith was so obliged,  
And knit unto your virtues, Altophil,  
I did resign my nuptial hopes, and gave  
Her loyalty the praise and rev'rence due  
Unto a Saint.

ART. Your usage, sir, I have  
Confess'd was noble, though unfortunate,  
And I shall find scarce tears enough left to lament  
My own captivity, when I behold  
My mourning lord's and yours.

ALT. Would there were here  
Some flow'ry bank, shaded with cypress, yew,  
And sycamore, whose melancholy brow  
Hung o'er a little discontented brook,  
That ever murmurs, as it wisely knew  
It travell'd to some river that must soon  
Convey it to the sea ; where they are both  
In trouble with the bounds, and lost. Here we  
Would sit, comparing mighty Courts to greater seas,  
Where lovers like small rivulets are vex'd  
A while, and then o'erwhelmed. A rural residence  
Near woods and meads, though it be humble, is  
The place where we may love, and be secure.

ART. Why then did my too valiant father, and  
Thyself disquiet all the peaceful world  
With hunting after fame ? Loaden and crushed  
In heavy armour for the chase ; toiling  
To get us this renown and eminence  
Which since hath ruin'd our content ? Oh that  
We first had met in shepherd's homely weeds !

ALT. Ay, my Arthiopa, or that we now  
Might so enjoy our liberty ; then if  
Ambition did inflame my thoughts to aim  
At victories, I should not combat for a crown,  
But wrestle for some chaplet wreathed by thee  
Of daffodills and pinks.

ASCO. How kindly we  
Should take o' the celestial governors,  
If they would make these wishes real truths ;  
And me some neighbouring villager, that came  
To joy and wonder at your loves, to court  
The beauties of your mistress' mind, my Altophil.  
Such rivalship is noble though 'tis new.

*Enter GALEOTTO, GANDOLPHO, MORELLO, Soldiers.*

ALT. Appear, and let thy rage inflict her worst !  
'Las I, poor traitor, how dull thy mischiefs are,  
How weak that canst invent no punishment  
To quit thy daughter's still neglected love  
But what we'll suffer, and embrace with scorn.

ASCO. Perform thy malice ; come, that we may  
Laugh to think how all posterity will urge  
Thy deed in railing proverbs to express  
Disloyalty.

ART. And maids, when they but hear thy name,  
Shall cross themselves in superstitious fear.

MO. These are but crabbed compliments  
To him that has your lives in his command.

GAL. Right sir ! if I could easily remove  
My gall from off my liver to my heart ;  
But now I take no joy in bitterness.  
Thus I requite their wrath : unbind them straight !  
*[Soldiers unbind them.]*

ALT. How's this ? what may this courtesy portend ?

GAL. Waste not your wonder, sir. It is no dream.

ALT. His sinful nature is converted, sure !

GAL. Now being all made free, you Altophil,  
And fair Arthiopa, have but exchang'd  
These fetters to be join'd in everlasting bonds,  
Start not ! they are but matrimonial cords ;  
And easy to be worn, though ne'er untied :  
Such manacles you'll gladly enter in.



ART. My prayers did find the nearest way to heaven :

How quickly they were heard !

ALT. Those stains are all

Wiped off that so disfigured thee, thy brow  
Is quite unwrinkl'd now, and grows so smooth,  
Thou wilt not know it in thy former glass.\*

ASCO. Galeotto, this restores thee to my kind  
Esteem again ; whilst I behold their happiness,  
I can forgive thy stealth upon my state.

GAL. Convey those lovers to their bridal-chamber !  
And let the ceremonial rites be such  
As I directed them.

ALT. Come, my Arthiopa, gladness shall leave  
No room for virgin blushes in thy cheeks.

[*Ex. Morello, Altophil, Arthiopa.*]

ASCO. Is my employment void ? must I not go  
And help to celebrate this blessed hour ?

GAL. No sir, you have a greater business of  
your own,  
And may be thought as happy too,  
If you will prove as wise in your consent,  
As I am kind to offer it.

ASCO. Instruct me better what you mean.

GAL. You see how your most rig'rous doom  
upon

My person and my wealth, enforc'd me to  
Such ways in my revenge, as since have made  
Me apt for more ambitious hopes than those  
I lost. This froward Duke held my alliance in  
Unhallow'd worth : Now he is more in my con-  
tempt ;

For you, his master, sir, I think  
Fitter t'embrace my daughter as a wife.

ASCO. There's mystery in this discourse !

\* These, as well as the preceding two lines, are, in the original edition, given to Arthiopa but thus corrected in the *folio*.

GAL. 'Tis easy, sir, when you conceive, that I  
By marriage now remove Arthiopa,  
From your devices.

ASCO. But I have made a vow,  
Since she severely did refuse the first  
Most lawful passions that I ever felt,  
All other beauty shall appear too late.

GAL. Those are silly vows, which amorists\*  
In choler make, when they have vainly spent  
A frosty night with singing madrigals  
To some coy mistress, whilst her window's shut.  
Consider, this perform'd, my power with Heilde-  
brand

May keep you yet in your dominions free,  
Some slender yearly tribute being paid.

ASCO. It is not in your will to force my love ?

GAL. Sir, if I should, it were but justice and  
Divine ; since in my absence you conspir'd  
T'inforce brave Altophil to make her his,  
That your desires might suffer no impediment  
When they should court Arthiopa.

ASCO. Thou rudely dost awake  
Those thoughts that fain would sleep ; I'll hear no  
more.

GAL. Go ! bind him then ! and lead him where  
he was  
Before restrain'd ; you shall have time to meditate  
And make your resolution of more worth.

GAN. My lord ! I'll watch him like your sentinel.

ASCO. Slave ! dost thou use me as fond children  
do  
Their birds, shew me my freedom in a string,  
And when th'ast play'd with me enough, straight pull  
Me back again, to languish in my cage ?  
This insolence will make her† chief in hell.

[*Exeunt.*

\* See Vol. ii., p. 36.

† "Thee" in *folio*.

*Enter HIRCO, FRISKIN, FIBBIA.*

FIB. Well, this is a good king, the laws shall have

Their course ; it matters not who reigns, as long  
As every one may come by their own. If  
Signior Rampino pay me not, I can  
Arrest him now.

FRISK. Troth, mistress Fibbia's in the right.  
For thus to fail his day is such a thing,  
Heaven will ne'er bless him.

FIB. Never ! 'tis impossible he should come to  
good  
That fails his day. Heaven keep my friends  
From failing of their day !

HIR. Who would have thought, 'thad been so  
great a sin ?  
But the truth is, I ne'er studied divinity,\*  
All that I read is in the muster-book.

FRISK. But as you told us, sir, is he so great  
Already with the king ?

HIR. Upon my honour he sent him just now  
A sword for a present, and this to me,  
Because I am his friend !

FRISK. Yours, Signior, is not very rich !

HIR. No, a plain bandall hilt,† it was his great  
Great grandfather's, but there are no such blades  
worn now,

*Enter RAMPINO.*

I've told your friends here, how much you are  
In favour now at court, and they rejoice heartily.  
Bear up, and make it good !

[FRISK.] Sir, we have reason to be glad. I pray

\* The Casuists, *folio*.

† Vandall hilt, *folio*.—"Bandelet," in architecture. "any little band, flat moulding, or fillet."

How came't about ? May we learn a little  
Of the state devices ?

RAM. Troth partly merit, for you know  
I wear my clothes as well as another man ;  
Besides I had the luck to be most near  
Akin to him who did betray the fort.

FRISK. Ah ! signior ! if you could have betrayed it  
Your self, then we had been all made.

RAM. Well ! no time lost ; we may have occasion  
To betray somewhat hereafter : men that  
Will rise, must not be tender of  
Their labour and good will !

FIBBIA. Signior ! y'are in the right :  
For, if we labour in our calling, Heaven  
Will help us to betray something or other  
For our good.

RAM. Mistress Fibbia, I owe you  
For much profitable counsel.

FRISK. Ay, sir, and money for other things !

RAM. We'll talk of that anon.

Shew me another of thy standing that bears her  
years like thee,  
It shall cost me four ducats but I'll  
Get thy picture, and by thy side I'll have  
Young Antiphones, thy son, drawn too,  
Eating of cherries in a green coat.

FRISK. Signior ! this was the day you promis'd me.

RAM. Ay, I must talk with you ; d'you hear, you  
shall work for the king.

FRISK. Who ? I, Sir. Alas !

RAM. Come, it must be so, his tailor died this  
morning.

FRISK. I pray, signior.

HIR. 'Tis very true,

He fell mad with studying of new fashions.

FRISK. I shall be thankful if you'll use your  
pow'r.

RAM. You can i'th' long vacation ev'ry year  
Travel to Paris, and instruct your self  
In the newest model and best cut ?

FRISK. I have a brother lives there, sir. He is  
A shoe-maker, and lately sent me post  
A pattern of the finest spur-leather ;  
'Twas so admir'd at court.

RAM. Write for him straight ! he shall be pre-  
ferr'd too ;  
If he be known so trim at's pareing knife,  
He cannot miss th' reversion of that place.

FRISK. If the house of the Friskins rise, none of  
Your worthy issue shall want a second.\*

FIB. Signior, my money's due since Lammas last.  
Shall I know your mind ?

RAM. Sweet Mistress Fibbia,  
You shall receive our whole discourse ;  
I'm studying to prefer your neighbour here  
At court : now, if she'll chuse any employment  
In the Queen's side, her hopes stand fair, she now  
Lies in at Mantua : let me see — what think  
You of a rocker's place to the young Prince ?

FIB. Why truly, sir, so I may carry my  
Small son along. I would be loth to leave him  
Behind in a lone house.

RAM. You must buy him a new hat, and d'you  
hear  
Let him abstain from ginger-bread ; 'twill spoil  
His growth.

FIB. A little, sir, on holy days.

RAM. You will be self will'd.

FIB. He always had a care of my son.

RAM. Friskin, you may visit me to-morrow  
And know more.

FRISK. I'll bring my measure with me. It is long

\* The *folio* reads,

" Your sons  
Shall not want. They shall be pages, sir, to mine."

Since I wrought for your worship !

RAM. Do, do, farewell ! Hirco make haste, and  
shift the air ;

There's nothing so contagious as the breath  
Of creditors. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter MORELLO, ALTOPHIL, ARTHIOPA.*

ALT. Rich hangings of the antick Persian loom,  
Venetian tapers gilt, and bedding  
Of Italian Nuns' embroidery, purl'd\* and imboss'd.  
Galeotto shows his bounty great to deck  
Our bridal chamber with such foreign pomp ;  
But where's the priest, that with his holy words  
Should make us fit to enter here ?

MOR. Roasting the pig he receiv'd in his last  
tythes.

ALT. Your mirth is somewhat strange : does it  
become you ?

MOR. How little are you prais'd† in the affairs  
And souls of men, to think this sumptuous bed  
Within, and furniture could entertain an enemy ?

ALT. For whom was it prepar'd ?

MOR. For mighty Heildebrand, the Lombards'  
king,

Who, when he gave the Prince and you secure  
Undoubted pris'ners to my master's will,  
He had a promise made, th' ensuing night  
He should enjoy that lady in his arms.

AR. Ah, me ! what prodigies are here ?

ALT. Villain ! take that for thy intelligence.

[*strikes him.*

\* This term comprehends an inversion of the stitches, which gives to the work, in those parts in which it is used, a different appearance from the general surface. The seams of stockings, the alternate ribs, and what are called the clocks, are *purl'd*. — *Hallivell's Archaic Dictionary*. See also our Vol. ii., p. 27.

† Practis'd. — *Folio*. Qy., appraised—skilled ?

MOR. So fierce in your rewards ! What ho !  
 seize on the duke,  
 Tie his offensive arms ! the lady too.

*Enter SOLDIERS and lay hold on him.*

ALT. My sense is so much dull'd with often use  
 Of my calamities, that they are now  
 Become my sport. What follows, sir ? I do  
 Beseech you would proceed.

MOR. Soldiers, avoid the room ! [*Ereunt soldiers.*  
 Know sir, the wise Galeotto to make full  
 Witty and new his bounty to the king,  
 Ordain'd that you, this lady's lover, should  
 Upon your knees present her to his lust.  
 Your proud neglect of Amarantha then  
 Is subtilly repaid.

ALT. O ! damn'd infernal dog !

MOR. I'll leave you, sir ! take leisure, and resolve  
 T' accept of this employment, or to die. [*Exit.*

ALT. How divers are the changes of his tyranny ;  
 Erewhile he flattered us with pleasant shows  
 Of comfortable hope, then suddenly  
 Presents us with more horrid forms than death.

AR. Death is our happiest expectation now.  
 The grave is ever quiet, though 'tis cold ;  
 But, Altophil, alas ! when we have slept  
 A thousand years, who is't can tell  
 If I again shall know thee when I wake ?

*Enter AMARANTA.*

AM. The chiefest blessings that are bred above  
 Fall on you both, like summer flowers, that come  
 To ripen what before was but i'th' infancy  
 Of growth ; first, Altophil, on you, that are  
 Most noble to the world, though much behind\*  
 To me ; next on your bride, whose virtues shine  
 So clear, that I must check my envy, and

\*Unkind, *folio.*

Pretend some joy to see her fortunate.

ALT. Can this be Amaranta's voice ? is she  
Perverted too, and taught to mock at our distress ?

AR. This ill becomes a maiden's tenderness !

AM. Forbid it goodness ! if you suffer aught,  
That I should make your miseries my scorn ;  
For just heaven knows, my father, with great shows  
Of kindness and of haste, lately disturb'd  
My orisons, with news he had design'd  
The prince to marry me, which, Altophil,  
Was but unwelcome hope, since my best love  
Must die with thy disdain ; then told me all  
These preparations were to celebrate  
Your nuptials with Arthiopa.

ALT. My nuptial rites ! this was a feign'd dis-  
guise  
To hide his foul lascivious purpose from  
Thy bashful sight.

AM. My lord, though he hath wrong'd you much,  
Do not misconstrue him, as fit for all impieties.

ALT. Alas ! it is too dire a truth !  
Witness these bonds, witness those griefs  
Which hang upon Arthiopa, like black  
Wet clouds upon the morning's cheek ; know she  
Is here designed for th' lust of Heildebrand ;  
And I, by your obdurate father's will,  
Must be enforc'd to see and suffer it.

AM. Horror ! why should I tarry here,  
And listen to such things as are not fit  
To be believ'd ? *[She is going out.]*

ALT. Stay ! Amaranta ! stay !  
If thou art pitiful, and hast that heaven  
Within thy heart, that with such lively truth  
Is figured in thy face, express it now !  
Thou knowest the secret passages and doors  
Of this thy father's house, convey, with thy  
Best skill, and trust my mistress to some dark



Unusual place, where she may rest secure  
And safe from violence !

AR. Upon my knees I beg, [*Kneels.*]  
If yet the softness of thy mother's nature  
Have any residence within thy breast,  
Look like a virgin on a virgin's moan ;  
And let thy mercy find some way to hide  
My honour from the reach of wicked men.

ALT. This sad necessity hath made my joints,  
Stiffen'd with winter marches in the war,  
Now supple as a courtier's knee that waits  
Upon a tyrant's throne. Behold how low  
I fall to be my mistress' advocate. [*Kneels.*]

AM. Let me henceforth in darkness dwell ; for why  
Should I again make use of day, that could  
Endure to see th' elected monarch of  
My vassal'd love thus humbled at my feet ?  
Rise, sir ! rise, sweet Arthiopa ! though it  
Seems strange, though thou my rival art, I should  
Assist your fortune, whose felicity  
Must ruin mine, yet I will justly do't  
With hazard of my life.

ALT. What strange malicious courtesy, you stars !  
Was this ? to make the first election of  
My love so excellent, and with Arthiopa  
So fill my breast, that there no room was left  
To entertain the lady's true affection  
Till it came too late.

AR. And I could not confirm  
My own chief happiness, but whilst I foiled  
The chaste proceedings of her hope.

AM. First, I'll untie these mis-becoming bonds.  
[*Unbinds them.*]

Now follow me with slow and wary feet.  
Strong guards are severally dispersed beneath,  
You cannot void the house ; but there's a vault,  
Deep buried under yonder turret's frame.

Where I'll conceal you both, till I persuade  
My father cease his irreligious wrath.

ALT. This kindness to thy rival shall become,  
In all succeeding times, a story fit  
To soften every amorous lady's ear ;  
Fame loud shall sing it, and preserve it long ;  
The music of her trumpet, not her tongue.\*

[*Ereunt.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter* HEILDEBRAND, GALEOTTO.

HEL. These ornaments shew much magnificence  
And wealth ; the prosperous monarch of the east  
Might here vouchsafe to sleep, though when his bold  
And superstitious fables made him think  
The sun was married, and would send  
His glist'ring wife to be his concubine.

GAL. These tapers, sir,  
And these refulgent stones, will all grow dark  
When you behold Arthiopa ; who now,  
That you may find my promise just, you shall  
Embrace ; where is she ? ha ! death on this slave !  
Morello told me that he left her here ;  
Her lover too ! fast bound to my dispose.

*Enter* AMARANTA.

Amaranta ! what devil counsel'd thee  
To this untimely visit in the night ?

AM. It was a careful angel, sir, that to  
Prevent the dangers on your soul, hath given  
Me order to dehort your rage, which so  
Pursues Arthiopa.

GAL. Where is she ? speak ?

\* Whilst lovers make it their eternal song. *Folio.*

Where's Altophil ? remov'd and hid by thee ?

HEI. Her beauties make his faint description  
more

Like envy, than just praise ; the nicest maid  
In Lombardy, strictly compar'd, looks like  
A wither'd Lapland nurse ; my teeming wife  
Shews foul and tawny to her, as she'd been  
The sooty offspring of a Moor.

GAL. Why dost not speak ? I know she can't  
escape

The confines of my house, my guards are made  
Too watchful, and too strong ; where is she ? Speak !  
[*She kneels.*]

AM. Sir, I confess, I've hid her from your wrath,  
And, till this great distemper of your mind is cur'd,  
It is not safe she should appear.

HEI. Galeotto, why dost let this lady kneel ?  
Such humbleness shews ill, the pleasure of  
An anxious beauty is her pride.

GAL. The posture's comely, sir. It is my daughter.

HEI. Hah ! his daughter ! This courtesy is new  
And exquisite ! I love a parent for my bawd !

GAL. Tell me ! thou troublesome delight of holiness,

Where thy bewitching rival is conceal'd,  
Or I'll torment thee till thou wake thy dead  
Unlucky mother with thy groans.

HEI. Galeotto, hold ! dost thou use force ?

GAL. The lady that I promis'd for your solace, sir,  
Sh' hath wickedly remov'd from hence !

HEI. What lady's that ?

GAL. The fair Arthiopa.

HEI. There's none fair but she ! all beauty else  
She turns to black companions of the night ;  
My judgment is too strong, cheat not mine ears  
With the false music of a name. Alas !  
My gentle excellence, waste not those tears.

Whose sov'reign power would better nature, where  
 She weakly doth reside ; and, falling in  
 The spring, convert a canker to a rose.  
 Come, mourn no more.

AM. Sir ! you are merciful,  
 And, by the great prerogative of your  
 Command, may soon procure an easier weight  
 Than he hath laid upon the innocent.

HEI. Believe 't he shall not practise violence ;  
 To bed sweet beauty, go ! he is reclaim'd.  
 Upon thy life pursue her not : Thy looks  
 Are grown too terrible to court her now.

[*Exit Amaranta.*]

GAL. But will you then forego my promise, sir !

HEI. Your first assurance was, her love should  
 Present her willingly into mine arms,  
 And that I must expect, there is no ease  
 Nor pleasure in restraint.

GAL. You mean Arthiopa.  
 I'll fetch her, sir, if you'll but let me force  
 This wayward fool to tell where she's conceal'd.

HEI. This is that fair Arthiopa whom I'll enjoy.

GAL. Persuade my daughter to your bed. Alas !  
 you

Are married, sir.

HEI. Or thy ambition else  
 Were happily so bold to think I'll chuse  
 Her for my wife !

GAL. In troth, the other way  
 Is but unwholesome kind of love ;  
 Yet may be fit enough for lost Arthiopa ;  
 If you'll take leisure till I find her out.  
 But to betray a daughter !—

HEILD. You lately could betray your country, sir,  
 Why not a daughter now ?  
 Mock not my rais'd desires, bring her to-night !  
 Not fore'd by terror, or outrageous strength,

But, by the soothings of thy tongue, wrought to  
A willing liberal consent. Go ! do't !  
Or thou shalt bleed.

GAL. Peace to your majesty !  
This fool in a religious pity hath  
Destroy'd herself, i' th choicest hour of time,  
When I design'd she should be wedded to  
The Prince : for dull loose Heildebrand,  
If th' other had but satisfied his lust,  
In drunken bounty would surrender all  
His conquest here, t' endow and make her great.  
What is our human cunning, our obscure,  
And vicious wisdom, worth ? since at this play  
Of policy a gamester cannot win  
That hath not skill, but power to help his sin.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter ASCOLI unbound, RANGONE, GANDOLPHO.*

RAN. I hear the lady, sir, and Altophil  
Are pris'ners still, and by that traitor were  
But led to counterfeit delights.

ASCO. My own calamities soon vanish from  
My thoughts, when I remember theirs. You see  
This captain gives my hands their liberty ;  
But I expect he's now so far restor'd,  
That he'll contrive the freedom of  
My person and my mind.

RAN. Gandolpho, know,  
The counsel I have breath'd will shortly, when  
Your reason and your piety consult,  
Advance your profit much, your honour more.

ASCO. Your error past I have forgiven ; as well  
Assur'd Galeotto's cunning did seduce  
Your easy nature in pretence of gratitude,  
To do perfidious things to th' State and me.  
But your amendment now shall have as full  
Reward as if the memory were lost

Of all your former guilt.

RAN. How excellent repentance shows ! it may  
Perhaps proceed too slow, but when  
'Tis real never comes too late.

GAN. Sir, thus dejected on the earth, I beg  
Your pardon, and should rise made happy, though  
Not innocent, if you believe that I  
Was wrought into my crime, by him that found  
A subtle use of my unskilful love.\*

ASCO. My faith is willingly confirm'd, and you  
Call'd back to all the favour you forsook ;  
The citadel continues still in your command,  
Though with bold strangers new-enforc'd ;  
And by your power a secret entrance may  
Be soon devis'd for a surprise.

RAN. The absence of your person, sir, which is  
So much lamented now, when you appear,  
Will add a courage equal to the joy  
Our soldiers shall receive ; and, though dispers'd,  
The town may yield enough for this design.

GAN. What valour, or long practice in the war,  
Made perfect with much doubtful enterprise,  
Can do, we shortly will achieve : but for  
A while you must rest close in durance here.

ASCO. My patience is so wise, it will persuade  
Me to 't. Rangone, come ! the dangers which  
These lovers fear are such as we would fain  
Prevent, or else adventure to revenge. [*Exeunt.*†]

*Enter* HEILDEBRAND, GALEOTTO, ARTHIOPA.

GAL. The beams of your bright beauty could not be  
So hid, but I must find them out.

AR. My life I now esteem not worthy of my care,

\* Here the folio interpolates this stage direction. [*"Kisses his hand."*]

† See Addenda, No. III.

Since you have sever'd me from Altophil.

GAL. Your lover yet is safe ; but if you use  
The King with cruelty, expect the like  
On him. I knew, when he beheld [*Aside.*  
Her lustre shine, my Amaranta would  
Be free ; already he grows hot : this fire,  
Like those that chymists keep, must still  
In secret burn, whilst gazers void the room.

[*Exit.*

HEI. Which way shall I redeem the error of  
My former wonder, that, in ignorance,  
Committed fond idolatry to one  
Who in her greatest beauty may become  
Thy worshipper, and not decline her own  
Prerogative ; though she exel a throng  
Of others that are comely too.

AR. Sir ! I am hither forc'd  
By a perverse and treacherous counsellor ;  
His tongue hath much envenom'd your chaste  
ears,

And would persuade you [to] a horrid sin :  
But all my comfort is, your nature hath  
Been still so rightly taught, you'll easily  
Resist temptations of [a] greater strength.

HEI. Know, thou art hither come, to lay thy  
white

Attractive hand upon my sceptre, and  
Give laws to me to make decrees of war  
And peace : fold up my ensigus, then command  
Them straight unfold again, until they spread  
Their bloody streamers in a foreign land :  
But then, my precious sweetness, you must love.

AR. Your goodness, sir, I will ; but if your  
thoughts  
Are prompted to attempt unlawful deeds,  
Sure all the righteous world must hate you then ;  
Nor would I be the last should frown upon

A wicked lover though a King.

HEI. Such cold discourse befits an hermitage,  
Where age and hunger make a rev'rend  
Pretence to hate the pleasure, when, alas,  
They have out-liv'd the appetite. You must  
Come nearer yet.

AR. O! think upon your honour, sir, and what  
Protects it,—Heaven.

HEI. It is some pleasure to  
Delay those thoughts a while. Draw near! make me  
Acquainted with your lips. Why should they want  
Impression that so easily swell; that are  
So soft, and fit to take the seal of love?

AR. You'll fright my soul from this unfortunate  
Weak tenement, where she unwillingly  
Hath dwelt of late; and now 'tis shaken so  
With that strong tempest in your looks,  
She dares not longer stay.

HEI. Let her come forth, and in my bosom rest.

AR. No, sir, her second dwelling is above  
The stars, where she will tell such tales of you,  
If you persist, that th' earth shall grow too hot  
For your abode, and shortly after, hell  
Too cold; they'll mend and multiply their fires  
Against you come.

HEI. Were you less fair, such coyness would  
dissuade.

AR. If you continue in this exercise  
Of impious power, be still a king; but may  
You live to know your title given you for  
A scorn, no subjects left you to obey;  
More enemies to conquer what you have,  
'Till be so little and so cheap: this in  
Your age, when miseries do most perplex,  
And strength is quite decay'd that should support  
The weight, which younger patience thinks no load.

HEI. Are you so excellent at curses, lady?



AR. But better far at blessings, sir. If you  
 Subvert the furious danger of your will,  
 Be still a King ; and may your sceptre grow  
 Within your hand, as heaven had given it  
 A root ; may it bud forth, increase in boughs,  
 Till't spread to the Platan tree,\* and yield  
 A comfortable shade, where other kings  
 May sit delighted, and secure from all  
 The storms of war and tyranny.

HEL. Leave me ! away !  
 That closet make your prison until night,  
 Where you shall harbour safe from him that would  
 Betray your virgin-wealth ; but look not back !  
 For then you share the guilt of my next crime.  
 You carry in your face the fire that feeds  
 My flame, which, if I see, 'twill kindle soon  
 What I will strive to quench. [*Exeunt several ways.*†]

*Enter ALTOPHIL, bound again.*

ALT. Arthiopa, Arthiopa ! O that  
 The double concave of this dismal place  
 Could but reverberate her name ; I would  
 Be mock'd, though with a sound of happiness,  
 Rather than quite depriv'd ; the ghosts  
 Of impious men walk and revisit the  
 Relinquish'd earth : but she is gone like things  
 Most excellent : the souls of votaries,  
 Who, once departed, know this foulsome world  
 So much unfit to mingle with their pure  
 Refined air that they will [ne'er] return.  
 Arthiopa !

*Enter AMARANTA, with a sword drawn.*

AM. What voice is that, which with  
 Such fatal accent doth bemoan some great

\* See ante, vol. ii., p. 313.

III.

† See Addenda, No. IV.

E

Eternal loss ?

ALT. Arthiopa is gone !  
The secret vault, where thou did'st leave us safe  
Enclos'd, was by Morello found ; who with  
Rude help of murderers enforc'd her from  
Mine arms, and left me bound.

AM. I fear'd some danger near,  
Which made me haste to thy redress ; once more  
My lord, let me give freedom to your strength.  
[*Unbinds him.*

Here, take this sword, 'tis a most precious jewel,  
And like a relic hath hung long within  
Our armoury. If false Morello shall  
Return to threaten death, defend your self.

ALT. I would this bounty had been earlier  
brought.

AM. My fears are so increas'd, I dare not stay  
To see the end of thy uncertain fate.  
Be watchful and conceal'd. [Exit.

ALT. Th' unwearied courtesies  
Of this soft maid afflict my memory :  
Since my affections were so far bequeath'd,  
And spent ere they became her due, that now  
I cannot pay her equal love for love,  
But to another's loss.—What noise is that ?  
A second door reveal'd ? It opens too.  
[*He steps behind the Arras.*

*Enter GALEOTTO, MORELLO.*

MOR. He's truss'd and pinion'd like a pullet,  
sir,  
And you may spit him when you please.

GAL. Yes, he must die, for Amaranta loves  
Him so, her wishes else will ne'er be quieted,  
Nor she admit the Prince, though I could win  
His heart : he suffers for disdain of her ;

She shall appear, and see it too ; 'twill breed  
Her up to greatness, whose chief nourishment  
Is blood. When you have lockt the doer, give her  
This key, and send her hither.

MOR. If she suspect the cause, she will not come.

GAL. I say she must, and wait you close about  
The King, to watch th' event of his hot enterprise.  
[*Exit Morello.*]

Duke Altophil, where is your mighty grace ?

ALT. Who is't that makes my title his bold  
mirth !

GAL. His fetters off ! his sword too in his hand !  
This argues treachery.

[*Strives to go back to the door, Altophil steps between.*]

ALT. Nay, no retiring yet.

I have been here reserved your prisoner,  
But your dull bounty now hath made you mine.

GAL. The very sword I won in duel from  
The fan'd La Roche, i'th' Vale of Chamberie !  
If 'twere taught t'observe as wizards do,  
This chance is so sinister, 'twould infuse  
A superstitious trembling through my veins.

ALT. What is it makes your admiration still  
Employ'd ? this object of your cruelty !

GAL. Who furnish'd thee with such a rich  
defence

For rescue of thy life ?

ALT. Your daughter, Sir !

GAL. So true to him that hates her ! and so  
false

To me ! Destruction on her soul !

ALT. Your curse will find such little entertain-  
ment

Where her virtues are, that it must soon return  
Unto yourself ; the memory of her  
Would fain dissuade my just revenge on thee.  
Where hast thou left Arthiopa ?

GAL. With Heildebrand.

ALT. That fatal word calls back my absent and  
Relenting spirits to my arm, which grew  
With thoughts of mercy weak, but now it hath  
A strength too dangerous for thy repulse.

[*They fight awhile and part.*]

GAL. Yo' are active, Sir. Your nimble joints  
are bath'd

In jessamine oil.

ALT. And you are known a master in  
This angry art : your rapier-miracles  
Are chronicled by the hot-fencing French.  
But I'll adventure some small practice, Sir.

[*Fight again and sever.*]

GAL. Pause ! pause ! a while, and keep your  
little breath,

Since 'tis your last, to make your friend more sport.

ALT. So merry ? 'Cause your Devil is so learn'd,  
And taught you faigne\* in subtle lines  
Proportion'd by a rule. Still statue-like !  
Standing as stiff as if your posture were  
In brass. I'll discompose it straight.

[*Fight again, Galleotto is wounded—they sever.*]

GAL. I did not think your skill so excellent.  
I shall drop down without revenge, hewn† with  
A hatchet, like a senseless tree. This to requite  
Your kindness, Sir !

[*Fight, Gal. is wounded ; again they sever.*]

ALT. Laugh and be merry now !  
You are not tickled with a straw, you see  
This is a kind of sport will make you bleed.

GAL. O my false fame, where art thou now ?

He bores

And drills me where he list, as I were dead

\* Fence—folio.

† The original editions have "hence." The folio alters the word to "hewn."

Already, and my breast a board us'd to  
 An augur, not a sword ; as if he had  
 Forecast how many holes would serve to make  
 My obscure heart transparent to the world.  
 The Furies greet you, Sir !

[*Fight, Galeotto falls.*

ALT. This for my much wrong'd Prince—this for  
 Arthiopa—

And though a glorious villain, yet like to  
 A villain fall, despis'd upon the earth ;  
 Not pity'd in thy parting groan.\*

GAL. Oh ! oh ! your wrath and I together end !  
 [He dies.

ALT. 'Tis strange I scap'd without a wound ;  
 he was  
 A cunning duellist. Whose tread is that ?

*Enter AMARANTA.*

AM. Fear still makes others swift to fly from  
 danger,  
 And me thus slow t'encounter it. Sure I  
 Have stay'd too long. Where are you, sir !

ALT. Sweet Amaranta, hide thine eyes !

AM. Can they be weary grown of seeing you ?

ALT. But here's another object that will make  
 them start

Till they untie their strings.

AM. Hah ! my Father ! mercy ! How far is thy  
 White throne remov'd from earth, that wretched I,  
 Thy daily orator, could not be heard ?  
 My blood will turn to tears at his dire obsequy ! †  
 O Altophil ! thou cruel lord, did I  
 For this with several hazards of my life,  
 And filial faith, keep thee from death ? That sword  
 I gave you for defence, and straight,

\* The originals have "grove."

† The folio puts this line into Altophil's mouth.

Perverting all my courtesies, you did  
Present it to my father's breast.

ALT. He was a wicked man.

AM. Were your uncivil accusation true,  
Yet for my sake you might have spar'd his life.  
For me, whom though you could not love,  
I ne'er deserved your hatred in  
Such fierce extremes.

ALT. There was no help, but one  
Of us must fall, and I preserv'd myself.

AM. On such wise sure cautions my  
Indulgent nature scorn'd to meditate,  
When I deliver'd you from murdering hands ;  
But made the danger hastily mine own.

ALT. Those words like subtle light'ning pierce,  
and soon  
Will kill me, though they make no wound.  
Here, take this sword ! revenge thy father's cause !  
Revenge thy cause, whose love I have been forc'd  
To pay with some neglect. Kill me, and be just !

AM. Did you but call't neglect ? and said that  
you  
Were forc'd to it ?

ALT. So forc'd, as I shall ever be, since my  
First plight was seal'd ; there is no ease, no end  
Of that constraint.

AM. Still to lament, and never to be loved !

ALT. I am the source of all thy grief ; make  
haste !

'Tis fit I die.—

AM. That sentence is my doom.

*[She falls on the sword.*

ALT. Hold, Amaranta, hold !  
Where are our better angels at such times  
As these ? Sweet virgin, breathe awhile !—

AM. Go, tell Arthiopa she needs not fear  
Her rival now, my bridal bed is in

The earth.

ALT. Oh stay ! there may be help !

AM. When you come near my grave, if any flower  
Can grow on such unlucky ground, pray water't with  
A single tear, that's all I ask : Mercy, heaven !

[*She dies.*

ALT. For ever gone ! make much of her, you  
stars !

She is the brightest e'er shall come into

Your numberless society. Her last

Salute was sent unto Arthiopa :

Till she be safe I must not follow thee,

But I will hasten, gentle maid, to wear

Immortal wings, and thy new lustre then

Will be so known above, that if I stray,

It can direct and light me in the way.

[*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter ASCOLI, ALTOPHIL.*

ASC. Whilst we confine ourselves to this dark

Division of the house, we are secure ;

The guards beneath Rangone did corrupt,

And made my entrance hither easily

Achiev'd. But thou hast told a piteous tale ;

The latter part will give posterity

A lasting cause to mourn ; for though

Galeotto suffer'd justly for his crimes,

And I must ever praise that victory,

Yet Amaranta's fate was most severe.

ALT. Alas ! it is not good to name her, sir ;

It shall but spoil our thoughts, and urge them to

A desperate belief.

ASC. Can your intelligence  
Aim at no report that may declare  
Your mistress' usage with the King?

ALT. As passages are stopp'd, no soldier's voice  
Is louder than a whisper now, and those  
Are breath'd in the dark.

*Enter ARTHIOPA, her hair hanging loose about her.*

ASC. Look, where she comes !

ALT. If that be she  
That gives her sorrow so much ornament  
With hair dishevel'd, and unwilling looks  
Declin'd with sighs that well may penetrate  
The spacious vault of heaven, though it were arch'd  
With Onyx and hard Chrysolite ;  
If that be she, persuade yourself to know  
Her, sir, for I would fain preserve her still  
A stranger to my sight.

AR. I came to seek  
You Altophil, but thou art found too soon.  
Why should I vex a lover's tenderness ?  
My lamentations are so great, they'd serve  
T' infuse a virtue in a furious ear,  
If pity may be call'd a virtue, but  
I hope it is not so, for then the world  
Would much offend, that long hath wanted it.

ALT. What dismal story hangs upon thy tongue ?  
Speak it aloud, to wake the destinies,  
Who sure are fast asleep ; thy sufferance else  
Will make us think they take no care of what  
They can so easily create.

AR. Fierce Heildebrand,  
That tyrant King ! O ! that my memory  
Can keep a name should be forgot by all  
The world.

ASC. He finds our military souls are now  
Grown tame, and meek as doves ; he'll shortly use



No iron sceptre here. We can be aw'd  
And govern'd by a reed.

AR. To this perfidious King I was convey'd  
By Galeotto, falser than himself,  
Endur'd his sinful courtship, and subdu'd,  
At first with threat'ning vows, the fury of  
His will : so that he seem'd restor'd to grace.

ALT. And did he fall again ?

AR. His piety  
Grew soon too high a bliss for him ;  
With tedious steps he labour'd up the hill,  
Whose top being reach'd, his elevation shew'd  
So strange, that it amaz'd his ignorance,  
And giddily he tumbled down, in far  
Less space than he could climb.

ASC. Ah, swift inconstancy !

AR. In a short moment he was quite  
Declined from good, ev'n to the extacy of vice :  
For in the blackest and most guilty hour  
Of night, he came and found my curtains drawn ;  
But so uncomely rude were his intents,  
That though I there had slept as in a shrine,—  
A place which death or holiness did privilege  
With reverend esteem,—yet he would force  
His way. You sacred powers ! conceive how fit  
It is the rest should make me dumb.

ALT. I have begun  
In blood, and must go on. Inhuman guilt  
Is so dispers'd and grown so strong, that now  
Revenge from every valiant hand will be  
Acknowledged lawful and divine !

ASC. Let's hasten to our furious business ! Come !  
I have some strength in ambush near the fort,  
And bold Rangone waits within, t' expect  
What hidden troops I will command t' assault  
My palace which this monster hath usurp'd.

ALT. That charge confer upon my care.

Away ! let's give him swift and silent death,  
 Like cannons, that destroy ere they are heard.  
 Yet, since we're sever'd in our enterprise,  
 We'll take a solemn leave, for ever, sir.  
 Farewell ! Our usual fortune can persuade  
 Us to no better confidence.

ASC. Yes ! noble Altophil,  
 We'll meet again. I'll find thee, though i'th' clouds.

ALT. I have of late been so much us'd  
 To weep, that I suspect the chrystal of  
 Mine eyes is but a kind of ice, which still  
 Each warmer change of weather straight doth thaw.

ASC. The sweetest, though most injur'd of thy sex,  
 Farewell ! and think such comfort yet remains  
 As must not be despised, though but in hope.

AR. Sir, reason soon would ruin mine, if I  
 Had any left : the clean nice ermine not  
 Endures to live when once the hunter doth  
 Her whiteness soil, though with a little stain.

ALT. Arthiopa ! Come ! we are lovers still,  
 Though too, too much unfortunate. Time ne'er  
 Could find in all his old records, nor will  
 The like succeed in's future register. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter BRUSCO, GANDOLPHO, RAMPINO, HIRCO.*

BRU. What lazy elephants are these ? Huge  
 rogues  
 That cannot dig through mould as soft as dough.

RAM. Is not the mine yet finish'd ?

GAN. Have patience, gentlemen ! I'm confident  
 Th'ave reach'd off the parapet,  
 And straight the powder will be laid.

RAM. But is the ambush well supplied that  
 should  
 Break in upon the garrison when fire is given ?

BRU. Those follow my direction, and are all  
 Prepar'd to execute at their just time.

HIR. Then one success is sure, for the old troops  
Have sent a private message they'll assault  
The city gates before the sun can rise  
To shew them to the enemy.

I know th' are led by brave Piscaro, the  
Lientenant to our General, and I  
Have planted those will give them entrance, though  
They tread upon their mothers and their wives.\*

BRU. It recreates my very lungs to think  
How this luxurious stupid Heildebrand  
In pleasure snorts, and little thinks  
He shall be wak'd with an alarm.

GAN. You, sir, must take important care, lest in  
The streets your consultation be with throngs  
Of friends betray'd : for busy numbers will be soon  
Observed. Your quarter is the Western-bridge.

BRU. But first attend about the palace to  
Expect your orders : they must be given you there.

RAM. Direct your selves ! I am more watchful  
than

A sick constable after his first sleep  
On a cold bench. Hirco, along with me !

[*Eceunt Omnes.*]

*Enter HEILDEBRAND, MORELLO, RANGONE.*

MOR. This is the Count Rangone, sir, who was  
Before your conquest here chief captain of  
The guard unto the captive Prince.

HEI. From Galeotto, sir, is your affair ?

RAN. This ring he humbly sends a present to  
[*Gives him a ring.*]

Your Majesty ; it was the first rich pledge  
You gave him to confirm his new integrity,  
By which he would persuade your royal thoughts  
I am a messenger of trust, with hope  
It may procure me privately your ear.

\* These four last lines are, in the folio, given to Gaudolpho.

HEI. Leave us, Morello, and attend within !

[*Exit Morello.*

What is the cause he can so soon neglect  
The homage of his duty here ? He did  
Not wait to-day !

RAN. His daughter, sir, is sick,  
O'er whom so fondly he laments, that he  
Supplies both her physician's art and diligence.

HEI. Proceed to his request !

RAN. Your wisdom, sir, will much admire  
To what a calm and easy sufferance  
He hath reduced Arthiopa ! reclaim'd  
Her frosty nature to such warm, such soft  
And feminine desires, as it is fit  
Her beauty should possess.

HEI. Thou dost bewitch me with thy news.

RAN. Sir, she no more retains the seeming forwardness

And peevish rigour of a maid,  
But wonders why the Roman Lucrece did  
Complain, because enforc'd, since boldly she  
Concludes it now the only subtle way  
To compass pleasure without sin.

HEI. Wise Aretine's philosophy ; he'd read  
It to his neice.

RAN. No question, Galeotto had  
Good modern authors for his doctrine, sir,  
Else 'twould not thrive so well. His instant suit  
Unto your greatness is, you would prepare  
To humble your occasions to this night,  
As you may visit him ; and you shall find  
The lady altered to your wish.

HEI. It lay not in the power of all his skill  
And vigilance, to send me a request  
I would so willingly receive : this glad  
Assurance render him with my best thanks !  
And then return to be my guide. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter RAMPINO, HIRCO.*

RAM. Stay here, and watch for more supplies !  
the word

Is gone about I've drawn to our confederacy,  
From an obscure blind lane, a race of such  
Indebted wights, as have not seen the sun  
Since the last great eclipse, when wonder more  
Than business brought them out.

HIR. Have they any clothes ?

RAM. Why, dost thou think they go to play a  
prize ? \*

Is't of necessity they must appear  
In scarlet breeches, and clean lac'd shirts ?  
Swords they have all, although their scabbards are  
A little torn about the chape, † they'll serve  
To poke, 'less men are squeamish, and won't let 'em  
Enter their bodies because they are rusty.

HIR. I would not be a sergeant in their way !

RAM. Straight when the hurry shall begin to rise,  
Beware my gossip goldsmith's shop ; there be  
Among us that will drink our morning's draughts  
In plate, without asking how much an ounce.

*Enter FRISKIN.*

HIR. Look there ! you must wear an invisible  
ring. ‡

*Enter HEILDEBRAND, RANGONE.*

RAM. He said I should receive the lady here.  
'Tis strange he fails ! If, sir, it will become  
Your greatness to expect a while, I'll seek

\* " If ever he go alone, I'll never wrestle for prize."—

*Shakespeare.*

"The raising such silly competitions among the ignorant,  
proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, and inspir-  
ing them with such absurd ideas of superiority, has in it some-  
thing immoral as well as ridiculous."—*Addison.*

† The hook. The metal part at the top.

‡ See *Addenda*, No. V.

Galeotto out, and send her hither.

HEL. The object may deserve my patience; but  
take care  
Y'are swift in your return.

RAN. If wishes can  
Procure prosperity to the design,  
Thou shalt not want them; Altophil, I'll guard  
The gates below to hinder all impediments. [*Exit.*  
*Strange music is heard above.*

HEL. This sure is some preparative, although  
The sound's not very amorous.

*The Song, to a horrid Tune.*

You fiends and furies come along,  
With iron crow and massy prong,  
Come! drag your shackles and draw near,  
To stir a huge old sea-coal cake,  
That in our hollow hell did bake,  
Many a thousand, thousand year.  
[*Chorus.* Until your harvest day at doom,  
No grief like this will ever come,  
From whom you may that pleasure find,  
Which does your malice feed 'gainst human  
kind.]\*

In sulph'rous broth Tereus hath boil'd;  
Basted with brimstone, Tarquin hath broil'd  
Long, long enough; then make more room!  
Like smokey fitches hang them by  
Upon our sooty walls to dry,  
A greater ravisher will come.  
[*Chorus.* Until your harvest day, &c.

If you want fire, fetch a supply,  
From Ætna and Puteoli!  
Yet stay awhile, you need not stir,

\* The Chorus does not occur in the early editions, only in the folio.

Since if his glowing eyes shall chance,  
To cast on Proserpine a glance,

He is so hot he'll ravish her.

[*Chorus.* Until your harvest day, &c.

*Enter ALTOPHIL.*

HEI. My senses are grown sick ! speak ! what  
art thou ?

ALT. Men call me Altophil.

HEI. He I encounter'd in a battle on  
The banks of Sibaris ? I'd rather meet  
Thee in that river, stemming against  
The tide, than thus wall'd in where horror dwells.  
I am betray'd !

ALT. Stir not ! you are confin'd,  
And cannot scape me now ; for such events  
As are prescrib'd i' th' secret book  
Above, here we shall both receive.

HEI. I fear not mine, my single valour is  
Enough, if thou art all mine enemies.

ALT. You come to visit Galeotto, sir !

[*Draws the hangings.*

See where he rudely sits ! ill manner'd lord,  
That will not rise to welcome such a potentate !

HEI. Sleeping in death ! such nodding likes me  
not.

ALT. Survey him well ; he was your traitor, sir.  
Go hug him now ! cherish that falsehood that  
Could ruin States, and draw a nation to  
Captivity. Open his head, where all  
His plots and policies are treasur'd up,  
And take them out : it is not fit such wealth  
Should die conceal'd i' th' grave.

HEI. Is there no more  
Remaining of those sweating toils, danger,  
And studious wit that helps ambition to  
Ascend, than such a pale complexion and

A cold dumb mockery of what we were ?

ALT. Now, sir, to entertain your precious time  
With new variety, although I know  
You are in haste, see Amaranta, here !

[*Draws the hangings further.*]

HEI. Is she so alter'd, and grown silent too ?

ALT. This was a noble beauty once, replete  
With all that gentle ornament lovers  
In their kind passion, or poets in  
Diviner fury, could advance with praise.  
And this, so sanctified a thing, you did  
Endeavour to corrupt. Pray, court her now,  
And thrid her tears like Oriental pearl,  
Take rubies from her lips to darken all  
The jewels in your crown, y' ave undertook  
So much in counterfeit hyperboles.  
Blast her fair hand with your false sighs, and swear  
'Tis no idolatry. You may ; for look  
How like a goddess a dead lady shews.

HEI. I'll see no more ! if they are fit for monuments,  
Why were they not interr'd before I came ?

ALT. Yes ! you must needs behold all that is gay  
And pleasing here, 'twill make your welcome seem  
More absolute. Come forth, Arthiopa !

*Enter ARTHIOPA, her hair dishevelled as before.*

HEI. This living spectacle disturbs and frights  
My senses more than all that's dismal 'bout  
The dead. No traitor like to that within.  
My courage fails me now, which till this hour  
I trusted most.

ALT. Look on the ruins you  
Have made of such a building ! cherubims  
Would strive to dwell in it, but that they knew  
They then must dispossess a soul as good  
As they. See, how it droops !



HEN. The period of  
 My vex'd injurious life draws on apace.  
 ALT. Prepare your valour and your sword, for  
 love

Unto the sacred title which you bear,  
 You shall not die surpris'd, without defence,  
 But try what useful strength is left you, now  
 Your virtue's gone. [Both

ART. O hold, my lord ! why should you hazard  
thus

HEIL. Wilt thou be courteous to her, and desist?

ART. 'Tis wearisome to beg your safety now !

ART. I cannot disobey, though when I see  
Your dangers I can die——

111.

ALT. I'm good at opening of a vein. There, sir !  
*[They fight, Heildebrand falls.]*

HEIL. Had that afflicted terror in her face  
 Been hid, th'adst found more trouble in this victory.  
 I feel desires of bliss, and those I hope  
 May prosper, though presented very late. *[He dies.]*

ALT. Depart ! forgotten, and forgiven.

ART. Why dost thou shrink ? speak, Altophil !  
 why dost  
 Thou bow like tired unweildy age ?

ALT. His sword has been too busy here, just here  
 About the heart.

ART. The region of thy love.  
 I find thou hast a wound by perfect sympathy,  
 For mine grows sick, and doth desire to bleed.

ALT. How fares my mistress, sweet Arthiopa ?

ART. Your pulse must give account of all my  
 health.

ALT. Take't not unkindly I shall leave thee now,  
 My eyes grow dim, and I would furnish them  
 With everlasting light.

ART. O, my dear Lord !  
 Let me not think that voice was yours.

ALT. Alas ! that, in a loyal lover, death  
 Must argue some inconstancy, since 'tis  
 The first occasion to forsake what we  
 May ne'er enjoy again.

ART. I shall not be forsaken ; for I feel  
 I can decay apace, and keep you company  
 In this long journey to our last abode.

ALT. First let us seek our vows upon our lips,  
 They were so strictly kept, that we shall find  
 Them warm, as if but newly breath'd,  
 These are the funeral rites of love. *[They kiss.]*

ART. Break heart !  
 It is the way to show that thou wert true.  
*[They both die.]*

WITHIN. Victory ! the fort is taken ! Victory !

*Enter ASCOLI, RANGONE, GANDOLPHO, RAMPINO,  
BRUSCO, HIRCO, and the Guard.*

ASCO. Your brother died, Gandolpho, in the first Assault : you and the soldiers still shall share My best affection and rewards.

OMNES. Long live your Highness!

RAN. O, Sir, the splendour of our triumphs is Eclips'd ; we came too late. Behold  
The tyrant is not only slain, but here  
The valiant General lies, his mistress too,  
Embracing, though insensible of love.

ASCO. Friendship and love are dead ; I find  
My sorrows are too mighty for my tongue.

RAN. The King thus sever'd from them, it appears  
He first was kill'd by Altophil, who straight  
Fell after on a ling'ring hurt ; Arthiopa,  
This seen, could need no other wound than grief.

BRUS. The pride and comfort of the war is gone!

RAM. A General fit to lead the world against  
The force of hell.

HIR. But now we may hang up our arms,  
And yield to every enemy.

RAN. Sir, though 'tis fit you mourn, yet take  
some care

So to proceed, as that your subjects may  
Be perfectly assured of our victory !

ASCO. Bear hence these woeful objects of our first  
True elegy ! thy statue, Altophil,  
Shall in my palace stand, with sad Arthiopa  
Lamenting still ; and Amaranta fixt  
On th' other side, hiding her eyes, that found  
Too much of beauty in her rival's face ;  
In lasting gold, by old Ephesian art  
Design'd, this triple figure I'll advance :  
Though it will little credit add to fate  
That made such lovers so unfortunate.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## EP I L O G U E.

Our poet in his fury hath profest,  
Yet gravely too, with's hand upon his breast,  
That he will never wish to see us thrive,  
If by an unhumble epilogue we strive  
To court from you that privilege to-day  
Which you so long have had to damn a play.  
'Las, Gentlemen, he knows, to cry plays down  
Is half the business termers have in town ;  
And still the reputation of their wit grows strong,  
As they can first contemn, be't right or wrong,  
Your wives and country friends may power exact,  
To find a fault or two in every act :  
But you by his consent most kindly shall  
Enjoy the privilege to rail at all :  
A happy freedom, which y'esteem no less  
Than money, health, good wine, or mistresses ;  
And he, he hopes, when age declines his wit  
From this our stage ; to sit and rule i'th' pit ;  
Heaven willingly shall assume a charter firm  
As yours, to kill a poet every term.  
And though he never had the confidence,  
To tax your judgment in his own defence,  
Yet the next night when we your money share  
He'll shrewdly guess what your opinions are.

FINIS.

## A D D E N D A.

The following are among the principal corrections and alterations of the earlier edition, as chronicled in the folio of 1673.

### 1.

The second Act concludes thus : after “ in a strict command,”

ART. In pity, Altophil, I'll hide mine eyes;  
For though they have unhappy been to me,  
Yet I to them will not so cruel be  
As to permit they heedful view should take  
Of all thy love, and must at once forsake.

[*Exeunt Rang. Arthi.*]

ALT. Since, Amaranta, we are here enclos'd,  
And I must learn to woo with love impos'd;  
Let us contrive a way of wooing so,  
That from constraint love may to freedom grow.  
Our mortal love (which narrowly extends  
No farther than life's lease, and quickly ends)  
We will draw out to vast eternity;  
But to begin that progress, we must die.

### 2.

This scene has been introduced apparently to suit the taste, after the Restoration, for greater variety and song. It comes in in the first scene of the third act, between the exit of Heildebrand and others with the concluding words : “ Still wear your secret promise in your thoughts,” and the entrance of “ Ascoli, Altophil, Arthiopa, their arms bound.”

*Enter AMARANTA, PHOEBE.*

PHOEB. Madam, your little cousin, Orna, is Without, and comes to visit you.

AM. Attend her in! [*Exit Phœbe.*  
This dreadful storm of war has frightened her.  
Can childhood, in a cloister bred, fear danger?  
Not being grown to the unhappy sense  
Of love neglected and disdain'd.

*Enter ORNA.*

ORN. How do you, Madam?

AM. Alas, sweet cousin, you look pale!

ORN. We have been praying all night in the nunnery  
For fear of the soldiers.

AM. The soldiers will not hurt ye.

ORN. I hear they are cruel black men, cousin.

AM. Fear nothing! you are safe.

ORN. I dare stay anywhere but in the dark.

AM. You come in season, hither; prithee sing  
That song which Gartha taught thee ere she died.

ORN. I'm out of breath.

AM. Pause and recover it.

#### THE SONG.

ORN. Run to love's lott'ry! run, maids, and rejoice:  
When, drawing your chance, you meet your own choice;  
And boast that your luck you help with design,  
By praying cross-legg'd to old bishop Valentine.  
Hark, hark! a prize is drawn, and trumpets sound!

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra!

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra!

Hark maids! more lots are drawn! prizes abound.  
Dub! dub a, dub a, dub! the drum now beats!  
And, dub a, dub a, dub! echo repeats.  
As if at night the god of war had made  
Love's queen a skirmish for a serenade.

Haste, haste, fair maids, and come away!

The priest attends, your bridegrooms stay.  
Roses and pinks will be strewn where you go:  
Whilst I walk in shades of willow, willow.

When I am dead let him that did slay me,  
 Be but so good as kindly to lay me  
 There where neglected lovers mourn,  
 Where lamps and hallow'd tapers burn,  
 Where clerks in quires sad dirges sing,  
 Where sweetly bells at burials ring.  
     My rose of youth is gone,  
     Wither'd as soon as blown !  
     Lovers, go ring my knell !  
     Beauty and love farewell !  
     And lest virgins forsaken  
     Should, perhaps, be mistaken  
 In seeking my grave, alas ! let them know  
 I lye near a shade of willow, willow.

*Enter PAGE.*

PAGE. Madam, your father expects you in the garden.

AM. I fear his pity of me will undo him.

ORN. I pray desire him to speak to the king.  
 That the soldiers may leave drumming. I'm sure,  
 We can't sing matins for 'em in the nunnery.

AM. Come cousin, I will teach you grief betimes,  
 Lest when your growth admits of love it then  
 Should meet you unprepar'd.

3.

This interpolation occurs in the fourth Act, immediately between the exit of Ascoli, Rangone, and Gandolpho, and the entrance of Heildebrand, Galeotto, and Arthiopa.

*Enter AMARANTA, PHOEBE, ORNA.*

AMAR. Send back my little cousin to her cloister !  
 She has a soul too musical for mine.

PHOEBE. Shall she go to-night, madam ?

AMAR. Ay, presently. My discords are  
 Unfit companions for her harmony.

ORNA. Call for the coach. I am grown weary of you.  
 'Tis merrier being in the nunnery  
 Than here. Phœbe, pray call for the coach !

PHOEBE. First sing the song to her you promis'd me.

It may put her out of this dull humour.

ORNA. Cousin, leave your melancholy and hear me.

THE SONG.

'Tis, in good truth, a most wonderful thing  
 (I am e'en ashamed to relate it)  
 That love so many vexations should bring  
 And yet few have the wit to hate it.

Love's weather in maids should seldom hold fair ·  
 Like April's mine shall quickly alter.  
 I'll give him to-night a lock of my hair,  
 To whom, next day I'll send a halter.

I cannot abide these malapert males.  
 Pirates of love, who know no duty ;  
 Yet love with a storm can take down their sails  
 And they must strike to adm'ral Beauty.

Farewell to that maid who will be undone  
 Who in markets of men, where plenty  
 Is cried up and down, will die even for one.  
 I will live to make fools of twenty.

AMAR. Music to her who does all comforts lack  
 Is like to whistling winds before a wrack.

ORNA. Cousin, farewell ! I'll go sing with the nuns.  
*[Exeunt several ways.]*

4.

The following scene occurs in the same Act, between the exit of Heildebrand and Arthiopa and the entrance of "Altophil bound again." The mention of "stage doors" shows the alteration in the stage arrangements which had taken place since the first production of the play in 1643.

*Enter RAMPINO, HIRCO, at one door, BRUSCO at another.*

BRUS. What cabin'd up like sea-sick ladies in  
 A storm ? Abroad ! abroad ! if you can find  
 No business now, you may ask leave to sleep  
 For ever.



RAM. Right reverend Brusco, what news?

BRUS. The Count Rangone has had conference with  
Th' afflicted Prince. We must meet at his house,  
Where we shall find confed'rates, and with hearts  
Of as resistless metal as our own.

We only want now a convenient store-house where  
We may convey the arms and ammunition.

RAM. You may have Frisklin's house.  
You could not find a safer magazine,  
If you should travel through the whole town map.

*Enter FRISKLIN.*

See, where he comes!

FRISK. Signior, my wife remembers her to you;  
And desires you of all loves I may take  
Measure of the King immediately;  
And you know, signior, she's, as they say,  
A kind of longing woman.

RAM. Well, you shall:  
But I've another employment for you  
First. This night you must watch at your back door,  
Where you shall see, come gliding down the stream,  
A boat fraught with the Prince's arms and ammunition  
Which we have stole. Receive 'em, for you know  
Men that will thrive must labour in their calling.

FRISK. Signior, you say right: I have ever found  
It the best way.

RAM. To-morrow I will send you customers,  
Whom you may sell 'em to, and afterwards  
Pay yourself my debt. *[Exeunt.]*

5.

These few lines, to suit the taste of the ground-  
lings, are in the 5th act, immediately before  
the entrance of Heildebrand and Rangone together.

FRISK. The chapmen are come, sir, but let me tell you  
I do not like 'em. They look rustily,  
Each wears a pound of hair on's upper lip.  
Pray signior let 'em not deal on the ticket.\*

\* On credit. Since corrupted into "tick."

You know ready money makes the pot boil  
Though the devil piss out the fire.

RAM. They shall pay ready money. Farewell.

FRISK. But hark you, signior, I may tell you in private:  
One of them took my wife into the coal hole,  
And about an hour after she shriekt abominably.

RAM. No more words.

FRISK. But I hope, Sir, you will remember my bill.

RAM. Away! I will. *[Exit Frisklin.]*

Hirco, if thou meet'st Frisklin in the dark,  
Prithee give him a prick in the belly piece:  
For he has prickt me there often.

HIR. I will do him that kindness for thy sake.

*[Exeunt several ways.]*

LOVE AND HONOUR.

*Lore and Honor. Written by W. D'avenant, Knight.  
Presented by his Majesties Servants at the Black Fryers.*

*London, printed for Hum. Robinson, at the Three  
Pidyeons, and Hum. Moseley, at the Princes Armes in St.  
Paul's Churchyard. 1649.*

*Ib. in the Collected Edition of D'avenant's Works.  
Published by Herringham. Folio, 1673.*

Love and Honour was originally called the Courage of Love. It was afterwards named by Sir Henry Herbert, at Davenant's request, *The Nonpareilles*, or the Matchless Maids.

The scene is laid in Savoy, but the plot has no historical foundation. The Duke of Savoy, and Alvaro, his son, are apparently imaginary persons; no traces of them, as depicted in the play, are to be found in the annals of that country. It is not improbable that the story may be narrated in some of the Italian novels, although it is rather thought that the plot is original. The play is possessed of great merit, and might, with some alterations, be adapted to the modern stage, and stand a fair chance of becoming as popular as it appears to have been two hundred years ago.

After dramatic entertainments were revived, Mr Langbaine assures us that he has seen this play often acted with applause, at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards at the theatre in Dorset Gardens. Originally produced at Blackfriars, it was more successful than any other of our author's plays.

"In point of style it resembled Shakespeare rather than Fletcher, and is more correctly finished than any of Sir William Davenant's former plays, which shows that he was not hurt by the applause that he had met with, but thought himself obliged to labour hard, and take so much the more pains to deserve it. Both these plays [*i.e.*, this play and the *Unfortunate Lovers*] are without any testimonies of the author's friends before them, because published at a time when, perhaps, there were not many who were inclined to inform the world that they were his friends."—*Kippis' Biographia*.

At the opening of the new playhouse in Dorset Gardens this play was acted before the Court, upon which occasion Mr Betterton, who played Prince Alvaro, wore the King's coronation suit; Mr Harris, who played Prince

Prospero, obtained that of his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and Mr Price, who performed Lionell, Duke of Parma, had a very rich suit that was given him by the Earl of Oxford.

Pepys thus records his opinion of the play, 21 October 1661:—"To the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteration of their scene, which do make it very much worse; but the play, 'Love and Honour,' being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done."

23 October. "To the Opera, and there I saw again 'Love and Honour,' and a very good play it is."

The folio edition of 1673 abounds, as usual, in omissions and alterations by no means judicious.

In 1720 there was produced at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields a three-act comedy in prose, adapted from this play by Charles Molloy, entitled "The Half-pay Officers." In his preface he says, "This thing was brought upon the stage with no other design but that of showing Mrs Fryar, the house being willing to encourage anything by which it might propose to entertain the town, therefore the author, or rather the transcriber, did not think himself any way concerned in its success as to the reputation of a writer. I say transcriber, the greatest part of it being old. The part of Mrs Fryer is in an old play called 'Love and Honour,' which she acted when she was young, and which was so imprinted in her memory she could repeat it every word; and it was to an accidental conversation with her this farce owed its being. She acted with so much spirit and life, before two or three persons who had some interest with the House, that we judged it would do upon the stage. She was prevailed upon to undertake it, upon which this farce was immediately projected and finished in fourteen days. It was got up with so much hurry that some of the comedians, who are allowed to be excellent in their way, had not time to make themselves masters of their parts; therefore, not being perfect in the dialogue, they could not act with that freedom and spirit they are observed to do upon other occasions."

Whincop, in noticing this farce, says that "the part of an old grandmother was performed by Mrs Fryer, who

was then eighty-five years of age, and had quitted the stage ever since the reign of King Charles II. It was put in the bills: 'The part of Lady Richlove to be performed by Peg Fryar, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years,' which drew together a great house. The character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Peg went through it very well, as if she had exerted her utmost abilities; but, the farce being ended, she was brought again upon the stage to dance a jig, which had been promised in the bills. She came tottering in, as if ready to fall, and made two or three pretended offers to go out again, but all on a sudden, the music striking up the *Irish Trot*, she danced and footed it almost as nimbly as any wench of five-and-twenty could have done. This woman afterwards set up a public-house at Tottenham Court, and great numbers frequently went to satisfy their curiosity in seeing so extraordinary a person."

The farce of the "Half-pay Officers" was produced on the 11th January 1719-20, to which was added "a new farce call'd Hob's Wedding, in 2 acts, being the sequel to the Country Wake, with entertainments of dancing by Mrs Fryer, particularly the Bashful Maid and the Irish Trot." The dramatis personæ were not mentioned in the bill, but the following cast is in the second edition of the "Half-pay Officers," printed in 1720, 12mo:—

MEN.

BELLAYR,	}	<i>Officers.</i>	{ Mr RYAN.
FLUCELLIN,			{ Mr GRIFFIN.
MAC MORRIS,			{ Mr H. BULLOCK.
CULVERIN, <i>a sharper,</i>			Mr SPILLER.
MEAGRE, <i>a scrivener,</i>			Mr C. BULLOCK.
LOADHAM, <i>a Hamburgh merchant,</i>			Mr HARPER.
SHARP, <i>Bellayr's servant,</i>			Mr EGLETON.
JASPER, <i>Meagre's servant,</i>			Mr BOHEME.

WOMEN.

WIDOW RICH,		Mrs VANDERVELL.
BENEDICT,	} <i>Her two grand-</i>	{ Mrs BULLOCK.
CHARLOTTE,		{ Miss STONE.
JANE, <i>the widow's servant,</i>		Mrs ROBERTSON.

Scene—Covent Garden.

Mrs Vandervelt and Mrs Fryer appear to have been the same person, and, it is surmised, that the latter was her maiden name, by which she had been known as an actress in her earlier years, although no traces of her are discernible in any list of dramatis personæ appended to the printed plays of Charles II.'s time. The Prologue to the "Half-pay Officers" thus introduces the old lady :—

"In vain old Shakespeare's virtue treads the stage,  
On empty benches doomed to spend his rage ;  
When we would entertain, we're forc'd to ship ye  
Tumblers from France, mock kings from Mississippi !  
To-night, strange means we try your smiles to win,  
And bring a good old matron on the scene :  
Kindly she quits a calm retreat, to show  
What acting pleas'd you fifty years ago.  
Like old Entellus, long disus'd to fight,  
Fresh in her spirit she summons all her might,  
Season'd by time, and harden'd to the stroke,  
She dares the youngest of us all provoke :  
Blooming a century, like a great oak.  
Unconscious in her limbs what havoc time  
Can make, or how deform us from our prime,  
When you behold her quiv'ring on the stage,  
Remember, 'tis a personated age ;  
Nor think that no remains of youth she feels,  
She'll shew you, ere she's done,—she has it in her heels."

It will be observed that Whincop, quoting, terms the Widow "Lady Richlove," while in the printed book she is styled "Widow Rich." This immaterial alteration may have been the result of an after-thought either on the part of the author or of the manager, just in the same way as Lord and Lady Randolph, in Home's tragedy of Douglas, originally stood Lord and Lady Barnet. But Whincop is decidedly mistaken in attributing imbecility to Peg Fryer in the matter of the dance, which is incidental to the piece, and occurs in the second act. The stumbling he refers to, was a part of the stage business. Thus it is :

"CUL. I have brought musick—they shall give us a flourish, and, ladies, let us have a dance before the wedding. [Flourish.

WID. Ah ! this musick makes my blood dance in my veins.



BEL. Come, madam! will you make one in a dance?

WID. I have made one in a morris before now.

CUL. She dance! she'll totter like an old oak in a storm. I'm afraid too much motion will overheat your blood. What say you, widow, will you venture?

WID. Verily, I will; for I don't think it wholesome to stand idle. *[Dance: at the end she falls.]*

CUL. What's the matter?

WID. 'Tis nothing! I am us'd to it. I am taken so every now and then; once in fifty years or so; but 'twill over, lead me in!—

CUL. Come, my little love, the sound of the wedding fiddles will fright it away. Strike up, scrapers! *[Musick plays 'em off.]*

The *Irish Trot*, as advertised, formed a portion of the interlude.

“As to the farce itself,” Geneste remarks, “it is professedly a compilation. Fluellin is pretty much as in Shakespeare, Culverin is a bully like Pistol—he is made to eat the leek. The characters of Loadham, Meagre, and Jasper, with the greater part of what they say, are taken from those of Lodham, Rawbone, and Camellion in Shirley's *Wedding*. Two speeches are well altered from *Much ado about Nothing*. The half-pay officers are Bellayr, Fluellin, and MacMorris; Bellayr, Loadham, and Meagre pay their addresses to Benedict—she and Charlotte are the Widow's grand-daughters—Charlotte is a young girl, but ready for a husband. Jasper is Meagre's man, and as thin as his master. Culverin wants to marry the Widow—she is very willing. Culverin is discovered to have been a highwayman, and the Widow's friends prevail on her to marry Fluellin. Bellayr and MacMorris marry Benedict and Charlotte. Fluellin was a new character to a considerable part of the audience, as Shakespeare was not very much read, and his *Henry the 5th* had not been acted since the Restoration. The author of this farce has put his materials very well together. He acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare and Davenant, but says nothing of those to Shirley. Some little addition is made to the character of the Widow. The song “for am'rous sighs” &c., is so good it should have been retained. The half-pay officers and Hob's *Wedding*, (attributed to Leigh the actor), were acted

together seven times. The author or authors had two benefits, viz., on the third and sixth nights."

The only other occasion on which Peg Fryer seems to have acted was on the 28th March following, when she appeared as Mrs. Amlet in Vanburgh's *Confederacy*.

Of Mr Betterton, who played Alvaro, some particulars will be found in the *Memoir of D'Avenant* introductory of our first volume.

Mr Harris—who acted Count Prospero—as Davies observes, was, like Betterton, a general actor, and like him possessed of varied and opposite abilities. Pepys, in his *Diary*, notices him very frequently. His forte seems to have been light comedy, in which having been said to be superior to Betterton, and having been praised by the King and the public, he became troublesome to D'Avenant, and in July 1663 had seceded from the Duke's company. D'Avenant appealed to the King, and in December, Harris had returned to his duty.

He left the stage prior to the union of the two companies in 1682. Further accounts of him will be found in the introduction to the *Siege of Rhodes* in the present volume, and to *Juliana* in vol. i. of *Crowne's Dramatic Works*, in our series.

Mr Price, who acted Lionell, Prince of Parma, in this play, very shortly afterwards performed with Messrs Betterton and Harris in a revival of *Romeo and Juliet* when, as Curll has it, "a merry incident happened" in which Mrs Holden bore a prominent part, but for which the reader is referred to p. 91 of Curll's *History*. Price's name does not otherwise appear among any of the recorded *Dramatis Personæ* prefixed to other plays of the time, nor is his biography apparently extant. There was a Mrs Price who acted in 1678 and in the *Faction Citizen*, printed in 1685, but supposed to have been performed at an earlier date.

Mrs Davenport, who acted Evandra, is styled in Curll's *History of the Stage*, 1741, "an excellent actress." Malone supposes that she, and not Mrs Marshall, was the actress whom the Earl of Oxford carried off, and Geneste concurs in this. Downes certainly says that Mrs Davenport was "erept the stage by love."—See preface to the *Siege of Rhodes*, and introduction to *Juliana* in the first volume of *Crowne*.

## PROLOGUE.

But that the Tyrant custom bears such sway,  
We would present no Prologue to our play,  
Since we have learn'd in Prologues all the scope  
Is with weak words to strengthen weaker hope.  
When with sad solemn phrase we court each ear,  
Not to observe, but pardon, what you hear ;  
Or if there were but one so strangely wise  
Whose judgement strives to please, and trust his  
    eyes,  
Him at an easy charge we could provoke  
To a kind doom with this grave, long, old cloak.  
Now for the over-subtle few, who raise  
Themselves a trivial fame by a dispraise,  
Our bold opinion is, they may desery  
Some easy wit but much more cruelty.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE OLD DUKE OF SAVOY.

HIS BROTHER.

THE DUKE OF MILLAIN. } *Disguised like Embasse-*  
  } *dors.*

ALVARO, *Prince of Savoy.*

LEONELL, *Prince of Parma.*

PROSPERO, *a young Count.*

CALLADINE, *an old counsellor.*

VASCO, *a colonel.*

ALTESTO, }

FRIVOLO, } *Officers and soldiers.*

TRISTAN, }

EVANDRA, *Heiress of Millain.*

MELORA, *sister to Leonell.*

OLD WIDOW.

LELIA, *her maid.*

BOY.

MUSICIANS.

SOLDIERS.

SERVANTS.

*The Scene : SAVOY.*

## LOVE AND HONOUR.

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### ACT I. SCENA I.

*A retreat being sounded as from far,  
Enter VASCO, ALTESTO, FRIVOLO.*

VAS. Hark boys! they sound us a retreat! This skirmish, sirs,  
Was no rare pastime to continue at;  
'Tis safer wrestling in a bed. Give me  
Henceforth your white-fac'd foe, a plump fair enemy  
That wears her head-piece lac'd; I'm for a cambric helmet, I.

ALT. And yet these mighty men of Millain got  
But little by the sport; some of them shall  
Vouchsafe to wear a single arm hereafter,  
Two wooden legs too; and limp their days out  
In an hospital.

FRIV. How? an hospital.

VAS. A road, a road! Your highway, sir, is now  
Your only walk of state for your maim'd soldier;  
Your hospital and pensions are reserv'd  
For your maim'd mercers, decay'd sons o' th' shop,  
That have been often cracked, not in their crowns  
Like us, but in their credit, sir.

FRIV. And placket\* squires, that have bin long  
diseas'd  
In their lord's service; a score of ducats  
Shall bribe them into place, where they may sleep.

\* See vol. ii., p. 157.

And eat, and pray too ; but with breath so much  
Unwholesome, th' air can hardly purify't  
And make it fit to reach near heaven.

ALT. Well, the surprize o' th' citadel, wherein  
The Duke had plac'd his daughter, with the ladies  
Of her train and treasure too, was a service  
Of most rare work.

VAS. Just when they sallied out  
To cut our rear in pieces, then steal in,  
By ambush wisely laid, and make them all  
Our prize was miracle.

FRIV. They say his daughter 'scap'd, and fled ;  
with her,  
As her best guard, one they call Leonell,

*Enter TRISTAN.*

Whom our Count Prospero pursu'd.

VAS. Tristan ! welcome ! Is all our pillage wag-  
gon'd ?  
Shall it to-night see Turin ?

TRIS. All's safe, my lusty leader ! Our horse, too,  
Have sounded a retreat, and the foe speaks ;  
He walks with's hands in's pockets, like a skipper  
In a frost.

VAS. Well, let me reckon my estate :  
First, a widow prisoner.

ALT. Mine's a maid prisoner,  
Young, my Vasco ; she's yet in her first blush ;  
And I've despatch'd her unto Turin, to  
My mother's house, thy prisoner in her company ;  
They are acquainted.

VAS. You have the luck. These bald chins are  
as familiar  
With their good stars as with spur-rowels ;  
Play with them and turn 'em which way they please.  
I fought as well as he ; and yet, forsooth,  
His prisoner must be fair, and young, and mine

So old she might have given Hercules suck ;  
 Now she sucks too, for she hath no teeth left.  
 In one month she'll cost me as much in candles  
 And sweet candy as her ransom comes to.

FRI. But you have other pillage, captain.

VAS. Let me see ; three Barbary horses with rich  
 Caparisons, two chests o' th' general's clothes.

ALT. And I two chests o' th' general's plate.

FRIV. In those I share, Altesto.

VAS. How? plate! shall we encounter our sous'd  
 fish

And<sup>d</sup>broil'd pullen\* in silver service, rogues,  
 Like furr'd magnificoes?

FRIV. We shall, captain :

But you may dip your morsel in good China earth.

ALT. All your plate, Vasco, is the silver handle  
 Of your old prisoner's fan.

*Enter PROSPERO, wounded, and EVANDRA, her  
 arms in a scarf pinion'd.*

TRIST. Here comes Prospero, the valiant Count!

VAS. And with him the brave prize.

PROS. Evandra do not mourn ! I, that have made  
 You captive thus, with hazard of my youth  
 And blood, shall think you now as worthy of  
 My care, as of my valour in the fight.  
 Can I esteem you less by being mine ?

EVAN. What have I done unknown unto my  
 heart,

That I should tempt your valour to so great  
 A sin as my captivity ? Or are my crimes  
 Observ'd more than my prayers, that heaven shall  
 leave

Me to become the scorn of victory ?

PROS. It is the sad pre-eminence of your  
 Exemplar birth and beauty, to confer

\* Poultry.

Honour on him that is your conqueror.

EVAN. Honour? Is that the word that hath so long  
Betray'd the emulous world, and fool'd the noblest race

Of men into a vex'd and angry death?  
If 'twere a virtue 'twould not strive t' inthrall,  
And thus distress the innocent.

PROS. I am the war's disciple, and, since first  
I had the growth to wear a sword, I ne'er  
Was taught how to subdue by reason, but  
By strength. Altesto!

ALT. My lord!

PROS. Take here this lady to your charge; conduct  
Her unto Turin, and there guard her in  
My house till my approach.

ALT. I shall, my lord.

PROS. Let her be safe, Altesto, in thy care,  
On forfeiture of life. She is my prisoner,  
And th' noblest in the field, the beauteous  
Heir of Millain. Had not my niggard stars  
Intended me but half a courtesy,  
The duke her father had lamented now  
Under the self-same fate.

VAS. I could wish your lordship would be-  
lieve me  
A fitter man to take charge of the lady.

PROS. Why, captain?

VAS. You could not commit her to an eunuch  
With more safety. If the Great Turk knew me,  
Honest Achmet, he would trust me in's seraglio,  
By this hand, without defalking\* one grain beneath  
the waste.

PROS. Success hath made you wanton, captain.

VAS. Besides, my lord, I have ta'en an old Abbess  
Prisoner. O such a governess for a

\* Abating in reckoning.



Young maid ! She'll read to her such homilies,  
And teach her such receipts out of the fathers :  
How to cure the toothache, preserve plums,  
And boil amber possets,\* will make her, sir,  
In three days a very Saint.

PROS. Well, you shall take my bounty, too.

Close by

The valley, that doth join to th' neighbour grove,  
Lies, conquer'd by my sword, a Millain knight,  
His wounds med'cined, and stopt by the best art  
I had, but by much loss of blood unable yet  
To move him ; and his ransom I bestow on you.

VAS. I thank your lordship.

PROS. But use him nobly, Vasco, for he hath  
A courage that well merited his cause,  
And fought with eager and with skillful strength  
To free that lady from my bonds ; but the glad day  
Was mine.

VAS. He shall be kindly us'd ;  
Only your sweet lordship must give me leave,  
When he pays his ransom, to weigh his gold.  
Were he my father, sir, he must endure  
The trial of my scales. Follow, Tristan !

PROS. Make haste, see him well waggon'd, and  
provide  
A surgeon to attend his cure.

[*Exeunt Vas., Tris.*]

EVAN. Sir, can you find no pity yet within  
Your breast ? You have already shewn enough  
Of your stern father's spirit ; is there not  
In all your heart so much of softness as  
Declares you had a mother too, must I  
Be led a captive, and in a cruel land  
Lament your victory ?

PROS. Altesto, bear her from my sight ! make  
haste !

\* See vol. ii., pp. 121 and 244.

I am not safe when I converse with tears.

[*Ereunt Altesto, Evandra.*]

I would ambition were not brave in war !  
Or that the rage of Princes had not made  
It lawful to subdue whom they dislike,  
Or 'twere ignoble to inflict a misery  
Or to indure't ourselves. Frivolo, where  
Did'st thou leave the Prince ?

FRIV. In pursuit of the Duke, who since we  
hear

Recovered Millain, which caus'd him sound us.

[*Drum march afar off.*]

A retreat,—hark, sir ! his march leads hither :  
It is his way to Turin.

*Enter CALLADINE.*

The Prince ! the Prince ! my Lord Prospero  
You have been sought for, the valiant Prince  
For this day's action hath advanced you to  
The public ear, and we, your friends, rejoic'd.

PROS. I did but as his bold example gave  
Me, sir. I saw him conquer, kill, and lead  
In fetters sad faces, which I ne'er saw  
Before, and I believed 'twas good. I wish  
That heaven may think so too ; I not converse  
With books, but I have heard our enemies,  
Although they wrong'd not me, must be so us'd.

*Enter ALVARO, soldiers stripping off his corslet.*

Unbuckle, Calladine ! the day is hot,  
And our great business cools like to their heats,  
That fled to humbled Millain, and have left  
Their fainting honour hovering o'er our crests.  
Lead on my horse in triumph ! I will march  
On foot. He hath perform'd his work, as he  
Had equall'd me in sense of what he did.

CAL. Sir, Prospero, the Count ! whom your kind fears

*[Pros. kneels, kisses his hand.]*

So heartily inquir'd for i'th retreat.

ALV. Rise, noble youth ! and let me hold thee near

My heart ; join thy stout breast to mine, that we  
May grow a while together in our love,  
Yet when divided, be the same in thought  
And act. This day thou hast begot an history  
And given our Savoy chronicles a theme  
To teach them boast, and be believ'd.

PROS. Alvaro ! my dread Prince ! why should you lose

Your praise on me, that did but imitate  
The faintest of your vigour and your skill ?  
You bred me from my childhood to do things  
That they call glorious, though, dull and much  
unlearned,

I cannot reach the cause of what I do  
More than your example, and command.

ALV. Since thou got'st strength to wear a sword  
thou hast

Been mine, and't hath been drawn to execute  
My will, and though, I know not why, thou wast  
Averse to arts and written labours of  
The wise, yet discipline of war thou lov'dst ;  
And bring thee to a fiery steed him thou  
Would'st sit, and manage with such gentle rule  
That our idolatrous philosophers  
Believ'd thou had'st created whom thou taught'st.

PROS. Your love will breed me envy, sir ; something

I've done, since you are pleas'd to value so  
My weaker toils, which may perhaps deserve  
Your father's thanks, and yours, and's yet unknown  
Unto you both : Evandra, heir of Millain,

I have fought for, ta'en prisoner, and sent  
To Turin ; a reward for our just war.

ALV. Hah ! the fair Evandra made prisoner ?  
And Prospero, by thee ?

PROS. Why should you think him whom you  
prais'd  
So much unfit for such a victory.

ALV. Now all the blessings of my faithful love  
Are lost : she, whom I doated on with my  
Most chaste and early appetite, is sent  
In bonds t'appease my cruel father's wrath.

CALL. My Lord ! he lov'd her much, though  
temp'rately  
Concealed from gen'ral knowledge and his friends.

PROS. Then mount my courser, Frivolo, and  
try  
If, by the happy quickness of his speed,  
Thou can'st recover her return, and use  
Her with such fair respective homage as  
May expiate my violent surprize. [*Ex. Friv.*

ALV. Fly, fly ! I would thy nimble motion could  
O'ertake the arrow from th' Assyrian bow,  
Or swifter lightning whom our sight pursues  
And is too slow to reach.

PROS. What have I done that I should thus  
mistake  
An act of valiant glory, for a deed  
That argues an austere ignoble rage ?

ALV. Fair Evandra, the pride of Italy !  
In whom the Graces met to rectify  
Themselves, that had not cause enough to blush,  
Unless for pity they were not so good  
As she ; think, now the Eastern spices sweat,  
And that the blossoms of the spring perfume  
The morning air, necessity must rule  
Belief, let's strew our altars with them now,  
Since she's imprison'd, stifled, and chok'd up,

Like weeping roses in a still, whose inarticulate  
breath,  
Heaven thought a purer sacrifice than all our  
orizons.\*

PROS. Is she not fitter then  
For Turin than for Millain, sir ? I saw  
You take prisoners, and in my fury had  
Discretion to achieve the best.

ALV. O thou hast lost my heart ! hence doth  
proceed  
This recreant act, that to thy savage courage  
I could never join the temperature  
Of sweet philosophy. Had'st thou been learn'd,  
And read the noble deeds of gentle knights,  
Reason had check'd thy rage, thy valour would  
Have been more pitiful than to have led  
A virgin into harsh captivity.

PROS. I thought I had done well.

ALV. How ? well ! Draw back that falsehood in  
thy breath  
Again, or I will pierce thy heart, that thou  
May'st die impenitent.

[*Draws his sword. Call. stays him.*

Unhand me, Calladine ! I've already met  
My better thoughts : why should I waste my  
breath

On such a forester, wild as the woods ?  
Where he should graze with the brute herd, who,  
though they want  
Discursive soul, are less inhuman far than he.

PROS. She was the daughter of our greatest  
enemy,  
And so I us'd her, sir.

ALV. A cholerick bear, or hungry panther would  
Have us'd her with more soft remorse ; had I

\* " Like weeping roses in a still, and is  
Like them ordain'd to last by dissolution."—*Folio.*

Encounter'd her in the mad heat of chace,  
 In all the fury of the fight, I would  
 Have taught my angry steed the easy and  
 The peaceful motion of a lamb.  
 She should have set his back, soft as the air,  
 And in her girdle bridle him, more curb'd  
 Than in his foaming bit, whilst I, her slave,  
 Walk'd by, marking what hasty flowers sprung up,  
 Invited by her eyebeams from their cold roots ;  
 And this would each true soldier do, that had  
 Refin'd his courage with the sober checks  
 Of sweet philosophy.

PROS. Would you had taught me some philosophy  
 Before I learn'd to fight.

*Enter FRIVOLO.*

All hope is past ! she was convey'd in one  
 Of your swift chariots, sir, which, it doth seem,  
 Altesto did unhappily o'ertake,  
 And she's ere this within our Turin walls.

PROS. Such language and such news better  
 become  
 The fatal birds of night ; so ravens croak  
 When they fly o'er the mansions of the sick  
 And bode their deaths.\*

ALV. Prospero, see me no more !  
 Th'art a disease unto my injur'd sight.  
 Fly to some lustfull coast, where none but goats  
 And satyrs live, where the name of virgin is  
 As strange as this thy cruelty ; there thou  
 May'st hope to wander not contemn'd. Should I  
 Behold thy face again, and let thee live,  
 My patience would become my vildest† guilt.

\* " Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls  
 The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,  
 And in the shadow of the silent night  
 Doth strike contagion from her sable wings."

*Marlowe's Jew of Malta.*

† Vilest.

CAL. See, sir, he weeps ! Can you endure him  
 mourn  
 And languish thus, whom heretofore you did  
 Embrace in the chief rank of love, not mov'd,  
 Sir, with his tears ?

ALV. No more than to behold  
 The puddled channel overflow. He saw  
 Her weep and could endur't ; the drops fell down,  
 Methinks, as when the piteous pelican  
 Wounds her remorseful breast.

PROS. Sir, have I, in one hasty moment, so  
 Far merited my ruin that no means  
 Are left to win me to your former grace ?

ALV. Never, unless thou couldst restore  
 Evandra's liberty. She is, ere this,  
 Within my father's reach, whose nature is  
 Severe and mortal to her father's blood ;  
 An ancient vow he took will make her destiny  
 So sad, I fear to think on it. Poor Evandra !

PROS. I sent her in good conduct to my house,  
 Where is a cave, so artfully conceal'd  
 Within my garden's verge, that not the sun's  
 Most prying beams, nor human search  
 Can e'er discover it. I'll hide her there,  
 Till time and apt convenience can dispose  
 Her unto Millain.

ALVA. Fly, then ! loose not the sick hope with  
 slow  
 Pursuit. Fate keep her from my father.

PROS. I'll strive to groan away my breath, and  
 die.

[*Exit Pros.*

[*Cornet flourish afar off.*

FRIV. Hark, sir ! the Duke, your father, sure  
 Doth ride in triumph through the town, to meet  
 And celebrate your victory.

ALV. Give order that our troops march ! march  
 slowly on.

Our drums should now in sable cases beat,  
 Our colours folded, and our muskets be  
 Revers'd, whilst our dejected pikes we trail,  
 But that, I fear, 'twould breed enquiry in  
 My father of a cause he must not know.

O Callandine ! Evandra is in bonds. *[Exit.*

*Enter VASCO, TRISTAN, LEONELL wounded and led.*

VAS. Prepare the waggon, Tristan ! spread a  
 mat in't ;

And, dost hear ? bid my Ancient tear off's colours  
 For a coverlet ; 'tis thine, sir, all our shift.

TRIS. All's ready, sir, i' th' bottom of the hill ;  
 He shall be us'd like a queen when she lyes in.

VAS. Softly, Tristan ! he moves as weakly as  
 His sinews were of spinners' threads, so cut  
 And carv'd ; he hath made your skin, sir, only  
 Fit to be worn in summer. This Prospero  
 Is a Turk when's whinyard's drawn and shines  
 in's eyes.

LEO. He us'd me nobly, sir, when I had bled  
 My self past strength to conquer him, nor could  
 I hope to find such mercy in an enemy,  
 'Less I had fallen beneath the force of your  
 Alvaro, Prince of Piedmont.

VAS. Ay, there's a man ! 'tis true, Lord Prospero's  
 valiant,  
 I think he dares meet the devil in duell,  
 And give him two flashes of lightning odds ; but  
 He wants that they call learning, sir. Prince Alvaro  
 Is, as they say, a philosophy man :  
 He talks of Rabins, and strange Hebrew roots ;  
 Things we dull soldiers rather eat than mention.

TRIS. He can tell you, sir, how many showers fell  
 Since Noah's flood.

VAS. Ay, and how many cloaks those showers  
 have wet.



LEO. Have you no knowledge of the lady, sir,  
That was surpriz'd from my protection by  
Young Prospero?

VAS. Good! was ever creature of heaven's mak-  
ing  
So libidinous as paltry man? Now,  
Has he a mind to the lady? She, sir,  
Is safe in Turin, whither strait we mean  
To lead you too.

LEO. Some comfort yet; it is decreed I must  
Indure my bondage where she suffers her's.  
Poore Evandra! was fate so niggardly,  
She could allow no more protection for  
Thy beauty than my single fortitude?

TRIS. Come, move on, sir, it will be late ere we  
Shall reach the town.

LEO. What other fortune had the battle?

VAS. We swaddled your Duke home; he and the  
rest  
Of your bruis'd countrymen have wondrous need  
Of capon's grease.

LEO. Strange giddiness of war; some men  
must groan  
To further others mirth. What fury rules  
O'er human sense, that we should struggle to  
Destroy in wounds, and rage, our life, that heaven  
Decreed so short? It is a mystery  
Too sad to be remembered by the wise,  
That half mankind consume their noble blood,  
In causes not belov'd, or understood. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II. SCENA I.

*Enter VASCO, FRIVOLO, TRISTAN.*

FRIV. Have you heard the proclaim'd law, Vasco?

III.

II

VAS. I would there were no law, or that no man  
Were learn'd enough to read 'em, or that we had  
Courage enough not to obey them.

TRIS. Frivolo, what law is this?

FRIV. It is proclaim'd, all female prisoners  
After a year should have full liberty  
To return to Millaine, and ransomless;  
Only a year is given to us the conquerors,  
That those we took of birth and dowry may,  
If we can woo them to consent, marry us,  
But we've no power to use constraint, nor to  
Inforce a maidenhead, on pain of death.

VAS. My beldam hath tane order with her  
maidenhead

Ten years ere I was born.

FRIV. I' th' mean time, Tristan,  
As a requital for our hopes, we must  
Maintain them at our own charge.

TRIST. Must not the men we took pay ransom?

VAS. Yes, yes, they pay. I have a knight  
given me

By young Count Prospero, shall sell his spurs  
Ere he 'scape free. I will pawn him, till he  
Be worn to th' title of a squire.

FRIV. Thou art as cruel as a constable  
That's wak'd with a quarrel out of his first sleep.

VAS. Hang him, bold Cataian, he indites finely;  
And will live as well by sending short epistles,  
Or by sad whisper at your gamester's elbow  
When the great by\* is drawn, as any bashful  
Gallant of 'em all.

TRIST. But what's the cause our Duke is so  
severe

\* *Bye.*

By loss in play men oft forget  
The duty they do owe  
To him that did bestow the same,  
And thousands millions moe.

Unto the heir of Millain ? whom, 'tis said,  
Shall suffer instant death, yet is thus kind  
To others of her sex.

FRIV. She dies to satisfy  
A vow he made in's youth, when those of Millaine  
Took his brother prisoner, and would not be  
Appeas'd without the forfeiture of's head.

TRIS. I am not yet instructed, Frivolo,  
Why should not then the rest we took die too ?

FRIV. Evandra is a sacrifice for all.  
His other mercy takes from th' cruelty  
He shows on her.

*Enter ALTESTO.*

VAS. From whence, Altesto, comes your loftiness ?

ALT. Why, from the Duke ! I had laid me  
For breakfast a fine comfortable gin.

VAS. What was't, a wench ?

ALT. A rack, Vasco, a rack ;  
A certain instrument that will extend and draw  
Our sinews into treble strings, and stretch  
Our great shin bones till they become slender  
As knitting needles, or a spider's legs.

VAS. Didst thou commit treason ? 'tis well thou  
hast

A brain for anything ; the age requires parts ;  
We cannot eat else. But quick, the cause ?

ALT. 'Twas to discover where I left Evandra,  
Whom Prospero delivered to my charge ;

I loath to hear them swear and stare

When they the *main* have lost ;

Forgetting all the *bys* that were

With God and Holy Ghost."

*Portion of "A Penitential Sonnet, written by  
a lord, a great gamester, a little before his  
death, which was in the year 1580."—From  
the Compleat Gamester. 16mo. 1710.*

I answer'd a full truth, that I restor'd  
 Her to his hands, at his return to his house ;  
 And this, as fortune would vouchsafe, the  
 Duke believ'd without applying, gentlemen,  
 The recreation of the rack.

FRIV. But she is not yet found.

ALT. No ! and the Duke believes her still i' th'  
 town !

Therefore a guard is plac'd at all the gates  
 To hinder her escape.

VAS. I do not like

This cutting off young wenches' heads ; 'tis thought  
 They cannot kiss handsomely without them.

TRIS. But how does Prospero excuse her flight ?

ALT. He says, she's stolen away, but shews no  
 manner how ;

And th' angry Duke, though he be precious in  
 His love, threatens him much.

VAS. Some angel stole her from him : and,  
 Gentlemen, if I have any skill in magic, you  
 Shall see her three days hence pirking\* in a cloud,  
 Southward of yonder star. Look up ! just there ;  
 With her ivory lute hanging at her back,  
 And working me a scarf of sky-colour'd satin.

ALT. A halter, Vasco, to save the poor State  
 Th' charge of a penny : thou'lt have need on't.

VAS. What's become of Melora, your fair  
 prisoner ?

You hear the proclamation !

ALT. Yes, and am well pleas'd :

I mean to woo and marry her. She hath

\* *Qy.* "perk"—To hold up the head with an affected brisk-  
 ness.

"If after all you think it a disgrace,

That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face ?"—*Pope.*

"My ragged routs went in the wind, and wag their wriggle  
 tails,

Peark as a peacock : but nought avails."—*Shakespeare.*

Twelve thousand crowns by good intelligence.

VAS. If she consent—but I am of the faith  
Such suckets\* are but seldom swallowed by  
Us wealthy Aldermen o'th' camp—a jointure  
Is the word, Altesto, and then you'll shew her  
A young back with a sword hanging over't,  
Worse than a hand-saw.

ALT. Just now, I left her at my mother's house ;  
And sirrah Vasco, she looks——Oh rogue, rogue !  
A Flanders peak† i'th' middle of her brow,  
Which straight I spy ; and shake, and melt, then  
speak

Fine language to her, and am duteous with  
My bonnet at her instep, thus——

VAS. Th'ast found the way.

ALT. Then, Vasco, she moves back, discovering  
but

The very verge of both her picked‡ toes,  
But in white§ shoes, and then I'm taken, that  
I stand like one of the Turk's chidden mutes,  
A girl in a bongrace,|| thus high, may ravish me.

FRIV. Alas, poor gentleman !

ALT. But Vasco, her fingers——by this good day !  
I think they are smaller than thy point-tags ;  
And she behaves them on the virginals  
So prettily——I'd wish no more of heaven,  
Than once to hear her play, " Fortune my Foe,"  
Or " John come kisse me now."¶

\* Sweetmeats.—See vol. ii., p. 145.      † Peak—Lace.

‡ Sharp-pointed—hooked.

§ Lac'd.—*Folio*      || See vol. ii., p. 97.

¶ There are three different copies of the tune of FORTUNE : the first as given by Dr Burney, the second from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and the third from a Collection of English Airs, published at Haarlem in 1626. This tune is invested with particular interest, from the old ballad of Titus Andronicus, on which Shakespeare founded his play, having been sung to it. A black-letter copy of the original is in the collection of ballads in the British Museum.

VAS. Those are tunes my old widow prisoner  
sings,  
With more division than a water-work,  
When the main pipe is half stopt.

FRIV. You have a year allow'd to woo her,  
Vasco.

The ballad is mentioned in "Lingua," 1607; in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," 1613; in the "Two Merry Milkmaids," 1620; in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621; in "Vox Borealis," 1641; in Brome's "Antipodes," 1638; in "The Custom of the Country," 1647; in "The Rump or Mirror of the Times," 1660; in "Tom Essence," 1677; in "Loyal Songs," 1731; and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act iii. Scene 3. Chappell's "Ancient English Ballads," vol. ii., pp. 63 and 191. The air is given in vol. i., p. 33. Among Mr George Daniel's collection of black-letter ballads and broadsides, printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which were purchased at the sale of his books for a very large sum, by Henry Huth, Esq., and reprinted by Mr Lillie in 1867, is a ballad "to the tune of Fortune," titled "a mournfull dittie on the death of certaine Judges and Justices of the Peace, and diuers other Gentlemen, who died immediately after the Assises holden at Lincolne last past."

*John come kiss me now.*—Of this old ballad the tune and only a fragment, preserved by Herd, have come down to us. These will be found in the Vocal Miscellany, the version in Johnson's Scots Musical Museum is an alteration by Burns. The early reformers, in order to forward their views with the general body of the people, "spiritualized," in the same manner as was done in Holland, many of the popular songs of the time. Among them was this song. The spiritual version appeared in "Ane compendious buik of Godlie psalmes and spirituall sangis, collectit furthe of sindrie partis of the Scripture, with diueris othereis ballatis, changeit out of prophane sangis in Godlie sangis for auoyding of sin and harlatric." The authorship of this "Compendious book" has been ascribed to two brothers, John and Robert Wedderburn of Dundee, who lived about the year 1540. Mention is thus made of it in a "Historie of the Estate of the Kirke of Scotland, written by an old minister of the Kirke of Scotland, at the desire of some of his young brethren for their informatione," A.D. 1560, printed for the Maitland Club, also for the Wodrow Society: "for the more particular meanis whereby came the knowledge of God's truth in the time of great darkness, was such as Sir David Lindsey's poisie, Wedderburne's psalms, and Godlie ballands of Godlie purposes," &c. A limited impression, a reprint, of "the gude and Godlie ballates," under the very able editorship of Dr Laing

TRIS. She's rich. I knew her husband; he  
 thriv'd much  
 By a monopoly he had of dead women's hair :  
 All Millaine talkt of it. She kept another shop  
 Under Saint Maudlin's wall, and quilted ushers'  
 calves.

was issued by the enterprising publisher, William Paterson of Edinburgh, in 1868.

It is noticed in Stenhouse's "Illustrations of the Lyric poetry and music of Scotland," 1853, that "the celebrated Wm. Byrd, organist of the Chapel Royal in 1575, author of the musical Canon 'Non Nobis, Domine,' composed fifteen variations upon the air of 'John come kiss me now;' which are in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book. MSS., 1576."

"This favourite old tune," Mr Chappell says, "is to be found in 'Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book,' in Playford's 'Introduction,' in Apollo's 'Banquet for the treble violin,' and in 'The first part of the division violin.'" He further observes: "In the Virginal Book only the first part of the tune is taken, and it is doubtful if it then had any second part. It is one of the songs parodied in Andro Hart's 'Compendium of Godly Songs,' on the strength of which the tune has been claimed as Scotch, although it has no Scotch character, nor has hitherto been found in any old Scotch copy. Not only are all the tunes to the songs in the 'Compendium'—of which any traces are left—English, but what little secular music was printed in Scotland until the eighteenth century, was entirely English or foreign."

This sweeping assertion of Mr Chappell, in reference to the secular music of Scotland, is open to question, and it may as well be advanced that numbers of the ancient airs claimed as English were imported from Scotland. A glance at dates will show whether the present song was Scotch or English. We hear of it as being current in Scotland in 1560, but not in England till 1575. In the latter instance only the first part seems to have been known—in the former, it is evident from having been sung as a ballad of eight lines, with a repeat, that there was a second part, which had not found its way into the sister country. In England, also, the air does not appear to have been wedded to words, but used only for dancing, in which capacity it is mentioned in Heywood's "A woman killed with kindness," 1600; in "'Tis merry when gossips meet," 1609; in "Westminster Drollery," 1671; in "The scourge of folly," N.D.; and in Henry Bold's "Songs and Poems," 1685.

In the same capacity it is also noticed in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621: "Yea, many times this love will make old men and women, that have more toes than teeth, dance 'John come kiss me now,' mask and mum."

VAS. Well, gentlemen, let's waste no time. I'll to  
My barber's straight ; purge, shave, and wash, for  
know,  
If cleanness and good looks will do't, I'll teach  
Her grandaneship to mump, and marry too,  
Or my arts fail. Frivolo, you and Tristan  
Follow me ! I shall employ you both.

ALT. I am for Prospero ; he sent to speak with  
me. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter ALVARO, PROSPERO, with a key and lights.*

PROS. Sir, you have made me know my cruelty,  
'Twas such uncomely valour,\* that I blush  
To name't. And, trust me, could I sink low as  
The centre whilst I kneel, still would I thus  
Implore your pardon and your love. [*Kneels.*

ALV. I have a memory so apt  
T' advance my pity 'bove my anger, when  
It mentions thee, that I'll forget the cause  
That made thy guilt and me to mourn. But O !  
That dismal place brings it again to thought.  
This looks, methinks, like to the dark  
And hidden dwelling of the winds, as yet  
Unknown to men, where storms engender, and  
The whirling blasts that trouble nature, till  
She trembles at their force, and ruin all  
The sumptuous piles of art.

PROS. Necessity hath caus'd this choice, till the  
Severe enquiry of your father be pleas'd,  
And we can shape her some disguise fit to  
Convey her from the town.

ALV. With soft and gentle summons call, that she  
May climb unto the top and verge o' th' cave.

PROS. Evandra ! speak ! ascend to us ! I am  
Your penitential enemy, that come  
To weep away my trespass at your feet.

\* Wretched courage.—*Folio.*



ALV. Evandra, rise ! break from this thick  
And silent darkness, like the eldest light.\*

[*The stage opens, Prospero lifts Evandra up.*]

EVAN. Ha ! my lord, the prince.†

ALV. O noble maid, what expiation can  
Make fit this young and cruel soldier for  
Society of men, that hath defiled  
The genins of triumphant glorious war  
With such a rape upon thy liberty !  
Or what less hard than marble of  
The Parian rock cans't thou believe my heart,  
That nurst and bred him my disciple in  
The camp, and yet could teach his valour no  
More tenderness than injur'd Scythians use  
When they are vex'd to a revenge ? But he  
Hath mourned for it ; and sure, Evandra, thou  
Art strongly pitiful, that dost so long  
Conceal an anger that would kill us both.

EVAN. Sir, I am nobly recompens'd, in that  
You will vouchsafe me worthy of your grief.  
And though I die forgotten here, a poor  
And luckless maid, lost like a blossom which  
The wand'ring wind blows from the bosom  
Of the spring, to mix with summer's dust,  
Yet so much courtesy deserves to be rememb'ed  
Even in heaven.

ALV. Was this a subject fit to bear the pride  
And insolent calamity of war ?  
As well had it become in the world's youth  
The giant race to hunt, with mighty spear  
And iron shield, the young and tender ermine.  
Evandra, I have lov'd thee much and long.  
Why do you start, as if some jealous thought  
Did whisper that my love devis'd this snare,

\* First fair light.—*Folio.*

† EVAN. Sure 'tis the prince whom Prospero brings  
To give me courage in this solitude.—*Folio.*

To keep thee here within my power and reach ?

EVAN. I cannot think you are so cruel to  
Yourself, t'afflict the thing that you esteem.

ALV. No, beauteous maid, had I beheld thy  
flight,

In our stern exercise of wrath, I would  
Have made the bloody field a garden, fit  
T'adorn the shews of a triumphant peace ;  
And every soldier like a reaper cloth'd  
Fitter to use his sickle than his sword.  
Still thou recoil'st ; like the chaste Indian plant  
That shrinks and curls his bashful leaves at the  
Approach of man.

EVAN. I've lost my reason, and I want the  
courage  
To entertain your kindness as I ought.

ALV. Is it because my years a little have  
O'er grown my youth, or that the enmity  
Our fathers interchange begets in thee  
A factious hate, till't make thy duty sin ?  
But 'tis not possible thou canst create  
A thought will merit such a name.\*

EVAN. The gentle business, sir, of love is fit  
For hours more calm and blest than those  
A captive can enjoy.

ALV. These are not words  
To quiet me in sleep, and peaceful thoughts.

PROS. Nor shall I evermore relish delights  
And triumphs of the court, or haughty joys  
Of war and victory.

\* The Folio has this speech thus rendered :—

ALV. Can you participate in any part of that  
Unhappy enmity which has so long  
Disorder'd both our fathers' breasts ? if you  
Whom heaven did purposely ordain for love,  
Should hatred from your parents learn, you would,  
Obeying their example, straight convert  
Your duty into sin.

ALV. Evandra, live ! Be yet some happiness  
Unto thy self, and, with the patience that  
Becomes a maid's divinity, relieve  
Thy heart with easy hope of liberty :  
Inforcing a content within this dark  
And solitary cave, till I have power  
With apt disguise to further thy escape,  
Which shall be hast'ned with my ablest skill.  
Believe me, good Evandra, the honour of  
My birth and soul shall warrant it.

EVAN. You are a Prince renown'd and precious  
for  
Your faith and courtesy.

ALV. Think not I'll use advantage or constraint  
Upon thy love. A virgin's heart, I know,  
Is sooner strok'd than check'd into a kind  
Surrender of her breast.

EVAN. Sir, all the bounties that the heavens  
provide  
For truth and clemency fall on you still !

ALV. If thou suspect'st I've not enough of cold  
And holy temper to resist the flames  
Of appetite, command that I shall see  
Thee here no more, and my obedience straight  
Shall be restrained within a sacred vow.  
For I would have thy thoughts, Evandra, safe  
As are thy beauties.

EVAN. It were a crime,  
Greater I hope than I shall e'er commit,  
To doubt such princely goodness can pervert itself.

ALV. Then thou wilt give me leave to make free  
use  
Of every happy opportunity  
That may invite me to attend you here ?

EVAN. Not angels, sure, when they converse, can  
meet  
With less intent of sin, and more of joy.

ALV. Well, I must see thee oft : thy wondrous eyes  
 Have soft'ned all my spirits to a calm  
 And easy temper for thy sway, that I  
 Could change my corslet and my iron vests  
 Of rugged war, to move in gentle pace  
 Unto the tuneful whispers of thy lute,  
 Still clothed in tender garments of thy work,  
 And for a plumed helmet wear chapletts  
 Of flowers, in a mysterious order rank'd  
 By thy white virgin hand, then like thy neat  
 O'er busy maid, bind up thy looser philleting  
 And pleat in curls thy soft dishevelled hair.  
 I'll make my frequent visits here till thou  
 Confess how much I am subdued.

EVAN. I am oppress with fear, [lest] the watchful Duke,  
 Your father, should observe unto this sad  
 Unusual place your stolen approach ; and then  
 My sorrows would be doubled in your danger.

ALV. Danger ! How noble lovers smile at such  
 A thought. 'Tis love that only fortifies  
 And gives us mighty vigour to attempt  
 On other's force, and suffer more than we  
 Inflict. Would all the soldiers, that I lead  
 In active war, were lovers too, though lean,  
 Feebled, and weakened with their ladies' frowns  
 How, when their valour's stirred, would they march  
 strong,

Through hideous gulphs, through numerous herds  
 Of angry lions, and consuming fire ? [*Knock within.*]

EVAN. What doubtful noise is that ?

ALV. 'Tis Calladine ! I did appoint him here.  
 Stay Prospero ; let him not enter yet.  
 O envious chance, must we depart so soon ?

[*They put Evandra down into the cave.*]  
 Descend like the bright officer of day ;

Whilst darkened, we thy beauteous absence mourn;  
And every flower doth weep till your return.

*[Opens the door, and lets in Calladine.]*

PROS. His looks declare there's hazard, and some  
haste.

ALV. What wouldst thou speak?

CALL. The Duke, your father, sir, is much perplexed:

He calls for Prospero, and, it is fear'd,  
Will torture him to find Evandra's flight.

ALV. He shall not yet appear; I will endure  
His anger's edge, with venture of myself.  
Stay till I send. *[Exit.]*

CALL. My lord, I grieve to see your sorrows bear  
So great a weight, as makes you groan unto  
Yourself. This silence and fixation of  
Your eyes, until unchanged objects cause  
Them ache is much unlike your wonted mind.  
Suspect not but the Prince will qualify  
His father to a peace, and a more just  
Interpretation of your worth.

PROS. Know, Calladine, 'tis not Evandra's bonds,  
Nor all the tortures that th' incensed Duke  
From cruelty or art can minister,  
Have power to freeze and fix me like a statue thus.  
I have another cause that swells my heart,  
Till't grow too spacious for my breast.

CALL. 'Las, sir, your favours have oblig'd me so,  
That I must share your grief; and 'twould perhaps  
Afford some remedy to share the cause.

PROS. I know not, Calladine, in the vast world  
One I more love, or would so boldly trust,  
But thou wilt think me mad.

CALL. My lord, I'll forget then my manners and  
My reason too.

PROS. Come, thou shalt know, I love——  
How wilt thou smile to see m' ambitious eyes

Look higher than the eagle, when he soars  
To elevate his sight? I love——

CALL. Who is't you love?

PROS. Evandra! now mix pity in thy scorn.

CALL. 'Tis sad, the Prince and you should meet  
with so

Much violence in the same choice.

PROS. At first, i'th' rage of fight I gazed on her,  
With half discernings of her form, a mist  
Of fury hung between us then; but since  
That I have view'd her beauty with some care,  
And see how sweetly she demeans her in  
Calamity, I have o'erthrown my heart  
With liking her too much.

CALL. It will require great wisdom to persuade  
In this: the cause is dangerous.

PROS. Would I had ne'er been born, then I had  
miss'd  
The sight and memory of her, and my  
Fond errors should have been as much unknown  
As m' uncreated self.

*Enter ALTESTO.*

ALT. My lord, your servant gave me entrance  
with  
Command that I should speak with you.

PROS. 'Tis true, Altesto, y' have a maiden  
prisoner,  
Call'd Melora; 'tis my request that you  
Conduct her hither in disguise; though law,  
Newly proclaim'd, allow no ransom for her,  
You shall be paid your own demand.

ALT. I'll obey your lordship. She shall attend  
You straight. What use can he employ her to?

PROS. Come, Calladine, ease me with thy counsel.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* VASCO, TRISTAN, FRIVOLO, LELIA.

VAS. Is Lelia your own prisoner, Tristan ?

TRIS. The powerful purchase of my sword.

VAS. What is she heir to ? a brass thimble and  
A skene of brown thread ? she'll not yield thee in  
Algiers above a ducket, being stript ;  
And for her clothes, they're fitter for a paper mill,  
Than a palace.

FRIV. Let her serve your captive widow.

VAS. Why, Tristan, that's a year's wages for you :  
'Tis well thought on. Will you serve, Lelia ?

LEL. I hope, sir, I shall be fit to serve.

VAS. Yes, serve for an hospital, when the sins  
Of the camp are retir'd into your bones.  
She's vilely out of linen.

TRIS. How can I help't ?

VAS. Let her make love to a sexton, and steal  
shrouds.

FRIV. Trust my knowledge, Vasco, she's for thy  
turn ;

Present her to thy widow, she may woo  
In thy behalf, toast plum cakes for her muskadine,  
And brush her velvet hood on holy-days.

VAS. Tristan, convey her to her as my gift.  
But, Lelia, you must speak notable words  
Of me ; first, what a goodly man I am ;  
That I get matrons at a hundred and ten  
With double twins : and how in time of war  
I fill up the muster with mine own issue.

LEL. Marry, sir ! heaven forbid !

VAS. D'you hear ? this wench has been villan-  
ously  
Ill bred : and I'll lay my life,  
She sings at her work too the holy Carol  
O'th' lady's daughter converted in Paris ;  
“ She was of Paris properly,” &c.

TRIS. Fie, Lelia, you must now take care! you are Not now i'th' camp, but in a civil common-wealth.

LEL. I shall endeavour, sir, to learn.

VAS. Nor must you persuade your mistress rise Too early to her beads; she may catch cold, Having already a pestilent cough, And so will die before I marry her.

LEL. I hope I shall not be so mischievous.

VAS. Well, gentlemen, the fruitful hour is now Drawn near that gives success: this morning must Expose me to great charge.

FRIV. Thou dost not mean To court her at her window with rare music?

VAS. No! she's very deaf; so that cost is sav'd.

FRIV. What other charge? she hath no teeth fit for A dry banquet, and dancing she is past, Unless with crutches in an antimasque.

VAS. I must provide her culleises\* and broths That may stir mettle in her. In this case She is: Know, my good friends, I find Her no more fit for the business of encrease Than I am to be a nun.

TRIS. Thou wilt take care to trim thy person?

VAS. I came just now from consultation with My barber; who provides me a large main, A lock for the left side, so rarely hung With ribbanding of sundry colours, sir, Thou'lt take it for a rainbow newly crisp'd And trimm'd. Bucephalus ne'er wore the like.

FRIV. When you have reach'd Sir Leonell's ransom, And the rich widow's wealth, we are forgot Like creatures of Japan, things hardly to Be search'd for in the map.

\* Jellies. "In the Editor's MS., No. 11, there is a prescription for making a colys, I presume a cullis, or invigorating broth."—*Preface to "The forme of cery, a roll of auient English Cookery,"* compiled about A.D. 1390. Lond. 1789. 8vo.



TRIS. In one short month I shall not know his name.

VAS. 'Tis then because thou canst not read ; for thou

Shalt find it fairly carv'd on each new church  
And hospital, I mean to build apace,  
And have my blue boys march through the streets,  
Two and two, provided for in gilded primmers,\*  
And their chops of mutton. Go haste to the widow's,  
Present your damsel, I'll be with you straight.  
My captive knight would speak with me.

[*Exeunt. Manet Vas.*]

*Enter LEONELL.*

LEO. I am bold, sir, to make free use of your  
Most spacious rooms for benefit of air.

VAS. Sir, you are welcome : 'tis a liberty  
That I expect, and I joy much your wounds  
So prosper in their cure.

LEO. You shew your inclination kind and noble.  
But is there of Evandra yet no news ?  
You promised to enquire whether her flight  
Be true, or to what place she made escape.

VAS. No certainty is known, but all the court  
Troubled with doubts. Shortly you will hear more.

LEO. If you could bring me, sir, to Prospero,  
Or to the Prince, on some affairs that may  
Perhaps advantage them and my own good,  
You shall oblige me much to serve you in  
My better state of fortunes.

VAS. I will endeavour it ; and, as you find  
Me ready to assist all your requests,  
I hope, sir, you'll see cause to pay your ransom  
With what haste you can ; for I would fain be able  
To do good deeds, and we have many poor  
I'th' town that want their charities, who have

\* See vol. ii., p. 104.

A will as ready as their wealth.

LEO. Believe me, you express a soul that hath  
Been bred, and exercis'd in holy thoughts.

VAS. Faith, sir, not much ; only you know a man  
Would joy to do some good whilst he's alive,  
For after death our gifts, I ever thought,  
Rather proceeded from a devout necessity  
Than any free desire.

LEO. 'Tis wisely urged.

VAS. It hath been a maxim I have held long.

LEO. And it becomes you still ; my ransom  
Be suddenly prepared.

VAS. I thank you, sir. Follow ! and I'll procure  
You an address to th' prince, or Prospero. [*Exit.*

LEO. If she were fled, her person is of so  
Esteem'd and eminent a rate, that straight  
Her instant residence must needs be known :  
There is much art in these affairs. How will  
She look on me, that in so great a cause  
Could strike, or yield to angry fate ? I will  
Endure her scorns as a deserved reward.  
Nor should a lover's hopes grow cold, because  
The influence that last did govern him  
Was sick and cold. That destiny is gone :  
The firmament contains more stars than one.

[*Exeunt.*

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### ACT III. SCÆNA I.

*Enter PROSPERO and LEONELL with a light  
and a key.*

PROS. It glads me to behold your strength so well  
Restor'd ; and, sir, I wish the fortune of  
My sword had met another cause and enemy.

Your ransom I have paid ; and so much prize  
 Evandra's happiness, that since you make't  
 Appear your company will render her  
 Some quietness and joy, in this her sad  
 And solitary state, you shall both see  
 And stay with her. \*

LEO. From my first infancy I took my speech  
 And breeding in her father's court, and by  
 My nearness to her, both in deeds and place  
 I'th' day of fight, you may believe I am  
 Of quality enough to be esteem'd  
 And welcom'd in her misery.

PROS. Your valour then did speak you more  
 than all  
 The praise your modesty can urge.

LEO. My lord ! it is your gentleness to have  
 A courteous faith, but I am bold to think  
 My sight will comfort her so much that she  
 Will pay you thanks for giving so free trust  
 Unto my confidence.

PROS. My kindness to you I shall reserve  
 Till happier hours : this, sir, is for her sake,  
 That she may have the benefit of your  
 Approach. Retire awhile within ! that key,  
 When I am gone, will open you a door  
 That leads unto a cave. [*Erit Leonell.*  
 Melora, where art thou ? This way, the light  
 Conducts thee. Thou art safe.

*Enter MELORA.*

MEL. How dark, and like the dusty hollowness  
 Of tombs, where death inhabits, this appears.

PROS. Now, you shall know the cause why I have  
 bought  
 Your liberty ; Evandra, daughter to  
 Your Millain Duke, lies here, imprison'd by

\* You shall have leave to make your frequent visits. — *Folio.*

The chance of battle, and thus hidden and  
Reserv'd, till we can free her by disguise.

MEL. O sad discov'ry of a sorrow, worse  
Than I endure ; I hop'd she had escap'd.

PROS. I heard that thou wert taken in her train ;  
But when the stories of thy beauty and  
Thy virtues reach'd mine ear, I did believe  
Thou hadst familiar knowledge of her face  
And thoughts.

MEL. I know too much of her, to think that  
heaven  
Could thus permit her languish in a cave.

PROS. None can resist their destiny : but good  
Melora comfort her, and prithee for  
Kind pity when your conversation shall  
Beget some pleasant hour, mention my care,  
And then my love ; for know, she hath so wrought  
Upon my heart, that trust me I shall melt  
Like tapers overcharged with flame, and die.  
Wilt thou implore in my behalf ?

MEL. Your bounties have oblig'd me to perform  
My best, else I were cruel, sir.

PROS. Fear no surprise : you are secure, for  
twice  
To-day my house by stern authority  
Was search'd, but vainly they suspect and strive  
To find this hidden dwelling, that no art  
Can imitate for secrecy and depth.

MEL. Will you be gone ?

PROS. I'm sent for to the palace where I'm told  
I shall endure, for this concealment, more  
Than nature's strength can bear, but I've a soul  
Dares welcome it with scorn.

*Enter EVANDRA.*

MEL. Lend me the light ! Look, there's Evandra,  
sir.

PROS. It is ! Remember me, that I may live.

[*Exit.*

MEL. This mingled passion of strange grief and joy

I can no longer quietly contain.

Hail ! the most beauteous virtue of the world.

EVAN. Lov'd Melora ! what dismal chance, more than

My sorrow can digest, hath brought thee here ?

MEL. Why am I thought on, or enquir'd for as  
A creature that deserves a life, whilst you  
Remain within the house and arms of death ?

EVAN. I fear thou art a captive too.

MEL. Or else the tyranny of war had been  
Too much unjust ; wer't fit you languish thus,  
And I, like to a wanton bird should play  
And wing the air at liberty ? and yet  
My ransom's freely paid.

EVAN. Then thou art now no prisoner ?

MEL. A prisoner to you, or else my heart  
Were dull, and rudely mannered to permit  
Evandra suffer here alone. This war  
Hath quickly nursed strange riddles too of love.

EVAN. Thou dost complain with cause, 'tis in  
the prince.

MEL. Another of your enemies. Too much  
Of leisure I shall have t' acquaint you with  
The accident that brought me to your sight.

*Enter* LEONELL.

EVAN. Melora, who is that ?

MEL. Bless me ! how miracles increase, to fright  
Astonishment. Sure there is magie in  
This place. Madam, my brother Leonell.

LEO. Ha ! Melora ! art thou here too ? Such  
mysteries

In change so soon arriv'd I have not read.

EVAN. But what unheard of star directed thee  
To see and taste our miserable state ?

LEO. Ere I begin the little history  
Of the short time that thus hath varied us,  
Low as the earth I fall, to make you pitiful. [*Kneels.*  
Forgive the crime of destiny, not me,  
That left me feeble as an aguish girl,  
With the faint loss of blood, when I had took  
Upon my youth and strength the noblest cause  
That e'er employed the anger of a man,  
Your liberty ; but leverets and doves  
Are valianter than I, for else what make  
You in captivity ?

EVAN. Believe me, sir, your passion is so great  
I understand it not : pray, rise ! I know  
You fought with all the forward will and might  
That human rage could shew ; but the success  
Of valour they above dispose, that are  
More wise and stronger than ourselves.

LEO. Sure I could weep, but that my eyes  
Have not enough of funeral dew to melt  
Away. Sister, pray pardon my neglect !  
You'll find I am not courteous to myself.

MEL. The time compels distracted thoughts in all.

EVAN. There is a bank within, though cold and  
bare,  
Where never flower, in despair of sun,  
Durst fix his root, there we will sit, talk, and  
Compare our miseries ; then sing like Philomel,  
That wisely knows the darkness only fit  
For mourning and complaint.] Lead there ! the  
light ! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DUKE, *with letters*, ALVARO, PROSPERO,  
CALLADINE, ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. Evade me not with such fond circum-  
stance,

Fit only to persuade the easiness  
Of untaught babes ; have I not here receiv'd  
Her father's letters, that petition her  
Release ? Why should he soothe me thus with low  
Demeanour in his phrase, if she were free ?  
Or if not in the town enclos'd, and hid,  
Where would she sooner fly than to his arms ?

ALV. Sir, give my duty boldness to believe  
If she were here, and some good man, that now  
Conceals her in his piteous fear, shall to  
Assuage your wrath deliver her, you would  
Not mark her out for death ?

DUKE. No, sir, how cheap then, and how frail  
will you  
Suppose my vows ? what need we trick  
And dress our altars with such reverend care ?  
Let's rather straight pervert their use, grease them  
With gluttony and feasts, defile and wash  
Them with the riots of excessful wine.  
Is perjury the least of guilt you can  
Persuade me to commit ?

ALV. I wish you would allow m' obedience leave  
To utter truth ; the vow you made was rash,  
And not confirmed with oath, or church solemnity.

PROS. And I am taught the cruelties, or the  
Revenge we threaten : heaven is pleased when they  
Are never acted but forgot.

DUKE. Her stern and deaf'ned father when we  
sought,  
And woo'd his merey with humility,  
More than dejected hermits on their knees  
Render to saints, us'd not my brother with  
Remorse, but snatcht him from the world in all  
His pride of youth, his wise and ripened thoughts,  
When he was fit to rule a nation's fate,  
And exercise mankind in what was bold  
And good, shall I not revenge the best

Of all my blood, whilst I have here  
The chief of his?

ALV. Alas! this act, sir, was not hers, nor in  
The justice of our reason is it possible  
By derivation or descent to share a guilt.

PROS. Would I had lost the benefit of strength  
When I surpris'd her, to become the instrument  
And pleasure of your rage.

DUKE. How, Count, so bold! Hear me, thou  
saucy child  
And minion of the war, whom fortune, not  
Success from virtue sprung, hath lifted to  
A pride more dangerous than traitors' thoughts.  
Though I have search'd thy house, and am de-  
feated by  
Some charm of my discovery, I still  
Believe thou knowst her residence, and bring  
Her to my sight, ere yet the sun decline,  
Or thou shalt die.

ALV. I must not live to see it, then, nor can  
My business here on earth entice me to  
One minute's stay in my mortality,  
When I behold your business so decay'd.

DUKE. Alvaro, was that said like one that knows  
His duty to a father, and a Prince?

ALV. I would be heir unto your virtue, sir,  
As well as to your blood.

DUKE. Have I out-liv'd my courage, office, and  
My reason too, tamely to suffer this?  
I know thy false ambitious cunning well,  
Thou fain wouldst vex my weary soul away  
That thou might'st reign, and triumph o'er my tomb.  
But hear, and tremble at my vow!

CALL. Sir, for regard of heaven, repent what you  
Would speak, ere utter'd it become too great  
A sin for mercy to excuse.

DUKE. No more, fond Calladine, I am resolv'd,



Since thou art covetous to own his guilt,  
 He shall be safe, and thou endure his punishment.  
 Bring me Evandra here ere yet the day  
 Conceal his light, or the next darkness shall  
 Eternally be thine.

ALV. If on my knees I can persuade you to  
 An easier doom, thus I endeavour it. [*Kneels.*]

PROS. I beg not to entreat your rigour less,  
 But as 't was first design'd you would convert  
 It all on me.

ALV. That kindness was ill-manner'd, Prospero.  
 Dost think thou art more worthy of the cause  
 When 'tis to be Evandra's sacrifice?

DUKE. Ne'er strive, thou shalt have sufferance  
 enough  
 And gloriously alone. Hence from my sight!  
 Thou birth ill-gotten, and my marriage-stain.

ALV. I'll keep my duty still, though not your  
 love. [*Ex. Alv. Pros.*]

CALL. Dread, sir, call back your vow, and then  
 the Prince,  
 Yet comfort him. What will the world esteem  
 Of such an act as time ne'er parallel'd,  
 And no posterity be so unkind as to believe.

DUKE. Thou may'st as well persuade th' assem-  
 bled winds  
 From all their violence at sea. Lend me  
 Thine ear——do this! But, Calladine, take heed  
 Thy prosecutions are not faint: I have  
 A younger son in Sicily, renown'd  
 And dear to fame; him I will strive to plant  
 I'th' people's hearts. As thou art loyal, follow me!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* ALTESTO, FRIVOLO, VASCO, *fantastically*  
*accouter'd.*

VAS. Just in the posture as you see me, gentlemen;

Not a hair less i'th' lock ; and I believed  
The heart of woman was not able to  
Resist such amorous forms.

ALT. But she would none ?

VAS. Name her the pleasures of the marriage bed,  
She cries she is more taken with the grave,  
'Cause there we are not wak'd with cough nor  
aches.

ALT. Why, sure she knows, for she looks as she had  
Been long buried.

VAS. And then I us'd fine phrases ;  
And talk't, what call you it ? of Hymen's tapers,  
Which she interprets, sir, according to  
Some modern doctress of her sect,—hell fire !  
A warmth, you know, we soldiers do abhor.

FRIV. 'Tis base to need it after death : we have  
Been hardly bred, and can endure the cold.

*Enter WIDOW and LELIA.*

VAS. She comes ! This is her breathing room,  
use your  
Endeavours, gentlemen. Tell her, her frowns,  
Already have so wrought, that my life now  
Will ne'er be fit to come into a lease.

WID. Lelia, a chair ! I cannot last ; 'tis more  
Than fifty-eight years since I had hams to trudge.

VAS. I am your guardian that's come to visit you.

WID. What need it, sir ? I practice no escape !  
I cannot fly !

VAS. No ! were the window open  
You would behave your self as nimbly on  
Your wings as any witch in Europe.

WID. What, says he, Lelia ? a witch !

LEL. He says we must one day all fly upward,  
Heaven is the place we——

[VAS. Ay, widow ! that is the place.] \*

\* Interpolated in the folio.

WID. 'Tis well said, sir ; for thither we must go,  
Both old and young ; no remedy.

VAS. Assoon as you please, if you'd but marry me.

WID. Does he talk of marriage ?

LEL. He says, if you please, forsooth.

WID. Alas, my vow of widow-hood is not yet  
Expir'd. If he comes some ten years hence——

ALT. About that time she 'll make a good wife  
For an antiquary to get records on.

FRIV. Although her skin be parchment, 'tis not  
large  
Enough to write her annals in ; sh'ath liv'd  
So long already.

VAS. How did you like the culleise, widow,  
That I sent you last ?

WID. Why, sir, it went down.

VAS. Though the sea were turn'd  
To plum-broth, 'twould all down !  
I have measur'd her throat, 'tis wider, gentlemen,  
And deeper than a well. Alas ! the Duke  
Considers not my charge. I'd rather board  
Two young giants, and allow each of them  
A wolf, instead of a dog, t' eat their fragments.

ALT. Thou should'st get her mouth search'd !  
I'll lay my life, sh' hath new furnish'd her gums,  
With artificial teeth ; she could not grind so else.

FRIV. Though you must feed her at your own cost,  
The proclamation, believe me, allows none  
But natural teeth.

VAS. When she is once i'th' fit of swallowing,  
If a capon float in her broth, why she  
Considers it no more than a small bee,  
Or a May-fly.

LEL. You should bear up ! you are too backward,  
sir.

VAS. Sayst thou so, wench ! Widow ! prepare  
yourself,

For I must marry you to-night, or else  
 You fast to-morrow. If the Duke will not  
 Afford us fasting days, I shall make bold  
 To borrow 'em o'th' the kalender. This night !  
 No longer time to delay a good deed.

WID. Uh, uh, uh !—

ALT. This cough, Vasco, is of some great anti-  
 quity.

How wilt thou sleep by her ?

ALT. A little opium after supper,  
 And let her cough like a cannon from a fort.  
 I'll free thee from waking.

VAS. Come, come, provide !  
 Trim up your hood, widow, and air  
 Your petticoats i'th' sun : it is a case  
 Of conscience, gentlemen. We must all marry,  
 And live chaste.

WID. Why, sir, if we must needs——

ALT. I thought she would consent ; good heart,  
 it is

As towardly an old thing. Dear Vasco,  
 Provide us in music ; we 'll dance her to death :  
 Thou shalt be her husband ere night, and her  
 Executor before morning.

VAS. Sooth, gentlemen, that's all I desire !  
 Anything, that is reason contents me.

FRIV. Go, kiss her ! By this hand a Brownist\* is  
 More amorous ; a notch'd prentice a very  
 Aretine in comparison of thee.

VAS. By your leave, widow. [*Vas. kisses her.*]

WID. Much good may't do you, sir ; these com-  
 forts come  
 But seldom after fourscore ; the world, indeed,  
 Is grown so wicked, that we never think  
 Of comforting one another.

\* See vol. ii., p. 131. The poet Burns expresses a similar  
 sentiment as to the sect called Cameronians.

LIL. I told you she would soften, sir ; alas !  
A little raw and modest at the first.

ALT. A very green pippin of the last year's  
growth.

VAS. You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow :  
A barley corn does as much as a potato.

WID. Blessing on your heart, sir ; we should do  
good  
Freely, as they say, without egging on.\*

VAS. Rise, and stir your feet ! 'tis healthful for  
you.

There——softly——so—— [ *They lift her up.*

ALT. If one of the hairs of my eye-brow lie  
But in her way, she's gone, and then falls like an  
Elephant, whose legs are cut with a chain shot.

FRIV. Her os sacrum needs a little prop.

VAS. Why, gentlemen, there's ne'er a wench in  
Italy  
Moves farther in a day, provide her litter  
Be easy, and her two mules well fed.  
Courage, widow ! How is it now ?

WID. A certain stitch, sir, in my side, but  
'Twill away in time.

VAS. Ay, you are young enough,  
But given too much to hoyting,† and to barley-  
break, ‡

\* Being urged forward by backers.

† Noisy mirth.

‡ There is a description of this ancient rural game in a little tract, called "Barley-breake ; or, a Warning for Wantons," 4to Lond., 1607, some extracts from which will be found in the Brit. Bibl., i., 66. The game was played by three males and three females, coupled by lot. A chosen piece of ground was divided into three compartments, the middle plot being called *hell*. If the couple placed therein caught one of the other couples who advanced from the two extremities, they changed places. The middle couple could not separate till they succeeded in a capture, while the others might break hands when jeopardized. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple were said to be in *hell*, and so ended the game.

*See Brand's Pop. Antiq. also Florio.*

Then dance naked till you take cold. Good faith !  
You must look to't, Lelia ! take heed you air  
Her wedding-smock.

ALT. Let it be made of cats'-skin fur.

FRIV. Or a watchman's rug-gown ;\* but that  
her skin

Will wear it out too soon.

VAS. Frivolo, yo' are too loud !

FRIV. I warrant thee I have measur'd her ears ;  
She hears in distance but an inch length.

VAS. You'll in, and set the house in order,  
widow ?

I'll fetch a priest.

WID. Truly, sir, I'd fain ask my friends' advice ;  
One that hath seen but little of the world  
Would be glad, you know, of counsel.

VAS. No counsel, widow ; nay, if you want metal  
Let them call't rashness, our youth will excuse all.

WID. Well, sir, you know where marriages are  
made ;

'Tis not my fault. Lelia, provide a broom  
And sweep away the rheum near the green couch :  
And, d'you hear, look for one of my cheek teeth  
Which dropt under the wainscot-bed.

LEL. And shall I stop't forsooth with salt ?

WID. Ay, and fling't i'th' fire. † You are weary,  
sir ?

VAS. Not quite so lusty, widow, as yourself ;  
But shall keep pace, the journey being so short. ‡

ALT. Quick, in with her, Vasco ! whilst the fit  
holds.

[*Exeunt Wid., Vas., Lel.*]

\* See vol. i., p. 232.

† It is a popular fret, that when a cast tooth having salt thrown over it is cast in the fire, a fresh tooth will spring up in the place it occupied.

‡ In the early 4to, the stage direction "Enter Altesto" here occurs, which seems unnecessary, Altesto being already on the stage.

With cable and thong, he drew her along  
 So heavily to the priest,  
 And vow'd to undo her, ere he did woo her,  
 Make her up after who list.

FRIV. Ah, rogue ! thou art a very lark in the morning.

ALT. And what at night, Frivolo ?

FRIV. A very owl.

ALT. Thou art a coxcomb, beyond all redemption  
 Of wit, 'less thou straight resolve to marry Lelia ;  
 Thy friends will think the match so fit, none shall  
 Forbid the banns. I know her mother too.  
 She's wondrous rich in pewter, small wine casks,  
 And spits.

FRIV. Yes, I have heard o' th' wealthy dowager,  
 She kept a thatch'd nunnery in my quarter.

*Enter* TRISTAN.

TRIS. Where's Vasco, Gentlemen ? I am in haste.

ALT. Why then for more dispatch answer yourself.

TRIS. The Duke hath sent for him, by Calladine,  
 Who told me 'twas for business of import ;  
 The Court is all disturbed, but for what use  
 He is design'd I cannot learn. Where is he ?

ALT. Follow ! we'll convey thee to him. Strange  
 luck !

Sir Leonell's ransom, this widow's wealth,  
 And now employ'd at Court ! Vasco, th' art a gone  
 man !

Usury, furred gowns, long dinners, and short sleeps,  
 Thou art condemn'd to without help or hope.\*

*Enter* EVANDRA, MELORA, LEONELL, (*at one door*)  
*at the other* PROSPERO, (*muffled and hid*) a table  
*and lights set out.* EVANDRA *sits to read.*

LEO. Sister, where is your tenderness ? shall I

\* See addenda for an alteration of the text.

Be ever lost through your defect of will  
 And courage to present me to her ear  
 In winning characters ? tell her how long  
 With fervency I have pursued my love.

MEL. Unhappy Leonell, why dost thou tempt  
 Me with impossible desires ? how oft  
 Have I solicited thy suit with a repulse ?  
 And she hath charm'd me by a vow  
 Never to mention 't more till her release.

PROS. False Leonell ! did I for this assist  
 Thee to enjoy her lov'd society  
 That thou shouldst rival me, and have more fit  
 Convenience for thy wishes than my self ?  
 Melora is his sister too ! what strange  
 New chances have these later hours produc'd ?  
 I have no advocate, nor am I bold  
 Enough to be mine own.

LEO. I see you love me not ;  
 And since I am a trouble to your sight,  
 Ere long thou shalt behold my face no more.

PROS. Thou art a prophet to thy self, and I  
 Thy priest, to cut thee out in sacrifice,  
 Although unworthy of Evandra's deity.

LEO. Melora, can you shew no kind remorse ?

MEL. Alas, you do mistake my power and will ;  
 Think on some other beauty, for the world  
 Hath many that may make you fortunate.

LEO. None but Evandra governs in my breast.

PROS. Her thou shalt ne'er enjoy ; lend me thine  
 ear—

*[Leads him aside.]*

LEO. Ha ! Prospero ?

PROS. False knight ! was this the cause  
 That made thee beg conceal'd admittance here,  
 To practice love where I had planted mine ?

LEO. My lord, I understood not of your love.

PROS. If thou art bold, and since thy vanquish-  
 ment,



Darest tempt a second hazard of my sword,  
Go, wait me on the garden mount ; there I  
Will order, though my heart is doubtful to  
Enjoy Evandra's love, thine never shall.

LEO. I will expect thee there, and fiercely long  
To ravish from thy crest the honour that  
I lent thee in our former fight. [*Exit.*

*Enter* ALVARO.

ALV. Evandra reach me thy fair hand, that I  
Seal on it my last farewell.

EVAN. Ha ! whither do you go ?

ALV. Where shadows vanish, when the world's  
eye winks,  
Behind a cloud, and they are seen no more.  
The place of absence where we meet, by all  
The guess of learned thought, we know not whom,  
Only a prompt delight we have in faith  
Gives us the easy comfort of a hope  
That our necessity most rather praise  
Than fear as false.

EVAN. O horrid mystery !  
My tender senses are amaz'd. I fain  
Would learn what it is dangerous to know.

MEL. Why do the stars neglect us thus ? why  
should  
We lose the noblest and the best of men ?

PROS. Methinks my spirits climb and lift me to  
A valiant envy of his sufferings.

ALV. That you mayst live here safe, till Prospero  
Restore thee unto liberty and light.  
I must to darkness go, hover in clouds,  
Or in remote untroubled air, silent  
As thoughts, or what is uncreated yet.  
Or I must rest in some cold shade, where is  
No flow'ry spring nor everlasting growth

To ravish us with scent, and shew, as our  
Philosophy hath dreamt, and rather seems  
To wish than understand.

EVAN. All this for me ! you shall not die ; why  
will

You lay so cheap a value on your self,  
To think the world should lose you for my sake ;  
A'as ! a needless trivial virgin that  
Can never shew in hopeful promise half  
That excellence which you reveal in art.\*

ALV. It is decreed ! Evandra, thou mayst live  
T' encrease the small example we have left  
Of virtue, which hath made thy breast her throne.  
Time hath begun to wear away my youth,  
And all the good I can perform is to  
Preserve the future hope of it in thee.

EVAN. Melora, help ! sorrow hath fill'd my heart  
With such a heaviness, that I must sink  
Beneath its weight. Here let me lye, and mourn,  
And chide that haughty destiny that thinks  
Us so unworthy of their care

MEL. My lord the Prince, is it no less than death  
Of her, or you, can ease your father's wrath ?

ALV. The doom is past, and the sad hour will  
want  
No wings to hasten its approach. Come hither,  
Prospero.

PROS. It must not be ; though I want phrase to  
shew

My nature smooth, it shall appear in deeds.

ALV. I charge thee by our love, by all my care  
That bred thee from thy childhood to a sense  
Of honour, and the worthiest feats of war,  
Thou keep Evandra safe, till happier days  
Conspire to give her liberty. Use her  
With such respective holiness as thou

Would'st do the reliques of a saint enshrin'd,  
And teach thy rougher manners tenderness  
Enough to merit her society.

PROS. What need this conjuration, sir ? I mean  
To die for her, that I may save your life.  
A brave design ! dissuade me not. Though I  
Fail oft in choice of fitting enterprise,  
I know this is becoming, sir, and good.

ALV. Thou die for her ? Alas, poor Prospero !  
That will not satisfy, the shaft aims here ;  
Or if it would, I do not like thou should'st  
Thus press into a cause that I reserve  
To dignify my self. Urge it no more.

PROS. What am I fit for then, if not to die ?

EVAN. How am I worthy of this noble strife ?

ALV. Evandra, rise ! that I may see some hope,  
And comfort in thy strength, before I take  
My everlasting leave.

EVAN. You have the voice of death already, sir.

MEL. Dismal it sounds, like the last groan which  
men

In torture breathe out with their soul.

ALV. I could have wish'd I might enjoy thee and  
Be mortal still, mix in a love that should  
Produce such noble virtues as would soon  
Entice the angels to live here, yet not  
B' our conversation grow impair'd : but these  
Are wishes made too high and late to thrive.  
For evermore, farewell !

EVAN. Oh sir ! where will you leave me then ?

ALV. How pity moistens me ! there, in the cave.

EVAN. It is the mansion, sir, of death ; some-  
thing,

Horrid as midnight thoughts can form, so frights  
Me still I tremble when I enter it.

ALV. Ha ! what that is but human dares  
Disturb thy quietness ?

PROS. Sir, let me see ! It dies if it be vulnerable.

ALV. Still you usurp my business, Prospero.  
Bide there ! I will go down my self.

EVAN. Sir, 'twill not presently appear.

ALV. I will attend its saucy leisure, then.

*[Descends the cave.]*

EVAN. Lock safe the door, Melora, with this key.

PROS. What's your design ? mean you t' imprison him ?

EVAN. Discover, Prospero, the inside of  
Thy breast. Dost thou affect the prince ?

PROS. Next to the absent blessings that our  
faith

Persuades us to, eternity of joys.

EVAN. Why then wilt you permit that he should  
taste

A long forgetfulness in a dark grave ?

Let us invent some way to ease him of

This penance undeserv'd, and suffer it ourselves.

MEL. O glorious maid ! this goodness will confer  
A dignity for ever on our sex.

PROS. I'm strangely taken with this virgin's  
thoughts,

Let me embrace your hand, upon my knee.

I thank you much, you have some mercy on

My dull unknowing youth, and can believe

Me fit for noble enterprise, though he

Unkindly did deny my suit. I'll to

The Duke, and tempt his fury, till he cause

My death ; perhaps when his revenge hath  
quench'd

Her thirst with my warm blood, it may grow cold,

And kindly temper'd to you both, and then

I've fully satisfied the crime

Of your captivity, and his free sufferance.

MEL. This soldier hath a great and daring heart.

PROS. But how shall I enjoy her then ? I scarce

Can understand the happiness it bears.  
 'Tis odd ambition this, but yet 'tis brave ;  
 I'll do't ; besides, though I'm not learn'd enough  
 With certainty, yet I have hope I shall  
 Be sensible of all her visits to  
 My tomb,\* and ev'ry flower she strews will there  
 Take growth, as on my garden banks, whilst I,  
 Delighted spirit, walk and hover 'bout  
 Their leaves, comparing still their scent with hers.  
 O, 'twill be wondrous brave ! Lady, dispatch,  
 That I may go and die.

EVAN. Since you express your will, so kind and  
 violent,  
 That small provision there allotted to  
 Sustain my life, reach up, and straight convey  
 Into the cave, that he may find it out,  
 And not exchange the pain his father would  
 Inflict, for famishment.

*[Pros. takes from behind the arras a  
 bottle and bag. They open the cave.]*

PROS. I had almost forgot false Leonell,  
 He waits me on the Mount. I will be with  
 Him straight, and end his hopes by a long sleep,  
 Ere I begin mine own. *[Descends the cave.]*

EVAN. Once more, Melora, lock the door ! Now  
 they

Are both secure, 'tis thou and I then must  
 Take solemn leave, and never meet in this  
 Our beauty, colour, or our warmth again.

MEL. I am astonish'd at her excellence,  
 And scarce have humble grace enough to keep  
 Ambitious envy from my thoughts.

EVAN. Why should these mighty spirits lay so  
 vast  
 An obligation on our sex, and leave  
 Eternal blushes on our souls, 'cause we

\* Urn.--*Folio.*

In acts of kindly pity and remorse,—  
 The virtues sure wherein we most excel,—  
 Durst not adventure life to them ? \*

MEL. The Prince deserves a lib'ral choice of lives  
 To ransom his ; would mine would satisfy.

EVAN. How, Melora ! I cannot think thou dost  
 So faintly love my happiness and my  
 Renown, to wish to hinder me of both.

MEL. Alas ! th' example is so good, I fain would  
 follow it.

EVAN. But there is reason that I suffer first.  
 I have a mourning weed within, which thou  
 Shalt dress, and teach me wear ; then so  
 Apparel'd like my cause, I'll walk to th' Duke.

MEL. O leave me not behind, let me accompany  
 Your mourning too, perhaps my death may be  
 Accepted best, and you be thought more fit to live.

EVAN. Thy inclinations have a noble sense.  
 Thou shalt along. Go, call thy brother in !  
 And call aloud. This hollowness is such  
 He will not hear thee else.

MEL. Hoa ! Leonell ! my brother Leonell !

*Enter LEONELL.*

LEON. 'Tis strange, this Prospero appears not yet ;  
 Sure he is faint, and 's aguish courage comes  
 To him by fits. What is your will ?

EVAN. If thou dost love me, Leonell, as thou  
 Hast sworn—and with assertions most devout—  
 I know there is no strict command I can  
 Present, but thy obedience will perform.

LEON. Bring me to trial straight ! If I prove  
 weak  
 Or false, I am unworthy to appear  
 In the sun's light, or evermore enjoy  
 The better influence of your eyes.

\* Life for them.—*Folio.*

EVAN. Give me confirm'd assurance on your knee,  
That you will execute with real\* faith,  
And punctual circumstance, what I enjoin.

LEON. Let me salute your hand, I breathe on it  
My vow.

EVAN. Now I'll inform thee, Leonell; the Prince  
And Prospero are both within the cave,  
Shut and enclosed by me, where hourly thou  
Through a small and slender wicket shalt convey  
Such food, as a disguised servant of the house,  
Who heretofore provided our relief,  
Shall help thee to. Take here this key,  
And not permit their passage forth till I  
Am gone t' ordain by death their liberty  
Secure, which I will suffer to appease  
The angry Duke.

LEON. Furies and fiends seize on my senses  
straight!  
What have I promis'd in the rashness of  
My dull and inconsiderate love?

EVAN. If thou dost break thy vow, the curses of  
The saints, and mine, which dying will not least  
Affect thy perjury, fall on thy heart.

MEL. Never be called my brother, nor assume  
The honour of my valiant father's name.

EVAN. Melora, come! we are too slow in such  
An act as will outlive all history.

[*Exeunt Evan., Mel.*]

LEO. O what a dull inhuman lover am  
I grown! that simply by a forward and  
Unskilful duty can consent the Queen  
And lady of my life should be a sacrifice  
To hinder others' deaths! This sure is such  
A great example of a female fortitude  
As must undo all men, and blushing make  
Us steal from our unjust advancement o'er

\* Steady.—*Folio.*

The world ; tear off our saucy beards before  
The scatt'ing winds that give us the pre-eminence  
Of sex ; when this is known let woman sway  
Councils and war, whilst feeble men obey. [*Exit.*

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## ACT IV. SCÆNA I.

*Enter CALLADINE in a night-gown, and a Servant.*

CALL. A lady, say'st thou, in a mourning vest ?  
What should this early visit mean, ere yet  
By full appearance of the sun we can  
Distinguish day from night ?

SERV. Sir, she importunes much to speak with  
you,  
Says her affair asks secrecy and haste.

CALL. Retire a while without, and let her in !  
[*Exit Servant.*

*Enter MELORA, in mourning. She unveils.*

Since first my eyes had judgment to discern  
A mean from excellence, they ne'er beheld  
A beauty so o'ercoming and exact.  
What are the lov'd commands you'd lay on me ?  
I not remember that I ever saw  
A face I would more willingly obey.  
If it were civil, too, I'd ask your name.

MEL. Believe me, gentle sir, when that is known,  
You'll think me too unfortunate to live.  
I am called Evandra.

CALL. Ha ! the Princess ? Wisely did Prospero  
Preserve thee from my sight ; thy beauty is  
Too great and dangerous for youth to know  
And be secure. Though I ne'er saw her till  
This blessed hour, yet Fate assisted me



T' imagine an idea like herself.  
But why have you forsaken your conceal'd  
Abode, and thus adventure into th' view  
Of men ? I fear it is not safe.

MEL. 'Tis to employ your virtue, sir. I know  
You love the Prince, though not with so devout  
A heart as mine : for that I may restore  
Him unto liberty, and 's father's love,  
I here present myself to cruel death.

CALL. This is a valiant piety ! a gratitude  
That shows her mind more noble than her shape.  
She is not known unto the Duke more than  
By guessing characters ta'n from report ;  
She must not die, though lately his commands  
Have singled my allegiance out ; it is  
Religious, sure, to fail in this.

MEL. Sir, expectation of the ills we must  
Endure do more perplex us than the pain  
Itself. I crave you'd not protract my sufferance.

CALL. My thoughts have fashion'd it into my  
wish ;  
Is there not a captive called Melora,  
Most beautiful and young, that hath of late  
Familiar been to your society ?

MEL. I fear he hath discover'd me. [Aside.  
D'you know the lady, sir ?

CALL. Only by Prospero's report, and I  
In charity desire her person safe.  
Your death alone would satisfy the Duke.

MEL. My pray'rs have much endeavour'd that  
it may ;  
And, sir, t' assist your kind humanity,  
Receive this key, 'twill give you entrance where  
She now remains a prisoner by my art :  
It is a narrow closet that o'erlooks  
The orchard grove : you know the house—'tis  
Prospero's.

CALL. I am familiar there with all the vaults  
And hidden passages.

MEL. Sir, for regard of honour, suffer not  
Her freedom from that place till I am dead.  
For she's so much delighted with this cause,  
That, with unwilling falsehood, I was fain  
To take advantage of her orisons ;  
For whilst she kneeling lengthen'd her discourse  
With heaven, steal on this funeral habit, and  
In haste close up the door to hinder her  
Pursuit : where now she stays, lamenting her  
Enforc'd secure estate, and envying of  
This danger, which I cheerfully embrace.

CALL. My life shall warrant hers : be pleas'd to  
enter there,  
And stay till I inform the Duke of your  
Appearance and approach.

MEL. Most willingly ; but still, sir, I implore  
Your mercy would secure that Lady and the Prince,  
Howe'er the angry stars dispose of me.

CALL. 'Tis no less unkind t' importune than  
To doubt my care. There, lady, through that  
door— *[Shews her the way.]*  
Expect my sad return will be too soon.

MEL. Forgive me, best Evandra, that I thus  
Assume thy name, and have beguil'd thee of  
So brave a death ; the motive that persuades me to't  
Did not become thy knowledge nor my tongue.

*[Exit.]*

CALL. This Princess hath a soul I could adore,  
Whilst it remains eclips'd on earth, nor shall  
It yet reach heaven ; both being utterly  
Unknown, will make the plot with easy help  
Succeed. Melora straight I will present  
T' appease the fury of the Duke ; and then  
This lady, and the Prince, are free. Through  
blood

Is the best issue if our hopes ; if fate  
Ordain it thus I shall prove fortunate.

*Enter FRIVOLO, TRISTAN, musicians and boy.*

ALT. Come, boys, lift up your voice to yon bay  
window.

Sing the song I gave you last night and firk\*  
Your fiddles bravely too. Bear up the burthen !

### SONG.

#### 1.

BOY. No morning red and blushing fair  
Be through your glass or curtains spy'd ;  
But cloudy gray, as the short hair  
Of your old everlasting bride.

CHO. So old, so wondrous old, i' th' nonage of  
time,

Ere Adam wore a beard, she was in her prime.

#### 2.

BOY. Whose swarthy, dry'd Westphalia hips  
Are shrunk to mummy in her skin,  
Whose gums are empty, and her lips,  
Like eyelids hairy and as thin.

CHO. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

#### 3.

BOY. For an'rous sighs which virgins use,  
She coughs aloud from lungs decay'd,  
And with her palsey cannot chuse  
But shake like th' trembling of a maid.

CHO. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

\* Oh ! how they did jerk it,  
Caper and ferk it

Under the greenwood tree.

*The Countryman's delight*, in *Durfey's Pills*, vol. 4.

## 4.

Boy. And when her nightly labour swells  
 To vast extent her pregnant womb ;  
 Midwives believe, that it foretells  
 A hopeful tympany to come.

CHO. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

## 5.

Boy. What need her husband then vex heaven,  
 And for a plenteous offspring beg ;  
 Since all the issue can be given,  
 Is that which runneth in her leg.

CHO. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

ALT. Good morrow to the right worshipful Leader,  
 Captain Vasco, and to 's right reverend bride.  
 Now, gentlemen scrapers, you may be gone.

[*Ex. music.*]

*Enter VASCO, dressing himself.*

VAS. My good friends, a certain salt shower  
 should have  
 Season'd your feathers, had not my luck been  
 To marry with one that consumes all her moisture  
 In rheum : a mere Egyptian cloud for drouth.

ALT. But why so soon abroad ? Vasco, are  
 these,  
 A bridegroom's hours ? thou art as early up  
 As creditors i' th' term.

FRIV. Or serjeants, when  
 The needy gallant means to steal a journey.

TRIST. And they prevent it by arresting his  
 Innocent horse.

VAS. Business at Court. But, gentlemen, this is  
 A resurrection to me, believe't  
 I'm risen from the dead, from bones more dusty

Than theirs, that did begin their sleep beneath  
A marble coverlet, some thousand years ago.

*Enter WIDOW and LELIA.*

ALT. 'Las, poor Vasco ! Widows can strangely  
mortify

WID. Put dates and amber\* in the gruel, Lelia ;  
And let it boil long.

LEL. And shall I make the poultice straight, and  
send

Your other hood, forsooth, to be new lin'd ?

WID. First stay till you have ript my velvet muff,  
I'll have that lining serve.

VAL. She's risen too ; pure soul,  
Devotion and aches keep her still waking.

WID. How do you, sir ? We must comfort one  
another.

VAS. There is need of't. No mariner ere had  
A worse night in a storm.

ALT. This usage, Vasco, will hardly mollify  
Her iron chest, and make her bags open.

VAS. Nay, I've ta'en order for her wealth if she  
Would be so courteous now to die.

ALT. Believe me you'll find her very obstinate  
Touching that point ; 'tis true a woman that  
Had the least drachm of kindness or of reason  
Would for her husband's benefit depart  
This transitory at a minute's warning,  
Make a low curtsey, take her leave and die,  
[*She listens.*

With less noise, than flies forsake us in a frost.

VAS. Ay, you speak of kind reasonable women,  
Alas ! she's of another mould. She 'ld think 't  
A strange request if I should urge it to her,  
Though it be evidently for my good.

\* See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 244.

FRIV. What is't for her to die once ? Alas !  
She knows well she hath eight lives more to come.

ALT. Frivolo says right. I think, captain,  
'twere fit

You make a motion to her : see how 'twill work.

VAS. Never, gentlemen ! if her own good nature  
Will not persuade her to't, let her e'en live  
Till she be thought so much a ghost, that the state  
Command her take a house in a church-yard,  
And never walk but at midnight.

WID. What do they say, Lelia ?

LEL. Forsooth devising for your worship's good.

WID. Kind heart ! methinks you are not merry,  
sir.

VAS. Who, I ? As jovial as a condemn'd man, I

WID. Will you sit down and eat a little broth ?

VAS. I shall be caudled like a haberdasher's wife,  
That lies in of her first child : but methinks  
Upon a strieter view you look not well.

Your blood absents itself. Are you not faint ?

ALT. Ay, and her eyes shrink, and retire into  
Their melancholy cells ; your breath smells somewhat  
Of earth too ; but 'tis not much.

FRIV. By'r lady but take heed, my grandam thus  
Was taken spinning at her wheel, and died  
So quickly, as they say, as one would wish.

TRIS. I've seen a corse look better in a shroud.  
If you have any business now with heaven  
'Twere fit your prayers were short, for I much fear  
You'll not have breath to utter it.

WID. 'Tis more than I feel. Look I so ill, Lelia ?

LEL. As you were wont, forsooth : most strange  
and ugly.

WID. Come, lead me in ! pray husband do not  
grieve ;

'Tis but a fit that ever takes me once  
In fifty years : but weep not ! 'twill away.

VAS. Every tear shall be as big as a turnip  
When I weep. The good pox comfort you ! Wench  
Follow the game close ; still breathe death to her.

LEL. Warrant you, sir, I can do a better  
Deed than put her in mind still of her end.

[*Ereunt W'ld. and Lel.*]

VAS. Marry a widow and be coffin'd up  
With clouts and a skeleton ! By this day,  
I lay last night lock'd in a surgeon's box ;  
Compar'd unto her bed, a pothecary's bing  
Is a Venetian couch and canopy.

ALT. Those that seek gold must dig for it in  
mines.

VAS. Well, my camp companions, what think  
you now  
O' the court ? I'm sent for thither to take charge  
Of what is yet the moiety of a miracle.  
But you are all content to thrive, to jet  
And strut like lustful turkeys with your plumes  
spread.

ALT. 'Tis not amiss. My good lord, Frivolo,  
I kiss your soft hands : noble sir, keep on  
Your cordovan ; I swear your glove is a  
Preferment 'bove the merit of my lips.

FRIV. You cherish my ambition, sir. Signieur  
Tristan ! your profess'd slave ! I pray keep on  
Your way. I'd rather build another wall,  
Than to dishonour you by taking this.

TRIST. Believe it, sir, both hands must be cut off  
Ere I mistake to place you near the left

VAS. This practice will do well. Follow apace !  
I must with speed to Calladine.

*Enter EVANDRA, CALLADINE.*

EVAN. 'Tis strange ! it seems he knows me not ;  
and that  
The falsely kind Melora wears my name.

He speaks as if her life he tender'd more  
Than mine. 'Tis a mistake I fain would cherish.

CALL. I did not think the stock of nature could,  
In this her colder age, be rich enough  
To store the world with two such beauties that  
Together take their growth, and flourishing.  
And this, unto my instant judgment seems—  
If such amazing forms admit of difference—  
The more exact, but that the blood and style  
Of Princess makes the other claim our reverence  
As well as love ; and, for Alvaro's sake, I wish  
I could procure that she might live.

EVAN. I have considered what you told me, sir,  
And though the princess, through a fond excess  
Of love, would hasten a calamity,  
That all the world must grieve and wonder at,  
Yet I can give her reason an excuse :  
For I my self to ease her suffrance  
Could willingly endure the same.

CALL. It ripens more, and swifter than my hopes  
Design ; you reach at an ambition, lady,  
So great and good, my wonder interrupts  
My language still, I cannot praise't enough.  
Can such a virtuous courage dwell in your sex ?

EVAN. If you uprightly love her and the Prince  
Whose care she is, straight lead me to the Duke !  
And try how real my professions are.

CALL. Forgive the office you invite me to ;  
Which, by the hopes of my religion, could  
My life excuse, I should esteem't too cheap  
An offering. This, lady, is the fatal way.

EVAN. Melora, now my fortune is above  
Thy art, and I shall equal thee in love. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter DUKE, with letters, VASCO, ALTESTO, FRIVOLO,  
TRISTAN, attendants.*

DUKE. Again, in low petitionary style



He begs me by these letters to release  
 His daughter ; and doth proffer sums so vast  
 To ransom her, as would o'ercome the covetous.  
 But I have sent him such denial, with  
 Disdain, as must distract and break his heart.  
 Vasco, yo've heard how ill I am obey'd  
 By these perfum'd sweet traitors of the court ?  
 And I have chosen you to shew a duty,  
 Fitting the stricter discipline of war,  
 To actuate all my will with instant diligence.

VAS. You must enjoin me, sir, commands that  
 are  
 Most horrid and unnatural, when I  
 Prove slow, or faint to execute.

DUKE. If these, your officers and friends, become  
 Disloyal to your will, you may provide  
 The rack and tortures to enforce 'em to 't.

VAS. If their own appetites will not persuade,  
 There is small hope from punishment.  
 Mark, sir, that whey-fac'd fellow in the red,  
 The rack is his delight, and gives him as  
 Much ease, as when he's stretch'd with laziness  
 And a cool morning's sleep.

DUKE. Is 't possible !

VAS. I've seen him suffer the strapado thrice ;  
 Hang in this politic posture in the air,  
 As he were studying to circumvent nature,  
 And no sooner done but calls for a wench.

DUKE. I know you have the skill to govern them.  
 Be sure that Prospero's house be digg'd, until  
 The pinacles and the foundation meet.  
 Unless they deal by socery and charms,  
 I'll find these buried lovers out, and my  
 False son the prince, that covets darkness more  
 Than blessed light, or my respect.

VAS. I do not like this bus'ness should concern  
 The prince. Although the rack be somewhat out

Of season with my old bones, for his sake,  
I shall become a parcel traitor too.

*Enter MELORA and Servant.*

MEL. I fear'd that Calladine, delaying his  
Return so long, might frustrate all my glory ;  
And how Evandra's skill might work with him  
Was dangerous. I do not see her here.

SERV. Pray heaven, my master do not check my  
forwardness  
T' obey your will: he meant you should keep home.

MEL. My presence here will make his benefit ;  
I told thee so before : trust my excuse in thy  
behalf.

DUKE. What lady's that ?

MEL. One that, to pleasure you with a revenge,  
Present my self to execution with  
As liberal joy as to the marriage priest.  
And when I name my self Evandra, you  
Will know enough to satisfy your wrath.

DUKE. Is the belov'd bird flown from the dark  
cage ?  
Their magic was not strong enough to hinder  
destiny,  
And you will find small am'rous pity in  
My frozen age. My guard ! seize on her straight.

*Enter a GUARD, and bind her.*

ALT. Vasco ! this is Melora, my prisoner.

VAS. Peace, devil, peace ! thou wilt destroy  
brave mysteries.  
A noble girl ; I conceive all ! Now would  
My gracious widow be burnt to a charcoal,  
Ere she had brain or nature for a plot  
Like this. I could eat her and her clothes too ;  
By this hand, her very shoes were a rare mess.

MEL. If you expect to find me here a lowly suitor,

'Tis but to hasten, sir, your glad content  
 With a dispatch upon my life, and that  
 The Prince may be [restor'd]\* unto your love.

DUKE. Her spirit seems to stir my manhood  
 more

Than it astonisheth my sense. I am  
 Resolv'd to farther your desires, brave dame,  
 With all the help of cruelty and haste.

*Enter CALLADINE and EVANDRA.*

CALL. Death, slave, what make you here? The  
 Princess too!

Why did you give her liberty?

SERV. She told me, sir, it was with your consent.

CALL. She hath o'erreached my skill. I am  
 undone.

DUKE. Stay, Calladine! another prize? Come  
 back

And render me that lady's name.

EVAN. He knows it not. My name's Evandra,  
 sir.

MEL. I fear I am depriv'd of my intent.

DUKE. We must to Delphos sure t' untie these  
 doubts

And wonders with an Oracle.

EVAN. Do not believe that lady, sir. She hath  
 Beguil'd me of my name, and is so sick  
 And fond with an improper love, she would  
 Betray herself unto a pain; she knows  
 Not how to merit or endure like me.

MEL. O, sir, I find her language is most apt  
 And powerful to persuade; but let your faith  
 Consider my assertions too.

EVAN. Why dost thou let thy kindness wrong  
 me thus;  
 Undoing thy religion with thy love?

\* "Atton'd."—*Folio.*

MEL. 'Tis you confer the injury, that will  
Not suffer me to die in peace.

VAS. Rare wenches both ! all this is for the  
Prince.

DUKE. Though small inquiry would discover  
soon

Who justifies the truth : yet I will end  
The difference so as shall afford you equal joy,  
And not endanger a mistake in me.  
Convey them to the fort ! they shall both die.

*[The Guard lays hold on them.]*

VAS. Hath this Duke buried all his goodness in's  
Revenge ! Sure he is lib'd ; he hath certainly  
No masculine business about him.

DUKE. Lead them away !

CALL. I'll follow too, and mourn the obsequy,  
Ere ceremonious death make it complete.

MEL. Forgive this emulation. Madam, you  
Shall know a cause that will persuade you to't.

EVAN. Poor Melora ! I pity not myself but thee.

*[Exeunt Call., Evan., Mel., and Guard.]*

DUKE. Now, let my son and's minion, Prospero,  
Rebellious as himself, resign to th' fiends  
Their dark and hidden tenements again.  
Come forth free and secure, for since they valu'd  
death

As a delight, they shall not suffer it.  
Go, straight ! proclaim their next appearance safe,  
For it will pleasure me they should stand by  
To see, and not be able to resist the justice  
Of revenge.

VAS. Sure revenge is a strange kind of lechery ;  
How it hath alter'd him !

DUKE. Vasco, now the enchanted house may  
stand ;  
But be you here to-morrow with some strength,  
To guard their execution from impediments

Of rage or pity ; they shall suffer early. [*Exit.*

VAS. I thank your Grace for any employment.  
Altesto, art thou a rogue !

ALT. A little, sir, infected with your company.

VAS. Art thou so very a rogue, if I command  
Thee, from the Duke, to cut off these ladies' heads,  
Thou'lt whet the axe thyself, and do't with the  
Dexterity of a Fleming !

ALT. I will see thy head in a leathern case first,  
Kickt in a foot-ball match from goal to goal.

VAS. Why, I thank thee. What say you, Frivolo ?  
Wenches and surgeons have cost you dear ;  
Have you remorse enough to do't ?

FRIV. I've a mind rather to rebel, break shops  
Open, and make choice of my silks, without  
Taking notice, sir, of the Mercer's book.

TRIS. Such wholesome bus'ness would more take  
me too,  
Than cutting off poor ladies' heads ; unless  
Your fair widow, Vasco, come in my reach.  
I could behead her for her left ear-ring,  
Though it be but an agate set in copper.

VAS. Come, let's to bed ! the sun to-morrow will  
Rise black, or I shall think him a dull insensible  
Planet, and deserves no more adoration  
Than a farthing candle. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LEONELL, ALVARO, PROSPERO.

LEON. Sir, you have heard how she betray'd  
me to

A vow, and with what cruel menacings  
My sister and herself petition'd heaven  
T' assist their curses in a punishment  
Upon my after life, if I were perjurd by  
A breach of what my promise did assure.

ALV. It was a vow no less unkind than strange,  
T' imprison us that had no cause nor will

To do a noble stranger injury ;  
But I have learnt a tame philosophy,  
Persuades me still forgive all but myself.

PROS. How comes the date of your strict vow  
    expir'd,  
And that you now afford us liberty ?  
Which, if my memory be just, you said  
She did enjoin you should not be, ere she  
Was gone to suffer death.

LEON. Sir, she is gone ! my sister too. One that  
Attends, by your command, these hidden walks,  
In breathless haste just now distill'd  
The poisonous news through my sick ear.

ALV. Gone ! and to die ? adorn'd,  
Methinks, like to an ancient sacrifice,  
With flowers, which are not sure the issue of  
The spring, but of her beauty, and her breath.

PROS. Would I had patience to endure calamities  
Like this ! But I'm forbid by my gall'd heart ;  
Why did you keep us limited and lockt  
I' th' cave, when we had power to hinder her  
Departure and her death ? 'Twas a bold crime !

LEON. Sir, I have hope I gain'd your pardon,  
    when  
I mention'd the misfortune of my vow.

PROS. I understand not such injurious vows.  
Thou lov'dst her, Leonell, and through the pride  
Of envy could'st not yield, since thy own hopes  
Grew faint, that mine should e'er be prosperous ;  
Therefore with a cunning willingness endur'd  
Her desp'rate sally to the Duke.

LEON. That I did love her, sir, is a most true  
And fitting glory to proclaim ; but that  
I'm guilty of so base a slander as  
Your rashness hath devis'd provokes me to  
A rage that may prove dangerous ; reclaim  
Your thoughts, and teach them more civility !

PROS. The Prince grows solemn with his grief.

Lest we  
Disturb him, let's retire aside, and I'll  
Whisper such reasons to thee as shall want  
No courage to be truths, though they inflame.  
[*They walk aside.*]

ALV. Fountains, that ever weep, have in their  
tears

Some benefit ; they cool the parched earth,  
And cherish a perpetual growth ; the sad  
Arabian tree, that still in balmy drops  
Dissolves her life, doth yield for other's help  
A medicine in those tears ; but trivial man,  
Though he hath sense to mourn, may weep and  
melt

His injur'd eyes to viewless air ; yet all  
Th' expense affords is mainly to discern  
His mourning gives his sorrows life and length,  
But not the guiltless cause a remedy. [*Lies down.*]

LEON. My lord, I stay'd upon the garden mount,  
And in the heat of my impatience was  
So kind, much to lament your tardiness.  
But now I must have leave to think one that  
Delights to heap up wrongs hath fury more  
To dare than do.

PROS. Were this a temple, and the prince  
Employ'd i' the rev'rend business of a priest,  
I could not suffer such a boast from one  
That I have us'd with so much clemency  
In fight. Defend thy life, or it is mine !

[*They draw and fight.*]

LEON. Are you so masterly ?—again—I find  
No lightning in your eyes, nor in your sword.

PROS. You have the skill, but I'll distemper it.

ALV. Hold, hold ! eager and silly ministers  
Of wrath, is this a time to bleed, when, ere  
The morning sun uncloud his pensive face,

There will be streams of blood let out enough  
To make him drink till he be sick with sacrifice ?  
Give me thy sword ! How, Prospero, are my  
Commands grown wearisome and cold ?

PROS. There, sir ! I'm still rebuk'd like to a boy.\*

ALV. How long shall I direct thy temper to  
A gentle and a soft demeanour ere thou  
Grow wise and mild enough to govern it ?  
Let me entreat you, sir, to sheath your weapon too.

LEON. Sir, you are worthy to command ; and  
know

I wear it for my guard, not insolence.

PROS. I am appointed all my actions still,  
As my stupidity made me not fit  
To know but suffer injuries.

ALV. Why dost thou frown ? the sullen wrinkles  
on

A lion's brow carry a grace, 'cause they  
Become a beast ; but he that can discern  
The nobleness of valour should be smooth  
As virgins in their bridal ornaments.

PROS. Sir, I am taught ! Howe'er my senses are  
Not so mistaken and so weak but that  
They know him false ; he lov'd Evandra.

ALV. Is that a crime ? thou told'st me in the cave  
Thou lov'd'st her too.

PROS. I ne'er durst tell you so,  
Till you discern'd my passions, and enforc'd  
A true discovery of their hidden cause.

ALV. But I esteem'd it for a virtue known ;  
And it endear'd thee more to my respect.  
Pray tell me, sir, did you love Evandra,  
And with a heart sincere as she deserv'd ?

LEO. Sir, the confession may be honour, but  
No shame. I did, and with a fervency

\* This stage direction is here interpolated in the folio [“ *Gives him his sword.*”]



Upright as my religion could produce.

ALV. O what a prompt and warm delight I feel  
When others' reason are inclin'd unto  
My choice! 'Tis strange the senseless world should so  
Mistake the privilege of love, the best  
Of objects; heaven affects plurality  
Of worshippers t' adore and serve, whilst we  
In that chief hope are glad of rivalship.  
And why should ladies, then, that imitate  
The upper beauty most to mortal view,  
Be barr'd a numerous address? or we  
Envy each other's lawful though ambitious aim?  
Come, join your hands! and seal a friendship here,  
Good as inviolate, lasting as truth.

LEON. You give my wishes, sir, a full content.

PROS. I want the skill to promise, sir; but I'll  
Perform all your desires with noble faith.

ALV. And now let me embrace you both, for we  
Are lovers all; though when the morn must rise  
To see and blush at th' actions of the world,  
Like sad distressed turtles we shall want  
Our mate: then we may sit and mourn beneath  
The willow that o'ershadows every brook;  
There weep, till we are vanisht quite in tears  
T' increase the stream, whose senseless murmurings  
Will be excus'd hereafter in our cause.

PROS. O that my heart would be the officer  
Of death unto itself, and break without  
My irreligious help. My life is tir'd.

LEO. And I have thoughts so wild, so much  
unsafe,  
They would be sin in utterance as in act.

ALV. Give me your hands! with a slow fun'ral pace  
We'll move to see this dismal tragedy.\*  
Let's bear it bravely, like such lovers as  
Have reason can persuade their courage to

\* See Addenda, No. 6.

Attempt things bold and fit ; whilst there was hope,  
 We cherish'd it with proffer of our lives,  
 But now the strength of armies cannot free  
 Her from my father's wrath ; nay, hand in hand,  
 To shew this truth in love's philosophy,  
 That as one object equally allures  
 Th' ambition of our hope, so we not interchange  
 Malignant thoughts ; but sev'ral lovers, like  
 Strange rivers that to the same ocean trace,  
 Do, when their torrents meet, curl and embrace.  
[*Exeunt.*

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# ACT V. SCÆNA I.

*Enter two EMBASSADORS with letters, CALLADINE, VASCO, ALTESTO, FRIVOLO.*

CALL. Your letters merit to have power on my  
 Respect and diligence ; I shall afford  
 You both. But when I bring you to the Duke,  
 'Tis to be fear'd you'll find the privilege  
 Of all my favour there is lost.

1. EMB. Access and audience, sir, is all our hopes  
 Presume to get. The times befriend us not.

2. EMB. We had swift notice of these ladies'  
 danger ;  
 And, sir, howe'er it prove, your very wishes must  
 Oblige us to a lasting gratitude.

ALT. What are these strangers, Vasco, that envy  
 Our sleep, and wake us before day ?

VAS. Embassadors from Millain, whose hopes  
 want  
 Some cordial water, for they're very sick.

CALL. Vasco, it is the Duke's command that you  
 Assemble straight some strength from the cast  
 regiments,  
 To guard the palace-yard.

VAS. What need it, sir? To my knowledge the ladies have  
No other weapons than bodkins, and their nails  
Close pared, besides a thread of Eglantine,  
Or a small woodbine stalk, will fetter them  
As fast as cables of a galley grosse.\*

CALL. I but deliver what I had in charge.  
My Lords Embassadors! this is your way.

1. EMB. These preparations are severe; I doubt  
His mind will not be easily reclaim'd.

2. EMB. You see the gen'rous people like it not.  
[*Exit Amb. and Call.*]

VAS. Altesto, go and muster up from all  
The lanes and allies in the town a troop  
Of fine fleet rogues; such as will turn their backs  
To a bullet and out-run it; yet love  
Communion too. I would have such, Altesto.

FRIV. Let me furnish you. Hell shall not yield  
a regiment  
Of fiends that will be more invisible  
At the approach of justice or religion.

ALT. O for a tiny short trussed baker that  
I knew; a carman too, that died some three  
Months since with eating meazled pork; they would  
Have march'd to such a war with a cowlstaff, and  
Batoon like Hercules.

*Enter TRISTAN, leading the WIDOW, and LELIA.*

VAS. How now! whither move you so fast,  
like a  
Fleet snail over a cabbage leaf? So early too!  
She sleeps less than carriers, traitors, or madmen.

TRI. She requests me to be the staff of her age.

VAS. But whither, I pray?

WID. Why, sir, to see the show.

\* Qy. Galleass? a heavy, low-built vessel, with both sails and oars.

VAS. The show ! The motion of Queen Guiniver's death,  
 Acted by puppets would please you as well.  
 The jade too is as full of remorse as  
 A bear that wants his supper.

WID. I would have a safe place where I may stand  
 And weep without having my handkerchief  
 Stolen away.

LEL. It is of pure cambric, forsooth,  
 And made of her grandmother's wedding apron.

WID. Yes, truly, and wrought when I was a maid.

ALT. That's an antiquity beyond all record.

VAS. Sirrah, Tristan ! Be you sure you avoid  
 No throng. A crowd well shuffled and close pack'd,  
 May do me now a special courtesy ;  
 Let her be squeez'd, for she's as rooten as  
 A hollow tree that stands without a root.

TRI. My shoulder shall help too, at a dead lift.

FRIV. A scaffold that were weakly built would  
 serve.

WID. We must make haste ! Farewell, lamb !

*[Exeunt Trist., Wid., Lel.]*

VAS. Lamb ! which my own translation renders  
 calf.

ALT. 'Twill be long ere thou grow up to a bull ;  
 For few will venture to help thee to horns.

VAS. Well, gentlemen, pity my case : I have  
 Endur'd another night would tire a Perdu  
 More than a wet furrow, and a great frost.

FRIV. Will she not die ?

VAS. I have persuaded her, but still in vain ;  
 And all the help the laws afford us poor  
 Mistaken men, that marry gold instead  
 Of flesh, is a divorce ; it must be thought  
 On suddenly. Altesto, haste to your charge !

ALT. Good morrow, cavaliers.

FRIV. 'Twill be an hour yet before that greeting  
Be in season. Pray heaven Tristan remember  
the crowd.\* *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter* ALVARO, PROSPERO, LEONELL *and* BOY,  
*to sing.*

ALV. This glorious hazard in thy sister, Leonell,  
Doth equally perplex my sufferance  
With what the fair Evandra must endure.

LEO. You now have heard the cheerful art she  
us'd  
To be the first that should confirm her love  
With prostitution of her virgin life.

ALV. But why for me ? How poor they make me  
now,  
That have betray'd me to a debt the wealth  
Of saints, that are in kindness ever rich,  
Is not of able value to discharge.  
I love them both with equal flame, and I  
Distinguish neither's beauty when compar'd ;  
'Tis virtue and remorse gives ladies eminence  
In the severe discretion of my heart.

PRO. I want the wisdom how to love ; but I  
Am sure I find I love, and 'tis too much.

ALV. Come, sing ! would music had the power  
to give  
A life, as it hath had to move things dead.

SONG.

O, draw your curtains and appear  
Ere long, like sparks that upward fly,  
We can but vainly say you were,  
So soon you'll vanish from the eye.

And in what star we both shall find—  
For sure we can't divided be--

\* See Addenda, No. 7.

Is not to lovers' art assign'd,  
'Twill puzzle wise astrology.

*Enter EVANDRA and MELORA, above.*

EVAN. Who is it that assumes the office of  
The dying swan ? All music now, methinks,  
Is obsequy, and he that sings should sing his death.

MEL. The gentle and most valiant prince, bold  
Prospero.

EVAN. And there, behold the faithful Leonell !

LEO. O pardon me that I have kept my vow.

EVAN. Brave youth ! I prize thy truth great as  
thy love ;

We now are mark'd here, and inclosed for death,  
So you have all a blessed liberty.

ALV. A liberty ! we are more bound than slaves  
unto

Th' unwieldy oar ; like harness'd cattle in  
A team, we draw a load of sorrow after us  
That tires our strength.

EVAN. There was no way but this  
To keep you still among the living, who  
Before endeavour'd nobly to procure  
Our freedom with your deaths ; do not repine  
At destiny—all remedy is past.

ALV. A fatal truth !

For we, but now dejected on our knees,  
Did woo my father's mercy, and in vain.

MEL. Then strive not by untimely rage to help  
And further our impossible release  
With certain hazard of yourselves. Our last  
Suit is, we may begin our willing death  
As quietly as undisturbed sleep.

EVAN. The silly crime of envy which unlearn'd  
And haughty lovers use, I shall prevent ;  
You'll want the object now, that makes you inter-  
change

The next remembrance of each other's claim.

ALV. Were you to live we could not share that guilt ;  
Though number make us three, wise love hath given  
Us all one peaceful heart.

EVAN. O, Melora ! were it but timely now  
To wish continuance of mortality,  
Like them, we should not differ though the same  
One virtue were our mutual hope and choice ;  
But you should chide her, sir, for she hath lov'd  
Your happiness too much, vainly to lose  
Her life when mine would satisfy.

ALV. Why, Melora, didst thou undo my soul  
With so strange courtesy ? But why did you  
Evandra ? Stay, O stay ! Leave us not yet.

EVAN. The guard are ent'red here, and now the  
last  
And shortest of our hours is come. Farewell,  
Brave prince ! Brave Leonell, farewell ! Farewell,  
brave Prospero !

MEL. The gentle valiant prince  
Farewell ! And valiant Leonell, farewell !  
Farewell, the hardy Prospero. [*Ex. from above.*  
*[Leonell and Prospero draw their swords.*

ALV. Nay, stir not, gentlemen ! It is in vain !  
They are beyond all human help. Would you  
Scale heaven and cool the saucy sun with your  
Frail breath when he doth scorch you with his  
beams ?

For such is now the enterprise that strives  
To rescue them from this high fort.

LEO. Would I were in a cannon charg'd, then  
staight  
Shot out to batter it, and be no more.

PRO. Would all the stones might be ordain'd my  
food  
Till I could eat their passage out.

ALV. These angry exaltations shew but poor.

PRO. Sir, whither shall we go ?

ALV. To see them die ; but not,  
Like vain and choleric boys, to shew  
A fury that can hazard none but our  
Disdained swords. Yet still, my worthy friends,  
There is an undertaking left, and such  
As valiant lovers may perform. Why should  
The base and dirty guard be honour'd with  
Our opposition or our blood ? Have we  
Not grief enough to die without their help ?  
Let us with fix'd and wat'ry eyes behold  
These ladies suffer, but with silence still,  
Calmly like pinion'd doves ; and, when we see  
The fatal stroke is given, swell up our sad  
And injur'd hearts until they break.

LEO. I do not find myself unapt for this.

PRO. My breast contains an angry lump that is  
Too stubborn for a quiet bravery.  
He that shall strike Evandra's life shall feel  
Me till he sink low as the hollowness,  
Where devils dwell.

ALT. This way ! Let us avoid the gazing multi-  
tude. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* DUKE, CALLADINE, VASCO, *two*  
EMBASSADORS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. Have you unto your officers given  
charge  
To guard the passage from the fort unto  
The palace-yard with bold well-govern'd men ?

VAS. All is directed, sir, as you command.  
But for their government, if it be to be had  
In prisons, galleys, or [the] stews, you may  
Trust them with a mutiny.

CALL. His resolution's fixt, and there remains  
No comfortable sign to flatter hope.



DUKE. My Lords Embassadors, sit down ! And though

You now behold a Prince that rather loves  
To be thought cruel than to break his vow,  
Do not believe to be severely just,  
Is tyranny. You shall have fair admittance,  
Yet your request unkindly ought to be  
Denied ; and though your master, when the chance  
Of war rendered my brother his power,  
Stole in the dark his noble life, and durst  
Not give the wrathful act a gen'ral view ;  
I'm not asham'd to publish my revenge,  
It shall be openly perform'd, to shew  
I, not suspect men's censure or dislike.

1. EMB. Sir, he that ministers revenge may hurt  
And damage others, but can bring no good  
Or real profit to himself.

2. EMB. And, with your highness' leave, we think  
it were

More wise to mulct our master's treasure, which  
Shall be exhausted freely to your own  
Proportion and content, so you will take  
His daughter and her lov'd companion from  
The danger of this day.

*Enter EVANDRA, MELORA, GUARD, at one door,  
ALVARO, PROSPERO, LEONELL, at the other.*

DUKE. I will not sell my brother's blood.  
The prisoners approach. Make room ! Ere long  
They shall enjoy the liberty of souls.

Vasco, lend me thine ear. [*Whispers.*]

ALV. How beautiful is sorrow when it dwells  
Within these ladies' eyes ! So comely, that it makes  
Felicity in others seem deform'd.

I wish my patience may be strong enough.

LEO. I now begin to doubt I am not fit  
To see their hazard and endure't.

PROS. Nor I. My loyalty already's stir'd  
Beyond the temp'rate suff'rance of a man.

DUKE. Thou seest the Prince wears trouble  
in his looks ;

Though any opposition he can make  
Be but impertinent and weak, yet charge  
Thy officers, if he endeavour to  
Disturb my will, imprison him i'th' fort.

VAS. I shall observe him, sir. I do not like  
This employment ; the prince will find no  
Enemies in all my tribe.

DUKE. If you have any words from Millain,  
that

Imports their knowledge, ere they die, be brief.  
My Lords Embassadors, I give you leave  
To whisper your affair ; or, if you please,  
To make it public to the world.

1. EMB. Your cruel resolutions, sir, have so  
Confined our liberality, that all  
We shall deliver to Evandra now  
Is but her father's, and her country's tears ;  
And those we can by deputation pay,  
To the endang'ring of our eyes.

2. EMB. And to Melora, that in kindness thus  
Hath shar'd her destiny, we do confer  
The world's eternal wonder and applause.

EVAN. It will deprive me of some joy in death,  
To think my father needs must suffer by  
A vain unprofitable grief : and 'tis the last  
Request I make, that he would wisely now  
Forget my obsequies and name.

MEL. And my desires make sure, that those who  
shall

Hereafter write the business of this day,  
May not believe I suffer for the hope  
Of glorious fame, but for a secret in  
My hidden love.

1. EMB. Question your justice, sir. Must they both die?

DUKE. Both ! and I think my payment is but short,

When I consider well the measure of  
My brother's worth, with their unvalued sex,  
And wish some man that boasts your master's blood  
Were singly here to undergo their fate ;  
It would more pleasure my revenge. But, since  
There is no hope in that desire, away !  
Lead them to death !

LEO. Stay, sir ! reprieve them but one minute's space,  
Until you hear a stranger speak.

ALV. What means this noble youth ?

DUKE. Be sudden in thy speech for my revenge  
Brooks no delay.

LEO. If I produce a man  
Allied unto this family you so abhor,  
Great as yourself in title and descent,  
Will you with solemn vow confirm their liberty  
And take his life to satisfy your wrath ?

DUKE. By th' honour of a Prince's faith, I will !  
And such a miracle would ravish me.

LEO. I dare believe your vow, you were so just  
Though cruel in your last, and know my joys  
Must take the privilege to boast you now  
Have lost the pow'r to make them die.

DUKE. It shall be wonderful if that prove true !

LEO. I am not Leonell the Millain knight  
But Leonell the duke of Parma's son,  
Heir to his fortune and his fame.

EVAN. O Melora ! thy brother will reveal  
Himself and quite undo our glorious strife.

LEO. By this you find I am to Millain near  
Allied ; but more to tempt your fury on  
My life, know 'twas my valiant father took

Your brother prisoner, and presented him  
 Where he receiv'd his death : my father that  
 So oft hath humbled you in war, and made  
 His victories triumph almost upon  
 The ruins of your State.

ALV. So young, and fill'd with thoughts so  
 excellent,  
 That they surprize my wonder more than love !  
 Well mayst thou worship, Prospero,  
 But dar'st not envy him.

PROS. B'ing your disciple, sir,  
 I'm better taught ; but 'tis no crime to wish  
 Fortune had made me heir of Parma and  
 Not him, then I had died for them.

VAS. This is some comfort yet ; I'm for the  
 ladies.

CALL. But 'thath not given our sorrows a full  
 cure.

DUKE. Sir, you are boldest with your self : but  
 you  
 Shall see I need no provocation to  
 Observe my vow. Unbind the ladies there !  
 And bear him straight to death.

1 EMB. Stay, sir ! He must not die.

DUKE. How ! Age and grief makes thee a fool,  
 and mad.

1 EMB. He must not, sir, if your revenge be wise,  
 And fix your anger where 'tis most deserv'd.  
 Behold Millain himself, your enemy !

*[Takes off a false beard.]*

Live princely youth ! and let my years, which time  
 Would soon determine, be the ransom of  
 My chiefest blood. Evandra, do not weep.

EVAN. O sir, there was less use of me ; why  
 would  
 You, with this danger on your self, destroy  
 That noble fame I virtuously pursu'd ?

MEL. Our hope of endless glory now is lost.

ALV. Sure heaven intends more blessings to this day.

DUKE. I have achiev'd my wishes in full height ;  
This was a justice, sir, more than I could  
Expect from my own stars ; free Leonell  
And let him suffer the prepared stroke.

2 EMB. First hear me speak, and, sir, however  
you'll  
Interpret the discretion of my words,  
I am resolv'd he shall not die, nor none  
Of these, though all in your command and power.

VAS. Say'st thou so, old shaver?\* Make but that  
good  
And the maids of Savoy shall everlastingly  
Pay thee tribute in dainty gloves and nosegays  
To stick in thy girdle.

DUKE. This were a mystery would please indeed.

2 EMB. Look on me well ! I am your brother,  
sir ! *[Pulls off a false beard.]*  
And though ten years I have been hidden from  
Your sight, this noble duke hath used me so,  
I cannot call it banishment, but the  
Retir'd and quiet happiness of life.

ALV. How wisely have the heavens contriv'd  
this joy !

1 EMB. And though his fortune in the war,  
which made  
Your armies ever flourish with success,  
Taught me prevent my country's ruin by  
Detaining him from your employment there ;  
Yet he enjoy'd all the delights that solitude

\* "This cunning shaver," which means "one closely attentive to his own interests," is used by Swift ; also by Theophilus Cibber, in his address "to David Garrick, Esq., with dissertations on theatrical subjects," Lond., 8vo, 1759 ; and this cant phrase obtains even now. "Young Shaver" is meant to express "a boy."

Affords : and when he chose his happiness  
In books and deep discourses of the learn'd,  
I search'd the most remote and knowing world  
For men to furnish his desires.

2 EMB. It is acknowledg'd, sir,  
And with a bounteous thanks.

DUKE. How welcome are these miracles ! let me  
Embrace thee as the greatest joy, that since  
My birth I have receiv'd. O my lov'd brother !  
Thou seest, though absent, I've been faithful to  
Thy virtues and thy memory.

2 EMB. But, sir, too strict a master of your vow.  
Yet 'tis a fault my gratitude should more  
Admire with thankfulness, than chide.

DUKE. This happy day deserves a place supreme  
And eminent i'th kallender.

2 EMB. First, I will give into your courteous arms  
The Duke of Millain, sir, good and renown'd,  
And now the bold and princely Leonell ;  
Then Alvaro my honour'd nephew that  
Deserves the best of human praise and love.

*[The Duke embraces them.]*

ALV. Dread sir, that every one may share the joy  
And blessings of this precious hour, let me  
Restore poor Prospero into your breast.

DUKE. He shall be cherish'd, and his faults  
forgiven.

PROS. I shall deserve it, sir, in future deeds  
Of honour, and of loyal faith. How I  
Am rapt to see those wonders strangely thrive !

VAS. What think you of the stars now, Calladine ?  
Do these small twinkling gentlewomen  
Look to their business well ? Have they a care  
of us ?

CALL. It is beyond our merit or our hope

VAS. I'll buy me an optick, study astrology,  
And visit 'em every fair night o'er my house leads.

DUKE. The chiefest happiness of virtue is  
Th' encrease, which to procure, with Hymen's help  
We'll knit, and intermingle lovers' hearts.  
Come my Alvaro ! I'll bestow thee straight.

MEL. A little patience, sir, and hear me speak,  
Before you give what lawfully is mine.

DUKE. Indeed thou dost deserve him by thy love.

MEL. In love Evandra's interest  
Doth justly equal mine ; but I appeal unto  
His vow, which sure her goodness will assist.

ALV. And my religion shall persuade me keep ;  
But where, Melora, was it made ?

MEL. Within my father's Court, when five years  
since,  
Disguis'd you stole to see a triumph there,  
You promis'd, if our houses' enmity  
Were ever reconcil'd, the church should join  
Our hands.

LEO. Sir, what my sister speaks I'm witness to,  
And hope this day shall end our parents' strife  
In a kind peace.

DUKE. Which thus I do confirm.  
Take him, Melora ! with him all the joys  
Thy virtues or our prayers can procure.

ALV. Didst thou for this with kind Evandra  
strive  
Who should encounter danger first ? Although  
Thy beauty's changed, it is not lost ; I now  
Remember thee, and my vow's prophecy.

[*Embrace.*

I EMB. Now, my best Evandra, give me thy hand ;  
And here receive it, valiant Leonell ;  
That I, may ratify the faith I gave,  
If e'er this war expir'd she should be thine.

DUKE. Then he may challenge present interest  
For we may meet to hear voices and lutes,  
But never more the angry drum.

EVAN. Alvaro's virtues, sir, and yours, have both  
An equal claim. Persons I ne'er admir'd  
So much to make a difference in my choice ;  
Therefore my father's promise, and my love,  
Have made me yours.

LEO. I am o'ercharg'd with my felicity.

ALV. To Evandra, gladness be still renew'd,  
Who since I see so worthily bestow'd,  
My love is quieted in everlasting rest.

EVAN. And mine by your exact and perfect  
choice.

PROS. These glad achievements are so well  
deserv'd,  
I not malign your joys. I'll to the war !  
And fight to win you a perpetual peace.

*[Vasco takes Millain aside.]*

VAS. I'm bold to crave acquaintance with your  
grace,  
And to begin it with a suit.

1 EMB. It shall be granted, sir.

VAS. I have married your Grace's countrywoman,  
And was a little, sir, mistaken in her age.  
Would you'd procure us a divorce.

1 EMB. If you can make't appear she is too old.

VAS. She writes a hundred and ten, sir, next  
grass,

1 EMB. 'Tis a fair age ! well sir, you shall have a  
divorce,

And what the profits of her dowry would  
Have been, I will myself bestow on you.

VAS. Such another good day makes us all mad.

DUKE. Come, to the temple ! and let's join those  
hearts,  
That with such pious courage have endur'd  
The trial of a noble constant faith,  
Whom tortures nor the frowns of death could move.  
This happy day we'll consecrate to love.



## EPILOGUE.

Troth, gentlemen, you must vouchsafe a while  
T' excuse my mirth, I cannot chuse but smile,  
And 'tis to think, how like a subtle spy  
Our poet waits to hear his destiny ;  
Just in the entry as you pass, the place  
Where first you mention your dislike or grace :  
Pray whisper softly that he may not hear,  
Or else such words as shall not blast his ear.

FINIS.

## ADDENDA.

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### No. 1.

This alteration is introduced in the folio, in the third act, between Frivolo, after saying "a very owl!" and the entrance of Evandra, Melora and others, in place of the short dialogue in the early text commencing thus:—

ALT. "Thou art a coxcomb," &c., and ending  
"without help or hope."

*Enter MUSICIANS.*

ALT. Oh! are you come?  
Friends of the fiddle pray strike up! we'll have  
A dance before the wedding.

FRIV. I cannot dance, Altesto, without cork  
At my heels; I must have a woman behind me.

ALT. Thou shalt lead the widow. The very tuning  
Of a cittern will make her bestir her stumps  
Like an old oak.

*Enter TRISTAN.*

TRIST. Where's Vasco, gentlemen? I am in haste.

ALT. If you are in haste, you had best for dispatch  
Make answer to your self.

TRIST. The duke has sent for him by Calladine,  
And it concerns him as matter of business.

ALT. Send business to fat heavy fellows, who  
Have got formality and grey beards. Tristan, you must  
Dance! Gentleman scrapers, pray strike up.

*Enter VASCO, WIDOW, LEILA.*

FRIV. Look, she's come already! some fifty years  
Ago she was stung with a tarantula,  
And ever since a fiddle makes her frisk.

WID. Blessing on your hearts, gentlemen

ALT. You must into the dance, Widow.

WID. I have been mistress Marrian in a maurice ere now.

VAS. Sweet heart! what think you? I'm only afraid  
Lest too much mettle should overheat your blood.

Will you to't, Widow?

WID. Truly sir, it is not wholesome to stand idle,  
Come Lilia.

ALT. Well said, Widow. [*They dance.*]

TRIST. Vasco, now you have done your capring here,  
You must dance towards court. The Duke  
Commanded Calladine to send me for you.

VAS. Bear up, Widow! perferment is striding  
Towards me upon high stilts.

ALT. Leonel's ransom, her wealth, and now employ'd  
At court. Th'art a gone man, condemn'd to usury,  
Furr'd gowns, long dinners, and short sleeps. [*Exeunt.*]

## No. 2.

This in the folio in same act, in place of Leonell's  
three lines prior to his exit and the entrance of  
Alvaro.

LEO. My lord! your valour I have try'd in fight;  
But had so little knowledge of your love,  
That you misplace your anger now.

PROS. You'll meet me on the garden mount?

LEO. I was your captive when you gave me liberty;  
And it has never been my custom, to  
Contest with those to whom I am oblig'd.

PROS. If you have love, sure you have honour too.  
Disclaim the one, and for the other I  
Shall never trouble you.

LEO. Disclaim my love! I'll wait you on the mount.

[*Exit.*]

## No. 3.

These passages occur also in act three in the  
scene between Alvaro and Prospero, Evandra, and  
Melora, after "I will go down myself," and before,  
"lock safe the door," &c.

EVAN. I fear some inlet has been counter-digg'd  
 Into the cave, and gives a passage to  
 Some man, who is employ'd to fright me with  
 A dismal shape.

ALV. Who e'er thou art who dar'st death's vizard  
 wear,  
 Assuming the foul shape which nature most  
 Abhors, grow bolder yet, and stay till thou  
 Shalt straight be that, which thou dost counterfeit.  
 Give me the light! *[He descends the cave.]*

#### No. 4.

These lines are spoken by Evandra after she has  
 said, "Go, call thy brother in!" prior to Leonell's  
 entrance.

Let us contrive how to secure him too.  
 He hath not yet heard of the Duke's severe  
 Decree against the Prince, which quickly will  
 Involve both him and Prospero.

#### No. 5.

These passages occur prior to Leonell's conclud-  
 ing soliloquy, which ends the third act. They  
 come in after "To appease the angry Duke," in  
 place of the few lines which appear in the original.

LEON. This is a mystery!

EVAN. It must not be examined, Leonell.

LEON. Why have you here inclos'd them?

EVAN. If you already question'd me, to give  
 A cause for that which I enjoin'd, where is  
 The strict obedience promis'd by your vow?

LEON. What have I promis'd in the rashness of  
 My inconsiderate love? Can you  
 A mediator for their safety be,  
 Without apparent danger to yourself?

EVAN. Do not inquire what means I have of safe  
 Access to move the Duke, nor what new chance  
 Has made me confident t' appease that rage  
 Which does endanger them and you.

LEON. Dear sister, leave me not in ignorance.

MEL. Dare you believe I will consent to that  
Which honour has not heedfully proposed?

LEON. You have design'd I shall remain perplext.

EVAN. If thou dost break thy vow, the curses of  
The virtuous at their death fall on thy head.

MEL. Never be call'd my brother, nor assume  
The honour of my valiant father's name.

EVAN. Melora, come! we are too slow.

[*Exeunt Evan., Mel.*

### No. 6.

These lines in the folio are given to Alvaro as a portion of the speech with which the fourth act terminates. They follow "We'll move to see this dismal tragedy."

We may, befriended by the secret aid  
Of Calladine, get safe into the fort,  
Where in resistance we at least can die,  
If none in favour of our cause revolt:  
Evandra's prison window does o'erlook  
The western walk: there a sentry,  
Dispos'd by Calladine, waits to let me take my last sad  
sight,

And at the morning watch. Nay, hand in hand——  
To shew this truth in love's philosophy;  
That as one object equally allures  
The virtue of our loves, so it shall still  
In rivalry, despite of jealousy,  
Unite our hearts. For several lovers, like  
Strange rivers which to the same ocean trace,  
Do, when their torrents meet, curl and embrace. [*Exeunt.*

### No. 7.

The following scene is in the folio, in place of that in the original edition. It comes in, in the fifth act, immediately after "Altesto, Frivolo, and Vasco," exeunt, Frivolo's last line being "Pray heaven Tristan remember the crowd."

*Enter* ALVARO, PROSPERO, LEONELL, CALLADINE.

CALL. Their window, sir, is there. But let me beg  
You would not let your sorrows make you known :  
For my officiousness to your command,  
When by your father found, will cause such jealousy,  
As may deprive me of all future means  
To serve you.

ALV. Trust my discretion, Calladine !

CALL. If rashly you resent the form of his  
Proceeding, you may lose the hope I find  
In the Embassadors ; who seem to bring  
(Though they are secret in the main import)  
Such offers, as perhaps, may be receiv'd.  
They wait me in the palace, sir, and you  
Must please to make this visit short.

ALV. You may securely leave us ! *[Exit Calladine.*  
The cruel doom which fair Evandra must  
Endure, cannot perplex me, Leonell,  
More than this glorious hazard of your sister.

LEO. You now have heard, how cheerfully she strove  
To be the first who should her love confirm  
With offer of her virgin life.

ALV. How must I stoop and groan beneath the weight  
Of so much poverty, as such a debt  
Lays not on me alone, but on our sex ?  
How shall I pay this double debt of love ?  
Owing to two a heart so constantly  
Entire, that it could ne'er divided be.  
I must love both, with equal flame, since none  
Their beauty can distinguish, when compar'd ;  
And both in brighter virtue equal are.

PROS. I want skill great beauty to distinguish ; but I  
Can feel my heart grown sore with love of it.

*[Evandra and Melora are seen in mourning at  
the window.*

MEL. Three I discern, and they must surely be  
The gentle and most valiant Prince  
The noble Prospero, and faithful Leonell.

ALV. The casement now is open, and ere dawn  
Appears, a double day does seem to break  
Through clouds of mourning.

EVAN. That is the Prince's voice.

ALV. Your voice cannot but sweet music be  
Though you can only now a Requiem sing.  
Why should not music, if it e'er gave life  
To things inanimate, and made them move,  
Now lengthen yours who have the soul of love?

LEO. Pardon me, saint, that I have kept my vow.

EVAN. Your truth I value equal to your love.  
But what is praise to men above it grown?  
Whose worth we rate so much beyond our own,  
That we, to make the world enjoy it, have  
Design'd your freedom, and ourselves a grave.

ALV. What can the world enjoy when you are gone?  
Time will his hour-glass stop when yours is run.

MEL. Repent not that example which you gave:  
You would have lost your lives our lives to save.  
Could we do less than you our pattern make?  
Refuse not that which you would have us take.

EVAN. Accept of your relief, now ours is past.

ALV. Can we accept relief which cannot last?  
Your gift, when by your fatal deaths 'tis sign'd,  
Shews us unworthy, and yourselves unkind;  
For you reproach us with the life you give,  
By thinking we, when you are dead, can live.

EVAN. Let not your love's impatient anger wake  
Death's sleep, since 'tis the last we e'er shall take.

MEL. You to your father quiet duty owe:  
Let not your love above your duty grow.

EVAN. The trouble of your rivals now will cease;  
And all love's civil war expire in peace.  
For that which did enlighten beauty, life,  
Ending in me, will quickly end your strife.  
Love fades with beauty, which your diff'rence bred;  
For ev'ry lover does forsake the dead.

ALV. Some comfort let it bring your parting mind,  
That you had pow'r to make even rivals kind.

LEO. In love's records it shall your glory be,  
That, whilst you govern'd, rivals did agree.

PROS. You are the first that e'er love's knot so ti'd,  
As to unite, whom nature did divide.

EVAN. If 'twere not fit, Melora, now to die,  
I could awhile endure mortality.

So soft a peace, here, in love's shade appears,  
 As cannot be more calm above the spheres.  
 But you should chide her, sir, who in vain strife  
 Would, with the needless signet of her life,  
 Seal her undoubted love, and press to die,  
 When with my death I all might satisfy.

ALV. Why, did Melora thus my soul undo?  
 That is but half the question, why did you,  
 Evandra, to my father's wrath submit?

[*The ladies look back suddenly.*  
 Love's great examples stay! leave us not yet!

EVAN. The guards are entering, and have brought our  
 doom,

The shortest of our fatal hours is come.  
 Renowned Prince, and faithful Leonell,  
 And valiant Prospero, to all farewell.

MEL. Farewell for evermore, the gentle and  
 Most valiant Prince, the noble Prospero,  
 The brave and faithful Leonell, farewell!

[*Exeunt Ladies from above, Pros. and Leon.*  
*drawing their swords.*

ALV. Nay, stir not gentlemen! it is in vain:  
 We have not strength enough to storm the fort.  
 Make not your purpose known before your deeds.  
 We must attend the pity of the crowd.

LEO. Affliction now is urg'd to such extremes,  
 That patience seems to change her constant face:  
 She first looks pale with doubt, and then does blush,  
 As if asham'd of remedy when it is slow.

ALV. Cover your courage, and pray sheath your swords.

PROS. Sir, whither shall we go?

ALV. Where we may best observe,  
 What looks the officers and soldiers wear.  
 If they begin to grieve, their grief will soon  
 To anger grow; from whom the people, prone  
 To passion, quickly will take fire. Too long  
 My father has my constant duty known;  
 And now may find the people's change, when they  
 My lowness measure with his high success:  
 For as they still all prosperous greatness hate,  
 So my affliction may their pity move;  
 They Princes only in affliction love.

[*Exeunt.*



ENTERTAINMENT  
AT  
RUTLAND HOUSE.

*The first dayes entertainment at Rutland House, by declamations and musick, after the manner of the ancients. By Sir W. D., London: Printed by J. M. for H. Herringham, and sold at his shop at the Anchor, in the New Exchange, in the Lower Walk. 1657, 8vo.*

*Idem, in the Folio edition, 1673.*

*In the copy in the King's Library, British Museum, the date has been altered in writing from 1657 to 1656, with the addition in the same contemporary hand of "November 22d," which was in all likelihood the actual day of publication.*

As noticed in the Prefatory Memoir, with which our first volume opens, this Entertainment at Rutland House foreshadowed the revival of the regular Drama in England, which had been rigidly suppressed all throughout the ascendancy of the Commonwealth in previous years. By the influence of several powerful friends, Sir William D'Avenant obtained authority to present an amusement for the people. In his application for this permission he termed what he intended to represent an Opera; but when he brought it upon the stage, it bore scarcely the most remote resemblance to opera, and when printed, had the following title:—

“First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamation and Musick, after the manner of the ancients. Lond. 1656. 8vo.”

The *Biographia Britannica* remarks that—“This being an introductory piece it required all the author's wit to make it answer different intentions; for, first, it was to be so pleasing as to gain applause; and next it was to be so remote from the very appearance of a play, as not to give any offence to that pretended sanctity which was then in fashion. It began with music, then followed a prologue, in which the author banters the oddity of his own performance . . . The musick, which was very good, was composed by Dr Coleman, Capt Cook, Mr Henry Lawes, Mr George Hudson.”

The object of the entertainment was simply to argue the case for and against public amusement, in a dramatic form. Diogenes, the cynic, utters the views the Roundheads maintained upon that subject, while Aristophanes is brought forward to confute them. Then the Londoner and Parisian are paraded to contrast, in argument, the advantages and disadvantages of London and Paris, all tending towards the introduction of dramatic performances with music and scenery after the style of the latter, a style to which both Charles the Second and D'Avenant, during their residence there, had become attached.

Rutland House was situated at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, near what is now called Charter House Square. The “Entertainment” was given “at the back part of Rutland House.”

Although having no pretensions to be called an opera, Anthony Wood makes the mistake that it was the first

*Italian* opera performed in England, and goes on to remark that, "though Oliver Cromwell had now prohibited all other theatrical representations, he allowed of this, because being in an unknown tongue, it could not corrupt the manners of the people."

Of Captain Henry Cook, one of the composers of the music, this much is known. He was brought up in the King's Chapel, but quitted it at the beginning of the rebellion; and, in 1642, having obtained a captain's commission in the Royal army, he ever after retained the title of captain. When Charles the Second's Chapel was established, at the time of the coronation of that monarch, Captain Henry Cook was appointed master of the children. He was, according to Anthony Wood's manuscript memoirs in the Ashmolean library, "esteemed the best musician of his time to sing to the lute, till Pelham Humphrey, his scholar, came up, *after which he died of grief.*" In the continuation of *Baker's Chronicle* it is affirmed that Matthew Lock set the music for Charles' public entry, and Captain Henry Cook for his coronation. Be this as it may, it is generally understood that the coronation anthem was composed by Henry Lawes. A hymn of Cook's composition, in four parts, is said to have been performed in place of the Litany, in the chapel of St George, at Windsor, by order of the sovereign and knights companions of the garter, on 17th April 1660. Burgh, in his *Anecdotes of Music*: Lond. 1814, 12mo., makes this observation on Captain Cook: "None of his church music was printed; and, indeed, if we may judge of that by his few secular compositions, dispersed in the collections of the times, he was by no means qualified for the office to which he was appointed at the Restoration." This opinion being merely deduced from a hypothesis is not entitled to much weight; the more so, as the immortal Pepys has this entry in his diary. "12 Aug. 1660. After sermon a brave anthem of Captain Cook's, which he himself sung, and the king was well pleased with it."

✓ Cook was one of the original performers in D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, subsequently produced at Rutland House. It was the first English opera performed in England. Cook died in 1672.

*After a flourish of music, the curtains are drawn and  
the Prologue enters.*

PROLOGUE.

Me-thinks, as if assur'd of some disgrace,  
I should step back ere scarce I shew my face ;  
'Tis not through terror that I know not how  
To fashion my approaches, vail, and bow ;  
But that displeasure in your looks I spy,  
Which seem to turn aside and stand awry.  
Ere yet we can offend, are we disgrac'd ?  
Or are our benches, not your looks misplac'd ?  
We wish we could have found this roof so high,  
That each might be allow'd a canopy ;  
And could the walls to such a wideness draw,  
That all might sit at ease in chaise a bras.  
But though you cannot front our cup-board scene,  
Nor sit so eas'ly as to stretch and lean,  
Yet you are so divided and so plac'd,  
That half are freely by the other fac'd ;  
And we are shrewdly jealous that you come  
Not merely to hear us, or see the room,  
But rather meet here to be met, I mean  
Each would see all, and would of all be seen,  
Which we but guess, respectfully to shew  
You worthy of your selves, not we of you.  
Think this your passage, and the narrow way  
To our Elyzian field, the opera ;  
Tow'rds which some say we have gone far about,  
Because it seems so long since we set out.  
Think now the way grown short, and that you light  
At this small inn, to bait, not stay all night ;

Where you shall find, what you will much despise,  
The host grown old, and worse then old, half wise ;  
Still former time applauds, the present blames,  
And talks so long that he, indeed, declaims.  
From declamations of a long hour's length,  
Made strong to last by some dead author's strength,  
Not pow'ful to persuade, but to provoke,  
Long, grave, and sullen as a mourning cloak ;  
I wish, if possible, you could scape free,  
But plainly, and in brief, it cannot be.  
These you must please to hear, and have no way  
To give the anguish of your ears allay,  
But by our Rostras to remember Rome ;  
Then hope, such mighty minds in time may come,  
As think it equal glory to take care,  
To speak wise things, as to do great in war,  
Declaiming well on what they well have done ;  
Being best guides where they the race have run,  
Quick'ning by influence of their noble deeds,  
Glory in others, till it virtue breeds.  
What do I mean ? Sure there is something here  
Has such infection as I ought to fear !  
Here I a short and bashful prologue came ;  
But strait grow long and bold, that is, declaim.  
What patience can endure speech bold and long,  
Where sense is weak too, when the lungs are strong ?  
Yet this will rare abridgement seem in me,  
When four shall come and talk a history.  
Well, I have now devis'd, for your relief,  
How you shall make these long declaimers brief ;  
When you perceive their voices fall with fear,  
As not accustom'd to the public ear,  
And that they pause, grow pale, and look about,  
Laugh but aloud, and you will put them out.

*The curtains are closed again.*

---

*A concert of instrumental music, adapted to the sullen disposition of DIOGENES, being heard a while, the curtains are suddenly opened, and, in two gilded rostras appear, sitting, DIOGENES, the cynic, and ARISTOPHANES, the poet, in habits agreeable to their country and professions, who declaim against, and for, public entertainment, by moral representations.*

DIOGENES.

I would you were all old, that, having more experience, I might take less pains to make you wise. Or I would you were all poor, that not being diverted by the gaudy emulations of your wealth, you might mind Diogenes, who, you know, has nothing, unless, most thrifty Athenians, you allow me that which I wish you could spare, understanding. But why should I desire your attention? for, considering, that when you are asleep, you neither hurt your friends, nor provoke your enemies, I think 'tis scarce discretion to keep you awake. Yet presuming I am now in the public Rostra, as securely fortified as in my private tub, I will venture to bid you observe, that you are met to hear what your cynic Diogenes, and the poet Aristophanes can say against and for, public entertainment by moral representations.

Can any entertainment divert you from the mischief to which you are excellently inclined when you meet in public? Are not the winds your orators, and you their many headed waves that meet not but in foam and rage? Have you not yet distinguished the modesty and wariness of solitude from the impudence and rashness of assemblies?

Do you not, when alone, design wreaths to the virtue of those whom, when you are assembled, you reward with ostracism? \* As if the mingled breath of multitude were so contagious, that it infected reason as well as blood. Beasts of Athens! Are you not made gentle when bred single, and continue wild whilst you are in herds? When you are alone, perhaps some of you have judgment to consider that the wisdom of governors is encreas'd by their long continuance in power; therefore they ought seldom to be chang'd, but when you meet in the Agora to make up the body-politic, 'tis like the meeting of humours in the natural body, all tending to commotion, change, and dissolution. There is your annual feast where you devour your governors, or shift them nimbly as your trenchers before they are foul. Most mischievous Athenians! meet not at all. Man, when alone, is perhaps not wholly a beast; but man meeting man till he grows to a multitude is certainly more than a monster.

O number, number; when it consists of men, how accurst are those who trust to it? If for wisdom, who will rely upon determination, where the difference of opinions doth often equal the variety of faces? If for strength, call Xerxes, and bid him, if he dares, come back again with his half of mankind into Greece. In numerous councils you give countenance to each other, to dare to do injustice; where you each take anger as you catch yawning, merely by seeing it in another. In armies the number doth often tend more to famine than to strength. Fear, which is in armies as infectious as opinion in councils, is quickly disperst, whilst

\* Banishment: Expulsion. See *Life of Aristides in Cornelius Nepos*, in which, through the medium of ostracism, is depicted the glorious idiocy of universal suffrage.



all depending on their multitude are defeated, because each trusted to others and none to themselves.

But Athenians ! I am old, I want memory, and have displac'd my thoughts ; for I intended not to declaim against assemblies in civil councils, or in military attempts, but against such as meet for recreation. In defence of which the poet Aristophanes is arrogantly resolv'd to plead. What need you public recreations ? If you are old you are past the days of mirth, and are come to the evenings of contemplation, and contemplation requires solitude. If you are young, 'tis your time to grow solemn, which is to become old betimes, that you may more willingly entertain age when you are forc'd to feel it. If you had philosophy enough to make you humble, you would avoid such public assemblies as tempt you to that cost in vests and ornaments, which occasions the emulations of pride. If you have so little philosophy as to desire to be very rich, you would prevent that vain expense. If you would live in peace and power, why by such excesses do you enrich retailers and mechanics whose sudden acquisition of wealth makes them too proud to be obedient, and too fantastical to be quiet ? If you have business, what do you here ? If you have none, what do you in Athens ? where wealth is not to be got with idleness, nor the wars maintain'd without wealth.

But you would meet to receive entertainment from such as represent the virtuous actions of the heroes. Is not virtue esteem'd in Athens but as the particular humour of philosophers ? And, though it may please some few who study it, yet, because 'tis singular, it doth offend the generality ; and 'tis safe in popular governments to content the people, though to their own prejudice, who perhaps too can hardly be said to be prejudic'd when they

have no sense of their harm. If Virtue could be drest in such a fashion as all should be provok'd to like her, you might open the gates of Athens to her spiritual tire-women, the Muses, and let them work freely to her. But since many have very vainly endeavour'd to make her amiable to all, let the lady Virtue shrink up her white shoulders, put on her black hood, and retire to her closet.

But you would meet to behold virtue in the bright images of the heroes. Gentlemen of Athens! Be not at charge to pay for glasses which shall render you the reflection of better faces than your own, lest you give your selves an uncomfortable occasion to blush. 'Tis discretion, if you have any imperfection, to keep at distance from that excellence to which others may compare you. Be you contented without seeing the heroes, and let them be satisfied with the reward of their virtues. Are they not made stars and statues? Let them shine in the firmament, and rest in our temples. But what need they be personated, and intrude into our theatres to disgrace us? If you are exceedingly inclin'd to think that you may draw a benefit from great examples, and are resolv'd to raise the heroic ghosts, in hope they will lead you to the hidden treasures of virtue, pursue the experiment, and the next day after you have paid your money in theatres, cast up your account and see what you have got by your dream. I suspect that your remembrance of the worthies will vanish and be as short as the vision. The ghost of Hercules rais'd by a poet can no more make you laborious and patient, than a rose or lettuce raised in a glass by a chymist, can make you sweet, or serve you for a salad.

Aristophanes will perhaps make you a small present of another pretext in behalf of the opera; which is, that it will introduce civility. But be-

cause there are some beasts in Athens, does he take us all for bears? We eat not raw flesh, nor live without distinctions of alliance. What means he by civility? Would he make an art of external behaviour, and have it read in the schools? Would he prescribe you a certain comely posture in your sleep, and not to wake without a long compliment to your chamber-grooms? Would he not have you cough but when alone, or, if in public, then with a musical concordance to the rest that have taken cold? Would he have you at table carve with your arm a little extended, as if you were nicely to finish a touch in painting; or more at stretch as if you were to fence for your meat? Would he make a science of salutation, and draw it out to such a length, as if when you met you were always treating to reconcile empires; or when you take leave, you were concern'd as kings that depart from their daughters when they are married by proxy and embarking for another climate? Where will be the end of excesses in civility? Is not extraordinary civility imputed to Courts as dissimulation? Subtle Athenians! If you will learn to be very civil, which is, to dissemble with a good grace, yet know that dissimulation is a kind of black art which you must study in private. Let the people be rude still, for if by suffering it to be taught in public we refine their craftiness with civility, you must ere long fling away your night-caps and sleep in your helmets.

Would you meet to enjoy the pleasure of music? 'tis a deceitful art, whose operations lead to the evil of extremes, making the melancholy to become mad, and the merry to grow fantastical. Our city's ancient stamp, the owl, which bears no part in the merry quires of the woods, denotes the wisdom, not the mirth of Athens. I would have

the people of Athens, from the mason to the merchant, look as grave and thoughtful as rich mourners. They should all seem priests in the temples, philosophers in their houses, and statesmen in the streets. Then we should not need to be at expense of public magistrates ; but every man would be freely forward to rule another, and in time grow to such a height and ability in government, as we should by degrees banish the whole city, and that ostracism were happy preferment ; for the rest of the world would soon invite us to rule them.

Does not the extasy of music transport us beyond the regions of reason ? Changing the sober designs of discretion into the very wildness of dreams ; urging softer minds to aim at the impossible successes of love ; and enkindling in the active the destructive ambitions of war ? Does it not turn the heads of the young till they grow so giddy, as if they walk'd on pinacles ; and often divert the feet of the aged from a funeral to a wedding ? And consider, my malicious friends of Athens, how you would look, if you should see me, at the mere provocation of a fiddle, lead out a matron to dance at the marriage of an old philosopher's widow.

Would you meet to be delighted with scenes ? which is, to be entertained with the deception of motion and transposition of lights ; where, whilst you think you see a great battle, you are sure to get nothing by the victory. You gaze on imaginary woods and meadows, where you can neither fell nor mow ; on seas, where you have no ships, and on rivers where you catch no fish. But, you may find it more profitable to retire to your houses, and there study how to gain by deceiving others, then to meet in theatres, where you must pay

for suffering your selves to be deceiv'd. This, Athenians! concerns your profit; which is a word you understand better than all the grammarians in Greece. And though the ways towards profit are somewhat dark, yet you need no light from me, which made me presume to leave my lanthorn at home.

Virtue, in those images of the heroes, adorn'd with that music, and these scenes, is to be enliven'd with poetry. Poetry is the subtle engine by which the wonderful body of the opera must move. I wish, Athenians! you were all poets; for then, if you should meet, and, with the pleasant vapours of Lesbian wine, fall into profound sleep, and concur in a long dream, you would ere morning, enamel your houses, tile them with gold, and pave them with agates. This is the way by which the poets would make you all exorbitantly rich. Yet I doubt you are so malicious as to think, if Homer, Hesiod, and six more of the ancients, I dare not suspect the moderns, were harness'd in a team, they would prove too weak to draw the weight of a single talent out of Athens. I allow that in a city where diverse are more than somewhat guilty, you may suppose satires a profitable commodity for the public; but am confident a whole ream of odes and epigrams will not be held, by any man here, a sufficient pawn for a drachma.

I conceive you have now heard me as frowardly as you used to hear the ambassadors of Sparta, from whom you seldom like any thing but their brevity. I shall leave the advantage on your side; for if my advice be bad, 'tis too late for me to recal it; if good, you have time enough to follow it. Go home, and consider! but I fear your houses are so spacious and so fine, as they will divert your understanding. Though you are will-

ing to perceive that you have no necessity to consider me, yet I am sure I shall have continual occasion to study you; therefore am resolved to contract myself, and retire to my tub.

*A Concert of Music, befitting the pleasant Disposition of ARISTOPHANES, being heard, he thus answers.*

ARISTOPHANES.

Renown'd Athenians! How vainly were you assembled here, if you met to be made wise by Diogenes? and how much more vainly should I ascend the rostra, if I sought to inform your understanding concerning him, or reform his concerning himself? Diogenes came to persuade you to suspect the good effects of assemblies, and I come to accuse him of the evils of solitude. In which I am prevented by his own behaviour; for you have found him, like a man sure to be condemn'd, reviling even you his judges; as pitifully froward as children suddenly wak'd, and as weakly malicious as witches when they are mock'd. He will quarrel with the wind, merely for playing with his beard, and in his age studies revenge on the posterity of his dead pedant, for chastisements received in his youth. 'Tis well that nature hath inclin'd mischievous men, as well as beasts of prey, to live alone; for if the one should be conversable, and the other walk in herds, mankind might by the first be persuaded from the true use of natural reason; and, by the second, be forced from the original inheritance of natural power.

But as sullen Diogenes is by nature secretly urg'd to live alone, so those who are not misgovern'd by passion have an instinct to communication, that by virtuous emulations each may endeavour to become the best example to the rest; for men meet not to see themselves, but to be seen

by others, and probably he who doth expose himself to be a public object, will strive to excel before he appears. Other creatures of the most pacific species incline to society, that they may delight in each other's safety, whilst they are protected by their conjunction of strength. 'Tis not my theme to declaim of the abuse or use of number in civil councils, or military attempts : and since Diogenes was constrained to excuse his digression, by accusing his memory, I shall learn to avoid such presumption as must shamefully require your pardon, and will not treat of busy, but pleasant assemblies ; and particularly of such as meet for recreation by moral representations.

But Diogenes is implacably offended at recreation. He would have you all housed like himself, and every man stay at home in his tub. He thinks your dwellings so large as they divert your contemplation ; and perhaps imagines that the creation hath provided too much room ; that the air is too spacious for birds, the woods for beasts, and the seas for fish ; especially if their various motion in enjoying their large elements contribute to what he esteems vain idleness, recreation. This discontented Cynic would turn all time into midnight, and all learning into melancholy magic. He is so offended at mirth, as if he would accuse even nature herself to want gravity for bringing in the spring so merrily with the music of birds. When you are young, he would have you all seem old, and formal as simple men in authority. When you are old, he would bring you back to the crying condition of children, as if you were always breeding teeth. Nor hath he forgot to dispose of middle age, when the ripeness of mind and body makes you most sufficient for the difficult toils of affairs : for, in this season of laborious life, he would use you

worse than beasts, who are allow'd bells with their heavy packs, and entertain'd with whistling, when they are driven with goads.

Gentlemen of Athens ! If you would admit the deform'd disposition of Diogenes under the pleasant shape of humour ; or rather, if you would vouchsafe to give him authority, and let him have time and countenance to breed and enlarge a melancholy sect ; you would find the people so apt to nourish the seed of small evil, till it multiply to extremes, that you should not need to be at expense of executioners, nor executioners be at cost to buy the juice of hemlock to dispatch offenders ; for we should all grow most courageously sad, and very bountifully hang and drown ourselves at our own charge.

He would have you abstain from such public assemblies, that you might avoid the costs of vests and ornaments, which he traduces, as occasioning the emulations of pride. Can large dominions be continu'd without distinction of qualities ? And, can the people distinguish more immediately than by their eyes ; which are always sooner satisfied with shape than substance ? And, are they not safer entertain'd with what they instantly admire, than with that which busies their judgement ? If external glory and gaudery be pride, we learn it there where there is no sin ; for nature, who cannot err, ordain'd the patterns, even in the various and gaudy ornaments of birds and flowers ; or if excelling ornament offend him, why looks he upward to the stars, since of the greatest part of their infinite number, it is hard to find any other use than that of beautifying and adorning the world ? Whilst he scorns pride, he is ignorant that 'tis commonly but by a kind of pride more refined that men disdain the proud. Most just Athenians ! I cannot forfeit your esteem, if I con-



vince not Diogenes, who will not be instructed by the work of nature, nor could be corrected by the rebuke of Plato.

He conjures you, if you would preserve your peace and power, to refrain from those assemblies which occasion such emulation of expense as may enrich retailers and mechanics : as if the wealth of the people did not make them cautious of innovation, and slow to insurrection ; who rebel to get that from others, which makes them obedient when it becomes their own. The wealth of the eminent, contracted and retain'd, offends the people ; but being disperst and apparently spent prevents their jealousy, that 'tis more than is suspected ; and takes away their envy, by giving them evidence that it will grow less : and none will believe expense superfluous, who think it necessary to gain by what is spent. When the laws enjoin frugality to the rich, they provide well for particular families, but ill for the public.

He next takes care you should not assemble, especially at representations of the actions of the Heroes. And in the progress of his discourse, meets the Lady Virtue, and takes her aside, as if he were to examine a mere stranger ; as if, because she was not of his acquaintance, therefore she had never been in Athens ; or at least was so austere in her garments and behaviour, that she seemed only fit for the company of old philosophers. Noble Athenians ! You all know that her delightful maids, the Muses, have given her a pleasant and familiar dress ; and, I know, you will provide her such a palace as Diogenes shall not need to straiten himself by inviting her to his tub.

He again forewarns you from beholding her in the shining shapes of the Heroes ; as if, because his own eyes are weak, he may therefore think

yours so sore, as it would hurt them to behold the light. Or, as if the heroic ghosts were insolently rais'd by the poets in such angry shapes, as rather serve to upbraid your defects, than to encourage your endeavours for perfection. Or, as if active examples are reviv'd in vain, and seem not more prevalent than written precepts; yet the first invite imitation by shewing experienc'd possibility in the utmost attempts of virtue; and the latter but presumptuously draw a map of an unsteer'd course to an imagined coast. Heroic virtue, when 'tis busy in the open world, is more deserving, because more laborious and less safe, than when she lazily retires to the cells of contemplative cowards, who securely sit and write against those dangers of temptation, from which out of fear they have hastily and meanly fled. He would likewise infer, that the great examples of elder times are vainly presented, because, being so remote, they are less credible. But he forgets to observe that envy will more patiently behold great actions in the ancients, who cannot hinder our pretences, than in those of our own times, who perhaps are our competitors for the rewards of Virtue, as well as rivals to her person.

He next grows angry, not at the pretence which public entertainments make to introduce civility, but at civility itself; loving so barbarously the uncleanly ease of his own life, that he cares not how much inconvenience it gives to the lives of others. If the Ephori and Kings of Sparta invited him to their mess, he would for indecency's sake eat their broth without a spoon. He often commends the ancient use of fingers, that by tearing his meat he may save the labour of whetting his knife. Never washes any thing but his beard, and that too in the bowl where he drinks to his betters. He lets his nails grow to the length of talons,

seizing and snatching his meat at another's table, as if it were his prey. And is against the civility of making a stranger enter a house before the owner, because the cooper built not his to contain more than himself. He terms it brevity, and saving of time, to salute a magistrate with no more than a nod ; and only for laziness avoids common salutation. Judge you, most civil Athenians ! whether cleanness be inconvenient, because he imputes it as a troublesome part of civility. Or whether salutation should be prohibited, because sometimes, where the dignities are equal, it draws respect into length. Or whether length of respect is not necessary to shew the distinctions of quality ? Or rather, whether distinctions of quality tend not to the conservation of government ? without which, governors would soon grow weary for want of obedience, and age retire to the grave for want of reverence.

He proceeds next against the ornaments of a public opera, music and scenes. But how can he avoid the traducing of music who hath always a discord within himself, and which seems so loud too, as if it would a mile off untune the harmonious soul of Plato. Music doth not heighten melancholy into madness, but rather unites and recollects a broken and scattered mind ; giving it sudden strength to resist the evils it hath long and strongly bred. Neither doth it make the merry seem fantastical, but only to such as are enviously sad at the pleasure of others. If it doth warm the ambitious when they are young, 'tis but as cordials warm the blood, to make it evaporate the evil humour. If it awake hope in the aged, where hope is fallen asleep and would take rest, we may therefore say, since hope is the vital heat of the mind, that it prolongs life where it would

slothfully expire. Nor need Diogenes suspect that it may make his bones ache, by seducing him to a dance ; for he can only lift up his feet to a dismal discord, or dance to a concert of groaners and gnashers of teeth.

He is offended at scenes in the opera, as at the useless visions of imagination. Is it not the safest and shortest way to understanding, when you are brought to see vast seas and provinces, fleets, armies, and forts, without the hazards of a voyage, or pains of a long march ? Nor is that deception where we are prepar'd and consent to be deceiv'd. Nor is there much loss in that deceit, where we gain some variety of experience by a short journey of the sight. When he gives you advice not to lay out time in prospect of woods and meadows, which you can never possess, he may as well shut up his own little window, which is the bung-hole of his tub, and still remain in the dark, because the light can only shew him that which he can neither purchase nor beg.

This worst Athenian, whom you have long condemn'd as your suburb-dog, hath all this while but bark'd at the Muses. In the end of his discourse he offers to bite and worry poetry ; yet, 'tis only with his gums, for his teeth are lost ; why should a cynic, who applauds poverty in himself, disdain it in others ? He pretends to make it his business to seek out poverty, and to court her in public ; but the poets, having more wit than the cynics, only entertain her when she finds out them, and then but in private. Or perhaps poets, the busy secretaries of nature, are so intently employ'd in providing for the general happiness of human kind, that they have no leisure to make provisions for themselves. He upbraids that art which may be said to be the only art of nature ; which elevates ✓

the harmony of reason, and makes even the severities of wisdom pleasant. But, excellent Athenians ! it were an unpardonable want of judgement in me to tire you with defending that which you already know needs no defence. And my presumption is less to be forgiven in having dared to rescue that from the rage of Diogenes, which you have long taken into your own protection : therefore instead of defending poetry, whose several beauties make up the shape of the opera, I will conclude in excuse and defence of her enemy, who hath much reason to dissuade you from moral representations, because he is himself the worst representation of morality ; and is justly afraid to be represented in the theatre.

*The curtains are suddenly closed, and the Company entertained by instrumental and vocal music, with this song.*

## S O N G.

Did ever war so cease  
That all might olive wear ?  
All sleepy grow with peace,  
And none be wak'd with fear ?  
Does time want wings to fly,  
Or death ere make a stand ?  
Men must grow old and die :  
Storms drive us from sea to tempests at land.  
*Chorus.*—This through his tub the cynic saw ;  
Where vainly with time he did strive,  
And in vain from death did withdraw  
By bury'ng himself alive.

The poets they are wise,  
All evils they expect,  
And so prevent surprize,  
Whilst troubles they neglect.

Can age e'er do them harm,

Who cheerfully grow old ?

Mirth keeps their hearts still warm,

Fools think themselves safe in sorrow and cold.

*Chorus.*—Then let the sour cynic live coopt ;

Let him quake in his thrud-bare cloak

Till he find his old tub unhoopt,

His staff and his lanthron broke.

*The song being ended, a concert of instrumental music, after the French composition, being heard a while, the curtains are suddenly open'd, and in the ROSTRAS appear sitting a PARISIAN and a LONDONER, in the livery robes of both cities, who declaim concerning the pre-eminence of PARIS and LONDON.*

#### THE PARISIAN.

You of this noble city, are yet to become more noble by your candour to the plea between me a bourgeois of Paris and my opponent of London ; being concerned in honour to lend your attention as favourably to a stranger as to your native orator. Since 'tis the greatest sign of narrow education to permit the borders of rivers, or strands of seas, to separate the general consanguinity of mankind ; though the unquiet nature of man, still hoping to shake off distant power, and the incapacity of any one to sway universal empire, hath made them the bounds to divide government. But already I think it necessary to cease persuading you, who will ever deserve to be my judges, and therefore mean to apply my self in admonishing him who is pleased to be a while my adversary.

My most opiniater'd antagonist—for a Londoner's opinion of himself is no less noted then his opinion of his beef before the veal of Italy—you should

know that the merit of cities consists not in their fair and fruitful scituation, but in the manners of the inhabitants ; for where the scituation excels, it but upbraids their minds if they be not proportionable to it. And, because we should more except against the constancy of minds than their mutability, when they incline to error, I will first take a survey of yours in the long continued deformity of the shape of your city, which is, of your buildings.

Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot, that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun ? Or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs ? Oh, the goodly landskip of Old Fish-Street ! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective ; and where the garrets—perhaps not for want of architecture but through abundance of amity—are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of inhabitants in wise cities better exprest than by their coherence and uniformity of building ? Where streets begin, continue, and end in a like stature and shape ; but yours—as if they were rais'd in a general insurrection, where every man hath a several design—differ in all things that can make distinction. Here stands one that aims to be a palace, and next it another that professes to be a hovel. Here a giant, there a dwarf, here slender, there broad ; and all most admirably different in their faces as well as in their height and bulk. I was about to defy any Londoner who dares pretend there is so much ingenious correspondence in this city, as that he can

shew me one house like another. Yet your old houses seem to be reverend and formal, being compared to the fantastical looks of the modern; which have more ovals, nieches, and angles than are in your custards, and are enclos'd with pasteboard walls, like those of malicious Turks, who, because themselves are not immortal, and cannot ever dwell where they build, therefore will not be at charge to provide such lastingness as may entertain their children out of the rain; so slight, and so prettily gaudy, that if they could move they would pass for pageants.\* 'Tis your custom, where men vary often the mode of their habits, to term the nation fantastical; but where streets continually change fashion, you should make haste to chain up the city, for 'tis certainly mad.

You would think me a malicious traveller, if I should still gaze on your mishapen streets, and take no notice of the beauty of your river; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your water-men—who snatch at fares as if they were to catch prisoners, plying the gentry so uneivilly, as if they never had row'd any other passengers but bearwards—and now step into one of your pescod-boats; whose tilts† are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gondolas, nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of *chaise à bras*. The commodity

\* The word “pageant,” like the *Pegma* of the Romans, originally signified the vehicle in which Pageants or dramatic mysteries were performed. These, “being acted with mighty state and reverence by the Friars of this house, had theatres for the several scenes [or, *pajiont* clothes, as they were called] very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city for the better advantage of spectators.”—*Dugdale*.

† A covering overhead. “It is a small vessel, like in proportion to a Gravesend tilt-boat.”—*Sandys*.

“The rowing crew,  
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.”—*Gay*.



and trade of your river belongs to your selves ; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of air, unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden, there a brew-house ; here dwells a lord, there a dyer, and between both *duomo comune*. If freedom of air be inferr'd in the liberty of the subject, where every private man hath authority for his own profit, to smoke up a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is open enough, because 'tis equally free. I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loth to disturb the civil silence of Billingsgate, which is so great as if the mariners were always landing to storm the harbour ; therefore, for brevity's sake, I will put to shore again, though I should be constrain'd, even without my galoshes,\* to land at puddle-dock.

I am now return'd to visit your houses, where the roofs are so low, that I presume your ancestors were very mannerly, and stood bare to their wives, for I cannot discern how they could wear their high crown'd hats ; yet I will enter, and therein oblige you much, when you know my aversion to the odour of a certain weed that governs amongst your coarser acquaintance, as much as lavender amongst your coarser linen ; to which, in my apprehension, your sea-coal smoke seems a very Portugal perfume. I should here hasten to a period, for fear of suffocation, if I thought you so ungracious as to use it in public assemblies ; and

\* Galages, now called galoshes — Upper shoes. "Solea, a shoe called a *galage* or *paten*, which hath nothyng on the feete but onely larchettes."—*Elyot*, 1559. See also *Greene's Ghost-haunting Coney-catchers*. 1626.

yet I see it grow so much in fashion, that me-thinks your children begin to play with broken pipes in stead of corals, to make way for their teeth. You will find my visit short, I cannot stay to eat with you, because your bread is too heavy, and you disdain the light sustenance of herbs. Your drink is too thick, and yet you are seldom over-curious in washing your glasses. Nor will I lodge with you, because your beds seem, to our *alcovaes*, no bigger than coffins, and your curtains so short as they will hardly serve to enclose your carriers in summer ; and may be held, if taffeta, to have lined your grandsire's skirts.

But though your houses are thin, yet your kitchens are well lined with beef ; and the plentiful exercise of your chimneys makes up that canopy of smoke which covers your city ; whilst those in the continent are well contented with a clear sky, entertain flesh as a regalia ; and we, your poor French frogs, are fain to sing to a salad. You boast that your servants feed better than masters at Paris ; and we are satisfied when ours are better taught than fed. You allow yours idleness and high nourishment, to raise their mettle ; which is, to make them rude for the honour of old England. We inure ours to labour and temperance, that we may allay them ; which is, to make them civil for the quiet of France. Yours drink wine, and the strong broth of malt, which makes them bold, hot, and adventurous to be soon in command. Ours are cooled with weak water, which doth quench their arrogance, and make them fit to obey long. We plant the vineyard, and you drink the wine ; by which you beget good spirits, and we get good money. You keep open houses for all that bring you in mirth, till your estates run out of doors, and find new landlords. We shut our gates to all but

such whose conversation brings in profit, and so, by the help of what you call ill-nature and parsimony, have the good luck to keep our inheritances for our issue.

Before I leave you in your houses—where your estates are managed by your servants, and your persons educated by your wives—I will take a short survey of your children ; to whom you are so terrible, that you seem to make use of authority whilst they are young, as if you knew it would not continue till their manhood. You begin to them with such rough discipline, as if they were born mad, and you meant to fright them into their wits again before they had any to lose. When they encrease in years, you make them strangers ; keeping them at such distance, out of jealousy they should presume to be your companions, that when they reach manhood they use you as if they were none of your acquaintance. But we submit to be familiar with ours, that we may beget their affection before 'tis too late to expect it. If you take pains to teach them anything, 'tis only what they should not learn, bashfulness ; which you interpret to be their respect towards you, but it rather shews they are in trouble, and afraid of you ; and not only of you, but of all that are elder than themselves ; as if youth were a crime, or, as if you had a greater quarrel to nature than to the devil : you seem to teach them to be ashamed of their persons, even then when you are willing to excuse their faults. Methinks when ours are grave they are but dull ; and we are content not to have them demure and tame whilst they are youths, lest restraint—which always inclines to extremes when it is chang'd to liberty—should make them rude and wild when they are men.

This education you give them at home ; but

though you have frequently the pride to disdain the behaviour of other nations, yet you have sometimes the discretion to send your sons abroad to learn it. To Paris they come, the school of Europe, where is taught the approaches and demeanours towards power: where they may learn honour, which is the generous honesty, which is the civil boldness of Courts. But there they arrive, not to converse with us, but with themselves; to see the gates of the Court, not to enter and frequent it or to take a hasty survey of greatness as far as envy, but not to study it as far as imitation. At last return home, despising those necessary virtues which they took not pains to acquire; and are only ill altered in their dress and mind, by making that a deformity in seeming over-careful and forced, which we make graceful in being negligent and easy.

I have now left your houses, and am passing through your streets; but not in a coach, for they are uneasily hung, and so narrow, that I took them for sedans upon wheels. Nor is it safe for a stranger to use them till the quarrel be decided whether six of your nobles, sitting together, shall stop, and give place to as many barrels of beer. Your city is the only metropolis of Europe where there is a wonderful dignity belonging to carts. Master Londoner! be not so hot against coaches: take advice from one that eats much sorrel\* in his broth. Can you be too civil to such a singular gentry as bravely scorn to be provident? who, when they have no business here to employ them, nor public pleasures to divert them, yet even then kindly invent occasions to bring them hither, that,

\* Acid austere vegetables contract and strengthen the fibres, as all kinds of sorrel, the virtues of which lie in acid astringent salt, a sovereign antidote against the putrescent bilious alkali. — *Arbutnot.*

at your own rates, they may change their land for your wares; and have purposely avoided the coarse study of arithmetic, lest they should be able to affront you with examining your accounts.

I wonder at your riches when I see you drink in the morning; but more at your confidence, when I see grey beards come out of a tavern and stay at the door to make the last debate of their business; and I am yet more amaz'd at your health when I taste your wine; but most of all at your politics, in permitting such a public poisoning under the style of free mystery to encourage trade and diligence.

I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopt by one of your heroic games, call'd foot-ball, which I conceive—under your favour—not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked Lane. Yet it argues your courage much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks. But your mettle would be more magnified—since you have long allow'd those two valiant exercises in the streets—to draw your archers from Finsbury, and during high market let them shoot at butts in Cheapside. I have now no more to say but what refers to a few private notes which I shall give you in a whisper when we meet in Moorfields, from whence—because the place was meant for public pleasure, and to show the munificence of your city—I shall desire you to banish the laundresses and bleachers, whose acres of old linen make a shew like the fields of Carthage, when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washt and spread: or else you will give me leave to conclude in behalf of Luxemburg and the Tuilleries, as no ill accommodations for the citizens of Paris.

*After a concert of Music, imitating the WAITS of LONDON, the LONDONER rises and thus answers.*

THE LONDONER.

Ever noble and most sufficient judges ! I am so little angry with my adversary, that I am ready to entitle him, as a stranger, to protection from you, and civility from my self. You find, in his survey of this renown'd city, he has undertaken to be pleasant, and to make you so too : but men who are pleased themselves cannot when they list disperse their gay humour amongst others : it being much more easy to incite to anger than to mirth. I presume I am so far from needing the advantage, or from growing insolent with the honour, of having you my judges, that I refer my self to him ; whilst I present him Paris in the same glass where he reflected London : and he is not a little obliged in being made capable of reforming his judgment by the helps of comparison.

Give me leave, Monsieur de Paris, to be conducted from Dieppe by one of your messagers,—who are as magisterial on the road as old rangers in a forest,—and on my Norman nag—which, though it has not as many legs as a caterpillar, yet by the advantage of being well spurred, makes shift to travel as fast—I enter your city at Porte St Martin ; and ere I light, would, by leaving a limb to compound for the rest of my body ; so furious are you in your hospitality when you call aloud and take in strangers, spite of their teeth, into your houses, and lodge them for more than enough of their money. But such importunity, and even for mean profit, should rather be interpreted as the vehemence of a witty people, that have hot brains, than as the signs of general poverty : Whilst we, phleg-

matic islanders, are too dull to be so troublesome for a little money as may shew we want it.

Before I enter your houses, I cannot chuse but take notice of your streets ; by which I discern, though you are now unanimously glorious, yet your ancestors and you had different minds ; for though *la Rue St Antoine*, *St Honoré*, and *St Denis* are large enough for the *Vista* ; yet *la Rue Tirechape*, *La Tannerie*, and *la Huchette* stand so much in the shade, that there your beautiful wives need neither veils nor fans ; you being fain to lay traps at your windows to catch the sun-beams. But this, you will say, was the defect of our ancestors, not of yours ; who, in a wandering humour, made bold to cross the Channel, march up to Paris, and build your houses after their own fashion.

As I pass along, I bow before every palace ; but 'tis to the giant *Switz* that stands in carbonaded breeches at the gate ; who, coming a long journey, merely to keep your natives in awe, has reason to expect reverence from a stranger. Now methinks you wish the gout in my finger, because I point not with great wonder at the *Louvre* ; which I confess has a very singular way of being wonderful ; the fame of the palace consisting more in the vast design of what it was meant to be, than in the largeness of what it is : the structure being likewise a little remarkable for what is old, but more even for the antiquity of what is new ; having been begun some ages past, and is to be finished many ages hence ; which, I take it, may be a sign of the glory, but not of the wealth of your founders. I will pass into your *Fauxbourgs* by *Pont Rouge* ; a bridge not built to be useful to you in the strength of it, but rather to shew the strength of your river to strangers, when, *maugre*

your guards of Switz, it often carries an arch out of your city.

Already, methinks, passing o'er this bridge, I stop at a broken arch ; and finding my self a heavy Londoner, who wants the French vivacity to frisk o'er so wide a gap to the Fauxbourgs, I am willing to return, that I may afford you the civility of taking more notice of the ornaments of your river. I find your boats much after the pleasant shape of those at common ferries ; where your bastelier\* is not so turbulently active as our watermen, but rather, his fare being two brass liards,† stands as sullen as an old Dutch skipper after shipwreck, and will have me attend till the rest of the herd make up his freight ; passing in droves like cattle ; embroidered and perfumed with carters and croche-teurs ; ‡ all standing during the voyage as if we were ready to land as soon as we put from shore ; and with his long pole gives us a tedious waft, as if we were all the while poching for eels. We neither descend by stairs when we come in, nor ascend when we go out, but crawl through the mud like cray-fish, or anglers in a new plantation. I could wish you had the adornments of wall'd banks ; but in this witty region of civility, as well as in our dull rude town, I perceive there is not a perfect coherence in all the parts of magnificence.

I will now visit your houses ; which I confess transcendent as towers compar'd to the stature of those in our city ; but as they are as high rooft as our belfries, so have they in them more than the noise of our bells ; lodging distressed families in a room ; and where there is no plenty, there is seldom

\* Boatman.

† Liard, the fourth of a sou ; according to English value, half a farthing.

‡ Street porters.



quietness. This chorus of clamour from several apartments will be sooner acknowledged when you consider that your nation affects not such brevity of speech as was practis'd by the Spartans, nor that majestical silence which is us'd by the Turks. But I accuse you of that of which you may take occasion to boast ; because the stuffing of rooms with whole families denotes a populous city. But, farewell the happiness of the nation ! when the populousness of the city argues the litigiousness of the country ; where, with a multitude of proceez you lose your wits, and afterwards come up to live by them at Paris. Though you are shy to eat at our entertainments, yet I would accept of yours if you were not hinder'd from giving any by the great expense of your habits and superfluous trains. And I would drink with you, if you were as posed\* and grave in your wine as we dull traficquers, who use it to sharpen our wits when we conclude bargains. But I have a mind to suppose, under your favour, that your heads are bottles, and your brains the cork ; for the one, being a little stirred, the others fly out, and fill the room with froth. I would lodge with you, but that your large beds are taken up with punezes ; which our skins, being tender and not so much condensed by the cold as you imagine, can ill endure, and worse permit the ubiquitary attacks of those dexterous little persecutors, which suit more with the nimble disposition of men of your climate, than those other slow enemies which were bred in Italy.†

Noise in your habitations of sleep is not so improper as your dead silence in the very regions of noise, your kitchens ; where your cooks, though by education choleric and loud, are ever in profound contemplation ; that is, they are considering

\* Stupified.

† Bugs—

how to reform the mistakes of nature in the original compositions of flesh and fish ; she having not known, it seems, the sufficient mystery of hautgouts : and the production of their deep studies are sometimes so full of delicious fancy, and witty seasoning, that at your feasts when I uncover a dish, I think I feed on a very epigram. Who can comprehend the diversity of your potages, carbonnades, grillades, ragouts, haches, saupiquets, demi-bisques, bisques, capilotades, and entre-mets ? But, above all, I admire at the vast generation of your embroiderers of meat, your larders ; their larding being likewise diversified from bacon of Mayence to porpoise of St Malo ; which, though it may be some cause of obliging and calling in the Jews, yet your perpetual persecution of that poor fish will so drive away the species from your coasts, as you will never be able to foretell a storm.

These are your feasts, which are but fasts to your servants ; who, being confined within the narrow bounds of pension, are accomptable for all the orts\* by weight ; for which your sufficient reason is, because such as are ordained to service, should be continually allay'd by temperance, lest they might lose obedience. Your sons you dignify betimes with a taste of pleasure and liberty ; which perhaps breeds in them—that they may maintain the vast expenses of high pleasure—too hasty and violent an appetite to such power as makes them, when they are men, soon turbulent to supreme authority. When they provoke a province to rise against the Court, 'tis excus'd as high gallantry, and in fashion whilst they are young and strongly attended ; but 'tis call'd treason

\* Offal. See vol. i. p. 171.

when they grow old and deserted. Here I expect your rebuke ; for why should I censure the education of your children, since we send ours to learn the honour and deportment of manhood at Paris ? Yet I will recommend one consideration to your city as well as to our own ; whether the ancient jurisdiction of parents and masters, when it was severe, did not make all degrees of human life more quiet and delightful than we have found it since that privilege hath been ignorantly and negligently lost.

You are disordered with the rudeness in our streets ; but have more reason to be terrified with the frequent insurrections in your own. In ours, a few disturb the quiet of coaches ; but in yours, whole armies of lackies invade the peace of public justice ; whose image—were the tumult drawn by a poetical painter—you would imagine fencing with a broad sword, like an old grave Switz against the tucks\* of fantastical pages ; who strive to rescue the condemned, as if the nobles were concerned in honour not to suffer malefactors to be affronted by a base executioner on the scaffold for so generous an exercise as killing. But when I observed your twelfth-nights, with the universal shout of *le Roy boit !* I could not but think that the whole vintage of France was in the heads of the servants of Paris.

I will now suppose it late, and that I am retiring to my country-men at the good Hotel de Venise ; but shall make haste ; for you must needs acknowledge the famous dangers of Pont Neuf ; where robbing is as constant and as hereditary a trade as amongst the Arabs ; where old grand-

\* A long rapier.

“ If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,  
Our purpose may hold there.”—*Shakespeare*.

fathers-filous,\* in beards fit to be revered by all that scape their clutches, set the watch—which consists wholly of their grand-children—carefully at nine at night, and take it as want of respect in such who are so indecent as to pass that way in their old cloaks.

When I consider both our cities, I conclude they were built and are inhabited by mortal men ; therefore am resolv'd to burn some private notes which I intended to impart in answer of those that you referred to our next meeting. If I could reach your hand, I would endeavour to kiss it ; for I should account my self worse bred than in a forest, if I had not learned a little from the abundant civility of Paris ; where I have heard of two aged crocheteurs, heavy loaden with billets, who were so equally concerned in the punctilios of salutation, and of giving the way, that with the length of ceremony, "*monsieur c'est a vous, monsieur vous vous moques de vostre serviteur,*" they both sunk under their burdens, and so died, dividing the eternal honour of genty† education.

*The Curtains are suddenly closed, and the Company entertain'd by instrumental and vocal music, with this song.*

SONG.

1.

London is smother'd with sulph'rous fires ;  
 Still she wears a black hood and cloak,  
 Of sea-coal smoke,  
 As if she mourned for brewers and dyers.

*Chorus.*

But she is cool'd and cleans'd by streams  
 Of flowing and of ebbing Thames.

\* Aged pickpockets or thieves.

† See vol. ii., p. 23.

## 2.

Though Paris may boast a clearer sky,  
 Yet wanting flows and ebbs of Seine,  
 To keep her clean,  
 She ever seems choakt when she is adry.

*Chorus.*

And though a ship her scutcheon be,  
 Yet Paris hath no ship at sea.

*The Song ended, the curtains are drawn open again,  
 and the Epilogue enters.*

## EPILOGUE.

Too late we told you, some two hours ago,  
 The ills, which you were sure too soon to know.  
 Had we fore-warn'd you but the day before,  
 By half so much, said at our outward door,  
 We had been civil, but had weakly shown  
 More care to watch your profit than our own.  
 We have your money, true ; if you can call  
 That ours of which we make no use at all.  
 The poets never mind such toys as these——

*[Shews money in his hand.]*

But keep them to be sent for when you please.  
 At worst—if you may credit, in frail times,  
 Bankers who turn and wind a world of rhymes—  
 They are but bow'd, laid in a trunk above,  
 And kept as simple tokens of your love.  
 If this were raillery it could not please,  
 After a tedious dull Diogenes :  
 A poet a mile longer, then two more  
 To vex you, having had too much before.  
 Perhaps, some were so cozen'd as to come,  
 To see us weave in the dramatic loom :  
 To trace the winding scenes, like subtle spies  
 Bred in the Muses' camp, safe from surprise :

Where you by art learn joy, and when to mourn ;  
To watch the plot's swift change, and counterturn :  
When Time moves swifter than by nature taught,  
And by a *Chorus* miracles are wrought,  
- Making an infant instantly a man :  
These were your plays, but get them if you can.

*After a flourish of loud music the curtain is clos'd  
and the Entertainment ended.*

*The vocal and instrumental music was compos'd by  
Doctor Charles Coleman, Captain Henry Cook,  
Mr. Henry Lawes, and Mr George Hudson.*

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

*The Siege of Rhodes. Made a Representation by the Art of Prospective in Scenes, and the Story sung in Recitative Musick. At the back part of Rutland House, in the upper end of Aldersgate Street, London. London, Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Sign of the Anchor, on the Lower Walk, in the New Exchange. 1656. No dedication.*

*Published 29th September apparently. It seems to have been the custom of some publishers to note the date of issue of plays in pen and ink on the title page.*

*The Siege of Rhodes. The first and second part. As they were lately represented at his Highness the Duke of York's Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The first part being lately enlarged. Written by Sir William D'avenant. London, printed for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Sign of the Anchor, on the Lower Walk, in the New Exchange. 1663. The second part has the title repeated.\**

*The Siege of Rhodes. A verbatim reprint. 4to. 1670.*

*The Siege of Rhodes. The first and second part. In the folio edition of Sir W. D'avenant's Works. [Dated] 1672.*

\* This edition is dedicated to the Earl of Clarendon, which dedication is inscribed by D'avenant himself.



IMMEDIATELY after the foregoing "Entertainment" had been presented, and so had paved the way for the introduction of other entertainments more dramatic in character, the "Siege of Rhodes" was brought forward. It was the first attempt at English opera in this country. The "Siege of Rhodes," as then produced, was merely an epitome of the first part as now printed from the later text. The character Roxolana was not introduced, and Haly, although not included in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, is mentioned in the scene of the Siege. Scenery was now for the first time presented in England on the stage of a theatre.

On the reproduction of the piece in 1662, at the Duke of York's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the text was enlarged, and the second part was added. Particulars of those alterations and additions will be found noted in the text which follows.

The first edition of the original piece is comprehended in forty pages, with, further, a Prefatory Address to the Reader, not subsequently printed, and at the end a cast of the characters under the title of "The Story Presented."

These are as follows;—

#### TO THE READER.

I may receive disadvantage by this address designed for excuses; for it will too heartily put you in mind that errors are not far off when excuses are at hand; this refers to our Representation: and some may be willing to be led to find the blemishes of it, but would be left to their own conduct to discover the beauties, if there be any. Yet I may forewarn you that the defects which I intend to excuse are chiefly such, as you cannot reform but only with your purse; that is, by building us a larger room; a design which we began and shall not be left for you to finish, because we have observed that many who are

liberal of their understanding when they could issue it out towards discovery of imperfections, have not always money to expend in things necessary towards the making up of perfection.

It has been often wisht that our Scenes (we having oblig'd ourselves to the variety of five changes according to the Ancient Dramatic distinctions made for time) had not been confined to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserv'd for the Musick. This is so narrow an allowance for the fleet of Solymán the Magnificent, his army, the Island of Rhodes, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the Cæsars carved upon a nut.

As these limits have hinder'd the splendour of our scene, so we are like to give no great satisfaction in the quantity of our Argument, which is in Story very copious; but shrinks to a small narrative here, because we could not convey it by more than seven persons; being constrain'd to prevent the length of *Recitative* Music, as well as to conserve, without encumbrance, the narrowness of the place. Therefore you cannot expect the chief ornaments belonging to a History dramatically digested into turns and counter-turns, to double walks, and interweavings of design.

This is exprest to forbid your excess of expectation; but we must take care not to deter you from the hope of some satisfaction; for that were not only to hang out no bush, but likewise to shut up our doors. Therefore, as you have heard what kind of excellencies you should not expect; so I will be brief, and hope without vanity, to give you encouragement by telling you there are some things at least excusable which you may resolve to meet.

We conceive it will not be unacceptable to you if we recompense the narrowness of the Room, by containing in it so much as could be conveniently accomplisht by Art and Industry: which will not be doubted in the Scenes by those who can judge that kind of Illustration, and know the excellency of Mr John Web, who design'd and order'd it. The music was compos'd, and both the Vocal and Instrumental is exercis'd by the most trans-

cent of England in that art, and perhaps not unequal to the best masters abroad; but being *Recitative*, and therefore unpractis'd here, though of great reputation amongst other nations, the very attempt of it is an obligation to our own. The story as represented (which will not require much apology because it expects but little praise) is Heroical, and notwithstanding the continual hurry and busy agitations of a hot Siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the characters of Virtue in the shapes of Valour and conjugal Love. And though the main argument hath but a single walk, yet perhaps the movings of it will not seem unpleasant. You may inquire, being a Reader, why in a heroic argument my numbers are so often diversify'd and fall into short fractions; considering that a continuation of the usual length of English verse would appear more heroic in reading. But when you are an Auditor you will find that in this I rather deserve approbation than need excuse; for frequent alterations of measure (which cannot be so unpleasant to him that reads as troublesome to him that writes) are necessary to *Recitative* music for variation of airs. If what I have said be taken for excuses, I have my intent; because excuses are not always signs of error, but are often modest explanations of things that might otherwise be mistaken. But I have said so much to vindicate myself from having occasion to be excus'd for the Poem, that it brings me at last to ask pardon for the length of the Epistle.

WILL. D'AVENANT.

August 17, 1656.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

*Solyman*, The Magnificent.  
*Viliterius*, Grand Master of *Rhodes*.  
*Alphonso*, A Sicilian Duke.  
*Admiral*, Of *Rhodes*.  
*Pirrhns*, Bassa.  
*Mustapha*, Bassa.  
*Ianthe*, Wife to *Alphonso*.

*The Scene* :

RHODES.

## THE STORY PERSONATED.

Solyman by Capt. Henry Cook.  
 Villerius „ Mr Gregory Thorndall.  
 Alphonso „ Mr Edward Coleman.  
 Admiral „ Mr Matthew Lock.  
 Pirrhus „ Mr John Harding.  
 Mustapha „ Mr Henry Persill.  
 Ianthe „ Mrs Coleman, wife to Mr Coleman.

The Composition of Vocal Music was perform'd,

The First Entry by Mr Henry Lawes.  
 „ Second Entry „ Capt. Henry Cook.  
 „ Third Entry „ Capt. Henry Cook.  
 „ Fourth Entry „ Mr Matthew Lock.  
 „ Fifth Entry „ Mr Henry Lawes.

The Instrumental Music was composed by Dr Charles Coleman, and Mr George Hudson.

There is no Prologue to the first or second editions of the first part, but there is both a Prologue and Epilogue prefixed to the second part in the second edition.

Although on the authority of Anthony Wood, who himself played the violin originally by ear, "but not with the same tuning that others used"—his tuning being in fourths—and who subsequently, when properly instructed by a competent master at the charge of "two shillings and sixpence entrance, and so quarterly," obtained a proficiency in music; it has been asserted that Oliver Cromwell "loved a good voice and instrumental music well," yet during the Protectorate no encouragement was afforded either to vocal or instrumental performers for a public display of their talents, and those who had been employed in the Chapel Royal, cathedrals, or public exhibitions in the capital, were compelled to skulk about the country, soliciting an asylum in the houses of private patrons whose ability to protect them must have been somewhat precarious. Henry Lawes, however, retained his place in the Chapel Royal, and in a great measure supported himself by teaching ladies to sing, the cultivation of music being confined to private families. He also composed and published his celebrated "Ayres and Dialogues." The musical compositions of

Lawes had been long so greatly admired that Fenton, the editor of Waller's works, states that "the best poets of his time were ambitious of having their verses set to music by this admirable artist;" while on the other hand Peck says, "Milton wrote his *Masque* at the request of Lawes," a notice of whom will be found in the Appendix to the *Masque of the Prince D'Amour*, in vol. i. p. 350.

The Puritanical mania for the abolition of anything like formality or display in churches, caused not only the destruction of painted glass windows, monuments, ornamental masonry and adornments, but collegiate and parochial churches were stripped of their organs, musical service-books of every kind, being denounced alike superstitious and ungodly, were committed to the flames, and those retainers whose function it had been to assist at "such prophane vanities" were enjoined to betake themselves to some employment "less offensive to the Lord." Nothing in the shape of music, in their new form of Divine worship was permitted, except discordant psalm-singing, such as may still be heard in Presbyterian churches where the congregation is untutored. It was, therefore, exceedingly difficult when, at the Restoration, the heads of the Church proceeded to re-establish Cathedral service, to find either suitable instruments, professors, choral books, or singers. By slow degrees the several choirs throughout the kingdom were supplied with masters; but for a long time, for want of trained boys, the treble parts were either played on cornets, or sung by men in falsetto.

In France the high favour accorded to operas and operatic music, the result of the united talents of Quinault and Lulli, induced managers in this country to turn their attention towards that species of entertainment, so that, from time to time, after the production of the "*Siege of Rhodes*" had introduced a taste for the mixture of music with poetic declamation, "dramatic operas" were brought forward. Of these were *Circe*, *Psyche*, the altered versions of the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, and others, all "set off," says Cibber, "with the most expensive decorations of scenes and habits, and with the best voices and dancers." The music in *Macbeth*, of which the rude and wild excellence cannot be surpassed,

has been attributed by some to Henry Purcell and not to Mathew Lock, whose productions otherwise are far inferior, while to Purcell's peculiar style it bears a closer resemblance. Burgh, in his *Anecdotes of Music*, mentions that a musical friend of his "assured him that he possessed the original score of the music in *Macbeth*, in Henry Purcell's own handwriting."

In none of the operas produced on the English stage at that time was the entire dialogue carried on in recitative, neither has recitative ever been used in any English opera since, unless, perhaps, we except the serious opera of *Artaxerxes*. Downes tells us that "the scenes, machines, dresses, and other necessary decorations of *Psyche*, cost upwards of eight hundred pounds;" so that, although performed eight successive nights it did not prove so remunerative as the *Tempest*. Cibber, in dilating on these dramatic operas, says, "the sensual taste for sight and sound was lashed by several good prologues of those days." With the taste for opera a taste for French music was imported into this country, in order to flatter the partiality of the king for everything that came from France, albeit he himself knew little of music.

Dryden, in the preface to his unsuccessful political drama, which he styles an opera, *Albion and Albanus*, has a brief disquisition upon opera, the argument of which is in favour of the more ready adaptation of the French than of the English language to music, and more in favour of the Italian than either. The preface to "the *Fairy Queen*, an opera represented at the Queen's Theatre, by their Majesties' Servants," in 1692, an alteration of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,\* argues thus in favour of the establishment of an Opera House in this country at private cost.

"'Tis known to all who have been any considerable

\* "The opera, of which I spoke to you in my former, hath at last appear'd, and continues to be represented daily. It is called *The Fairy Queen*. The Drama is originally Shakespeare's; the Music and Decorations are extraordinary. I have heard the dancers commended, and without doubt the whole is very entertaining."—*Gentlemen's Journal: or Monthly Miscellany*, May 1692.

time in Italy or France, how operas are esteemed among 'em. That France borrowed what she has from Italy is evident from the *Andromede* and *Toison D'or* of Monsieur Corneille, which are the first in the kind they ever had, on their publick Theatres; they being not perfect operas, but Tragedies with singing, dancing, and machines interwoven with 'em, after the manner of an opera. They gave 'em a taste first to try their palates, that they might the better judge whether in time they would be able to digest an entire opera. And Cardinal Richelieu, that great encourager of arts and learning, introduced 'em first at his own expense, as I have been informed amongst 'em.

“What encouragement Signor Baptist Lully had from the present king of France is well known; they being first set out at his own expense, and all the ornaments given by the king for the entertainment of the people. In Italy, especially at Venice, where operas have the greatest reputation, and where they have 'em every Carnival, the noble Venetians set 'em out at their own cost. And what a confluence of people the fame of 'em draw from all parts of Italy, to the great profit of that city, is well known to every one who has spent a Carnival there. And many of the English gentry are sensible what advantages Paris receives by the great number of strangers which frequent the operas three days in a week throughout the year. If therefore an opera were established here, by the favour of the nobility and gentry of England, I may modestly conclude it would be to some advantage to London, considering what a sum we must yearly lay out among tradesmen for the fitting out so great a work.

“That Sir William D'avenant's *Siege of Rhodes* was the first opera we ever had in England no man can deny; and is indeed a perfect opera, there being this difference only between an opera and a tragedy, that the one is a story sung with proper action, the other spoken. And he must be a very ignorant player, who knows not there is a musical cadence in speaking; and that a man may as well speak out of tune as sing out of tune. And though few are so nice as to examine this, yet all are pleased when they hear it justly performed. 'Tis true,

the Siege of Rhodes wanted the ornament of machines, which they value themselves so much in Italy, and the dancing which they have in such perfection in France. That he designed this, if his first attempt met with the encouragement it deserved will appear from these lines in his Prologue :

“ ‘ But many travellers here as judges come  
From Paris, Florence, Venice, and from Rome,  
Who will describe, when any scene we draw,  
By each of ours all that they ever saw,  
Those praising for extensive breadth and height,  
And inward distance to deceive the sight.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh money ! money ! ’ if the WITS would dress,  
With ornaments, the present face of peace ;  
And to our poet half that treasure spare  
Which faction gets from fools to nourish war ;  
Then his contracted scenes should wider be,  
And move by greater engines, till you see,  
Whilst you securely sit, fierce armies meet,  
And raging seas disperse a fighting fleet.’ ”

“ That a few private persons should venture on so expensive a work as an opera, when none but Princes or States exhibit 'em abroad, I hope is no dishonour to our nation, and I dare affirm, if we had half the encouragement in England that they have in other countries, you might in a short time have as good dancers in England as they have in France, though I despair of ever having as good voices among us as they have in Italy.\* These are the two great things which travellers say we are most deficient in. If this happens to please, we cannot reasonably propose to ourselves any great advantage, considering the mighty change in setting it out, and the extraordinary expense that attends it every day 'tis represented. If it deserves their favour—if they are satis-

\* That is questionable. In Scotland, more especially, as in other mountainous countries, there have been and are excellent voices, but the absurd pride of the people cannot, except in humble families, countenance the (imagined) degradation of any one of their kindred appearing on a public stage, either in the capacity of actors or singers.



fied, we venture boldly doing all we can to please 'em. We hope the English are too generous not to encourage so great an undertaking."

The fashionable predilection for French music began to die away after the death of Charles, and the taste for Italian music, which in the time of Elizabeth had been adopted as a model by our own masters in the composition of madrigals, began towards the end of the seventeenth century gradually to gain ground. Indeed, during Charles's lifetime the subject of the introduction of Italian music had been entertained by the manager of the King's Theatre. Thus:—*Pepys*, 9th Sept. 1667.—"I fell in talk with Tom Killgrew about musick, and he tells me that he will bring me to the best musick in England, of which, indeed, he is master, and that is two Italians and Mrs Yates, who, he says, is come to sing the Italian manner as well as ever he heard any; he says that Knipp won't take pains enough, but that she understands her part so well upon the stage that no man nor woman in the House do the like."

In November 1702, "a consort" at York buildings was advertised in the *Daily Courant*, by performers lately come from Rome, which was twice repeated, and on the 26th of the same month another "consort" was advertised at "Hickford's Dancing-School, by Signor Saggioni of Venice, in which the famous Signor Gasparini, lately arrived from Rome, will play singly on the violin." On the first of June of the year following, the *Rival Queens* was performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where "Signora Francesca Margarita L'Epine will sing, being positively the last time of her singing on the stage during her stay in England." Notwithstanding this announcement she continued singing more "last," and "positively last" times during the rest of the month. This lady came from Italy to England with a German musician named Greber, and she seems to have been one of the first Italian female singers, who appeared on our stage, previous to the establishment of an Italian Opera. In 1718, she retired from the stage, having become the wife of Dr Pepuseh. Her death took place about the middle of last century. She had a constant and formidable rival in Mrs Tofts, an accomplished vocalist.

The first musical drama, which was performed after the Italian manner, was *Arsinoe*, Queen of Cyprus, translated from the Italian of Stanzani, of Bologna, who had written it for the theatre there in 1677. The music was arranged by Thomas Clayton, one of the Royal band, who had resided sometime in Italy. He thus prefaces the Book of the Opera :—

“The design of this Entertainment being to introduce the Italian manner of musick on the English stage, which has not been before attempted, I was oblig’d to have an Italian opera translated, in which the words, however mean in several places, suited much better with that manner of musick, than others more poetical would do.

“The style of this musick is to express the Passions, which is the soul of musick. And though the voices are not equal to the Italian, yet I have engaged the best that were to be found in England, and I have not been wanting, to the utmost of my diligence, in the instructing of them.

“The musick being in Recitative, may not, at first, meet with that general acceptance, as is to be hoped for from the audiences being better acquainted with it, but if this attempt shall, by pleasing the nobility and gentry, be a means of bringing this manner of musick to be used in my native country, I shall think all my study and pains well employed.”

This opera was produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, on the 16th January 1705. Mrs Tofts played the heroine *Arsinoe*; Mrs Cross, *Dorisbe*, Princess of the blood; and Mrs Lyndsay, *Nerina*, an old nurse. The male singers were Messrs Hughs, *Leveridge*, and “Cook or Good.” Within the subsequent four years other operas, after the same style, were produced at Drury Lane and at the Queen’s Theatre in the Haymarket. The principal of these were *Camilla*, *Clotilda*, *Rosamond*, *Love’s Triumph*, and *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*. The two last performed at the Haymarket were sung partly in Italian partly in English, there being a mixture of Italian and English singers, each of whom entertained his own native tongue. The cast of *Love’s Triumph* was this :—

Liso, an Italian Shepherd,	{ Signor Valentino. } whosings in Italian.
Olinda, a Shepherd,	{ Signora Margarita de } L'Espine.
Neralbo, a merry, amorous Shepherd,	{ Mr Leveridge.
Licisca, a fickle Shepherdless,	Mrs Tofts.
Eurillo, in love with Liso.	The Baronness.
Serpetta, an innocent Shepherdless,	Mrs Lyndsay.

The Dramatis Personæ of Pyrrhus and Demetrius were—

Pyrrhus, King of Epire,	{ Signor Cavaliero Ni- } colini Guinaldi.
Demetrius, King of Macedon,	{ Signor Valentino Ur- } bani.
Cleartes, a Prince,	Mr Ramondon.
Arbantes, Captain of Guard,	Mr Turner.
Marius, his Son,	Signora Margarita.
Brennus, Servant to Deidamia,	Mr Cooke.
Climene, Daughter of Lysimachus.	{ Mrs Tofts.
King of Thebes.	{ The Baronness.
Deidamia, Sister to Pyrrhus,	

The opera of *Camilla* was “a splendid success: it was, in the course of four years, represented sixty-four times.” *Clayton's Queens of Song*, p. 10. Mrs Tofts, “by her grace, her fine voice, and her acting, achieved her greatest triumph as *Camilla*.” The libretto was by Owen Swinney. It is understood that Addison was induced, by its success, to write *Rosamond*, which, although more lyrical than the others, was unsuccessful. owing, it has been asserted, to the inferior music which was composed by Clayton. On the other hand, the music of *Camilla*, borrowed from Marc Antonio Bononcini, was excellent. Mrs Tofts was compelled to quit the stage by an affection of the brain, which caused her to be put under restraint for some time. She however ultimately recovered, and, having realized a considerable sum, relinquished her profession, and became the wife of Joseph Smith, Esq., for many years Consul at Venice, well known to Bibliomaniacs for his rare and

valuable collection of books, which were purchased by King George III. He died about 1771. The period of his wife's decease, which was anterior to his, has not been accurately ascertained. She had had a return of her malady, which excluded her from the world. She was alive in 1735. It has been conjectured that her unparalleled success as Camilla was the cause of her mental aberration.

The first Italian Opera, sung entirely in that language, seems to have been *Etearco*, "performed at y<sup>e</sup> Queen's Theatre," also during the reign of Queen Anne. The title page of the music in that opera bears no date.

The several writers quoted as authorities on the subject of the drama in the seventeenth century are somewhat at variance respecting the progress of Sir William Davenant in the early stage of his dramatic venture—some having it that his company acted at the Cockpit up till the time when he took possession of his new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in the Spring of 1662, while others say they performed at Salisbury Court. Now, it seems quite clear that both of these theatres were occupied by him during the five years he was in management prior to his entering the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields. He opened first at the Cockpit, where in 1658 he produced his "*Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*," and in 1659 his "*History of Sir Francis Drake*." On 15th Nov. 1660 he removed to the theatre in Salisbury Court. Aubrey asserts that the *Siege of Rhodes* was acted at the Cockpit, but this does not appear to have been the case. It is believed that Davenant's play of the *Siege* was produced there; Aubrey, therefore, may have confounded the one with the other.

Downes again, who became prompter to the Duke's company when it went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and who does not appear to have known much, if anything, of previous dramatic history, has this entry in his "*Roscius Anglicanus*:"—"His company being now compleat, Sir William, in order to prepare plays to open his theatre, it being then a building in Lincoln's Inn Fields, rehearsed the first and second part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, and the *Wits at Apothecaries' Hall*; and in Spring 1662, opened the house with his said Plays having new Scenes

and Decorations, being the first that e'er were introduced in England." Peter Cunningham's "Hand Book of London," 8vo, 1849, informs us that the Apothecaries' Hall, Water Lane, Blackfriars, was not erected until 1670.

The second part of the *Siege of Rhodes* appears from Pepys to have been acted at Salisbury Court, in July 1661:—2d, "My father writes that my uncle is by fits stupid, and like a man that is drunk, and sometimes speechless. Went to Sir William Davenant's Opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of the '*Siege of Rhodes*.' We staid a very great while for the king and the queen of Bohemia; and by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport. The king being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage."

It would seem that this second part of the *Siege of Rhodes* was not successful, and it was accordingly withdrawn. Two days afterwards Pepys has this entry in his Diary:—July 4, "I went to the theatre, and there I saw *Claracilla* (the first time I ever saw it) well acted. But strange to see this house, that was to be so thronged, now empty since this opera began; and so will continue for a while I believe." *Claracilla* is a *tragi-comedy* by Thomas Killigrew, originally produced at the Cockpit.

A different fate awaited the *Siege of Rhodes* when the two parts were performed together at Lincoln's Inn Fields, illustrated as it was by new and appropriate scenery, dresses, and decorations. Downes gives the *caste of characters* thus: Betterton performed *Solyman the Magnificent*; Harris, *Alphonso*; Lilliston, *Villerius (the Grand Master)*; Blagden, the *Admiral*; Mrs Davenport, *Roxolana*; and Mrs Saunderson, *Ianthe*. He adds, "all the parts were justly and excellently performed, and the play was acted twelve days together without interruption, and with great applause."

Downes himself, being desirous to try his fortune on the stage, was cast for the character of *Italy* in this piece,

the first day that Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre was opened, but the sight of the king, the Duke of York, and many of the nobility put him into such a tremor that he was unable to proceed. Otway and Nat. Lee, who also subsequently appeared upon the public boards, were equally abashed, and could not get over the "stage fright."

Dryden, in his Essay on Heroick Plays, in descanting on D'avenant's desire "to introduce the examples of moral virtue, writ in verse, and performed in recitative music," thus observes:—"At his majesty's return, growing bolder, as now being owned by publick authority, D'avenant reviewed his Siege of Rhodes, and caused it to be acted as a just drama. But, as few here have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect. There wanted the fulness of a plot, and the variety of characters, to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, somewhat might have been added to the treating of the stile; all which he would have performed with more exactness had he pleased to have given us another work of the same nature."

Among Flecknoe's Epigrams, 1671, is the following, more particularly referable to the estimation in which the play of the Siege of Rhodes was held:—

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WM. D'AVENANT.

Now D'avenant's dead, the stage will mourn.  
And all to barbarism turn,  
Since he it was this latter age,  
Who chiefly civilized the stage.  
Not only Dedalus' arts he knew,  
But even Prometheus's too,  
And *living mach'ns* made of men,  
As well as dead ones for the scene;  
And if the Stage or theatre be  
A little world, 'twas chiefly he  
Who, Atlas-like, supported it  
By force of 's industry and wit.  
All this and more he did beside,  
Which having perfected, he dy'd;  
If he may properly be sed  
To die, whose fame will ne'er be dead.

## OF HIS PLAYS—

For of his plays th' Unfortunate Lovers  
 The depth of tragedy discovers ;  
 In's Love and Honour you may see  
 The height of tragi-comedy,  
 And in his Wits the comic fire  
 In none e'er flamed or sparkled higher ;  
 But coming to his Siege of Rhodes,  
 It out-goes all the rest by odds,  
 And somewhat's in't that does outdo  
 Both ancients and the moderns too,  
 And him himself, as far and more  
 Than he all others did before.

For the story on which the Siege of Rhodes is founded the following authorities may be consulted :—“ Boissard *Icones et Vitæ Sultanorum Turcicorum in Vit. Solym.* 2. Thomas Artus continuation de la Histoire de Tures. and our English History of the Turks by Kuolles.”

Further, the following particulars are recorded in “ An Exact Chronology of the several successes of the Christians against the Turks,” being the fifteenth chapter of “ A New Survey of the Turkish Empire,” Lond., 1664. 16mo.

“ In 1480 the Turks were beaten off from the Siege of Rhodes with the loss of above 3000 men.

In 1522. The Rhodes valiantly defended by the Christians against the siege of the Turks for six months together, wherein Solymán lost, besides them that were slain, thirty thousand that died of the Flix.”

The siege of 1480 occurred during the reign of Mahomet, who “ was a perfect Atheist, of no faith or religion, murdered his brethren, subdued Mentesia, and took Constantinople on the 29th May 1453, and thereby put an end to the Greek empire, and caused himself to be stiled Emperor.”

The second siege was during that of Solymán, successor to his father Selymus, who had been seized “ by a canker in his back, and breathed out his revengeful soul in the year 1520.”

In Solymán's reign “ this great empire rose to its highest pinnacle and culmination of glory. He was surnamed the Magnificent for the nobleness of his acts. He first conquered the Isle of Rhodes, defeated King

Lewis of Hungary, and slew him at Mobacz, and besieged Vienna, but in vain. In fine, this was the potent monarch that conquered Hungary, took Buda Strigonum, Alba Regalis, in pretence of the right of King John and his Orphant elected by the Hungarian nobility against the due title of Ferdinand. He likewise threatened Italy with his fleets, and aided the French king by them against Charles the Fifth, as he likewise combated the Persian Kings, Hysmael and Tamas. He besieged Malta by his general Mustapha, but was there worsted. Towards the latter end of his reign he was enjealoused by his paramour Recotane against the noble Prince Mustapha, his eldest son by another woman, to make way for her children, and Mustapha strangled, as Solyman was upon a pretended expedition against the Persians. In his seventh and last expedition against Hungary he died, at the siege of Zigerb, 1566, having made Hungary a province of Turkie." See "A New Survey of the Turkish Empire, History and Government completed. Lond. Printed by J. B. for Samuel Bolton. 1664." 16mo. The engravings throughout this book would seem to have been done on brass, as the title page bears: "With several *brass pieces* lively expressing the most eminent *Personages* concerned in this subject."

Pope in his imitation of Horace, Book II. first epistle,\* satirizing the effeminacy of the court of Charles II., says—

Lely on animated Canvas stole  
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.  
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,  
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court.  
On each enervate string they taught the note  
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.

In explanation, Pope in a note says the last two lines referred to the "Siege of Rhodes by Sir William D'avenant, the first opera sung in England."

When the Siege of Rhodes was first presented to the public at Rutland House in 1656, Mrs Coleman, wife of Mr Edward Coleman, performed the part of Ianthe,

\* Pope's Works, by Bowles, Vol. IV., page 185. London, 1806. 8vo.



which stamps her as the first female who appeared on a public stage in this country. Mr Edward Coleman was the representative of Alphonso. In what degree of relationship he stood to Dr Coleman, the composer of a portion of the music of the piece, does not appear. A Mr Charles Coleman represented Hymen in 1617, in a masque performed in the Ladies' Hall at Deptford. in Greenwich, 4th May, entitled Cupid's Banishment. written by Robert White, and printed from original MS. which formerly belonged to John Evelyn. This performer, it is highly probable, was the Dr. himself when a youth.

The character of Ianthé, when the *Siege of Rhodes* was reproduced, with alterations and amendments, at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1662, was, as formerly observed. acted by Mrs Saunderson, who afterwards became the wife of Betterton.

The introduction of females on the stage led the young bucks and nobles of the day, as is even now the case, to seek their acquaintance, a course which resulted in some honourable and many dishonourable proposals. The most cruel of the latter class was the abduction by the Earl of Oxford of the lady who performed Roxolana, or Roxana, as the name is frequently called in the text of the *Siege of Rhodes*. The case is thus related in Grammont's *Memoirs*, translated edition, London, 1809, by Miss Hobart, who had the superintendence of the baths of the Duchess of York, to Miss Temple, one of the Court ladies:—

“The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, and a most excellent performer, belonging to the Duke's theatre. The part of Roxana, in a very fashionable new play, had brought her so much into vogue, that she ever after retained that name. This creature being both very virtuous and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the addresses and presents of the Earl of Oxford. This resistance inflamed his passion; he had recourse to invectives, and even to spells, but all in vain. This disappointment had such effect upon him that he could neither eat nor drink. This did not signify to him; but his passion at length became so violent that he could

neither play nor smoke. In this extremity love had recourse to Hymen. The Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, as you know, a very handsome man : he is of the order of the Garter, the habit of which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short, from his outward appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense ; but as soon as you hear him speak, you are perfectly convinced of the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand. She would not, however, rely upon this, but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when the Earl himself came to her lodgings attended by a clergyman, and another man for a witness. The marriage was accordingly solemnized with all due ceremonies in the presence of one of her fellow-players, who attended as a witness on her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new Countess had nothing to do but to appear at Court according to her rank, and to display the Earl's arms upon her carriage. No such thing. When examination was made concerning the marriage, it was found to be a mere deception : it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my lord's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over, and as for the other witness, they endeavoured to persuade her that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was to no purpose that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were so shamefully violated, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition : in vain did she throw herself at the King's feet to demand justice ; she had only to rise up again without redress : and happy might she think herself in obtaining a pension of a thousand crowns instead of a dowry, and to resume the name Roxana instead of taking that of Countess of Oxford."

There is a note upon this by the translator as follows : — "*The Earl of Oxford.*—This was Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford of that name, and the twentieth and last Earl of that family. He was chief justice in Eyre : and in the reign of Charles II., lord of the bed-chamber,

privy counsellor, colonel of the royal regiment of horse guards, and lord-lieutenant of the county of Essex; and lieutenant-general of the forces in the reign of William III., and also Knight of the Garter. He died March 12, 1702, aged eighty years and upwards, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The author of a History of the English Stage, published by Curll, 1741, 8vo, says that Mrs Marshall, a celebrated actress, more known by the name of Roxana, from acting that part, was the person deceived by the Earl of Oxford in this manner. The particulars of the story as there related do not materially vary from the present account of the transaction. A more detailed narrative of this seduction is given in Madam Dunois' *Memoirs of the Court of England*, part 2, p. 71. Mrs Marshall, who was the original Roxana in Lee's *Rival Queens*, belonged not to the Duke's but to the King's theatre. Lord Orford, I know not on what authority, has given the name of Miss Barker to this lady, a name totally unknown, I believe, in the annals of the stage."

The particulars of this affair, as given in the History of the English Stage, printed by Curll, from the papers of Thomas Betterton, 1741, shew King Charles' interference in the lady's behalf in a more amiable light, although scarcely in accordance with his general character. The Earl had made an attempt to capture the lady, as she went home one evening in her chair from the theatre, but having been apprised of his intention, she obtained a party of the King's Guards to protect her, who repulsed the assailants. "This adventure was the whole talk of the Court and town. Many parties were found both for and against her. The Fanatics cried out, saying, it was a shame they should bring up girls in the school of Venus, teaching them such airs and tricks to tempt mankind." The King remonstrated with the Earl upon his pursuit of the lady, adding, "it was so heinous, he would not, though a sovereign, indulge the thought of such an action, much more permit it to be done by a subject." This reproof caused the Earl to answer with some reserve. He said he would think no more of her; but soon after he renewed his assault, telling her it was impossible to live without her, that

her exalted virtue had inspired him with other sentiments, proposing to marry her in private. This bait Roxolana greedily swallowed, her vanity inclining her to believe the Earl sincere. In short, the Earl comes, brings his coachman dressed like a minister, marries her, and took her down to one of his country seats, where, soon growing weary of her, he pulled off the mask, and, with scorn, bid her return to the stage. Upon this, she threw herself at the King's feet, who countenanced her so far, that he made the Earl allow her £500 a-year; and, as long as her son lived, would not suffer him to marry any other lady; but, on the child's death, the concern for so ancient a family's becoming extinct (the Earl being the last of it), his Majesty, through great intercession, was prevailed on to permit of the Earl's re-marriage."

As in the several accounts of this disgraceful transaction the real name of the actress has not been given, much speculation has arisen as to who the lady called Roxolana really was; but the question has been so narrowed as to rest the case between Mrs Davenport and Mrs Marshall. Mrs Davenport was certainly the representative of Roxolana in the *Siege of Rhodes*, on the first introduction of that character into the piece; and although to connect Mrs Marshall and others with the story of the abduction, the Roxolana of Lord Orrery's *Mustapha* and the Roxana of Lee's *Rival Queens* have been dragged into argument as giving the popular title to the actress in question, Pepys sets these conjectures at rest. Thus:—

"20th May 1662.—My wife and I by coach to the opera, and there saw the second part of 'the *Siege of Rhodes*,' but it is not so well done as when Roxalana was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord Oxford."

Besides, both *Mustapha* and the *Rival Queens* were not acted until some time after the abduction had taken place. Mrs Betterton was the Roxolana in the former, when produced in April 1665. Mrs Davenport is included, by Downes, among those ladies who were "by force of love erept the stage," the others being Mrs Davies and Mrs Jenning.

Lord Braybrook, the editor of Pepys' Diary, offers no opinion as to the name of the actress, but simply confines himself to a reference to the passage of Grammont. It seems pretty evident, however, that Mrs Davenport was the lady who was so sadly used.

"Hamlet" and "Love and Honour" were revived by D'avenant soon after he opened his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but the precise date has not been recorded by Downes. Mrs Davenport acted the Queen in the former, and Evandra in the latter, on which occasion it was that the King, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Oxford, presented their coronation suits to Betterton, Harris, and Price, to give greater effect to Sir William D'avenant's production. "The play," says Downes, "had a great run," and as the Earl of Oxford, in all likelihood, was frequently present, and so took the opportunity to gain the affections of Mrs Davenport, who appears to have quitted the stage within two months after the opening of the theatre. Besides the characters just named, she played Lady Ample in the Wits, a character which she had previously acted at Salisbury Court. Evelyn in his Diary has this entry:—"9th Jan. 1661-62.—I saw acted 'the third part of the Siege of Rhodes.' In this acted the fair and famous comedian called Roxalana, from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *miss* (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music." Evelyn means of course the second part of the Siege of Rhodes. There never was a third part.

Assuming that Mrs Davenport was the Roxolana, of which there scarcely can be any reasonable doubt, she would seem to have been a superior and very attractive actress. Thus Pepys, 18th Feb. 1661-62, remarks, that having gone to the opera to see D'avenant's "Law against Lovers," the play was "well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the loss of Roxalana would spoil the house."

Whether Mrs Davenport, after the great affliction which had befallen her, ever again appeared on the stage has been questioned.

In January 1663 a Mrs Davenport was among the

company at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Her name appears as Camilla in Tuke's *Adventures* of five hours.

Again, on 2d March 1667, we have at the King's theatre a Mrs E. Davenport in the character of Sabina, and Mrs F. Davenport in the character of Flavia, in Dryden's *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*. In October in the same year was produced at the same theatre the Earl of Orrery's "Black Prince." These ladies figure among the *Dramatis Personæ* as: Valeria, *disguised*, F. Dampport; Lady, Betty Dampport.

There is no evidence, however, to show that either or any of those ladies was the original Mrs Davenport, who acted in D'avenant's company at Salisbury Court, and who, as the first of his principal actresses, resided in his house, the others being Mrs Saunderson, Mrs Davies, and Mrs Long. That her Christian name was Elizabeth it has been understood, but it does not seem at all probable that on her resumption of the calling of an actress, she would have consented to appear in such insignificant parts as Sabina or a Lady-attendant, the more so as the Maiden Queen was frequently patronized by the King, who had given it its title, and so called it "his own" play. Neither could Mrs Frances Davenport, the representative of Flavia, and Valeria (disguised as her own brother)—also, perhaps, of Camilla—have been the original Mrs Davenport, inasmuch as these characters are simply in the line technically called "Walking Lady."

To associate Mrs Ann Marshall's name with the case of the Earl of Oxford is an argument untenable. Mrs Marshall was principal actress for many years in the King's company, where she certainly played Roxana in the *Rival Queens*. But that was in 1677. She was never a member of Sir William D'avenant's company.

Downes says, "the following came not into the company till after they had begun in the new theatre in 1663." Among these were Mrs Ann and Mrs Rebecca Marshall. That was Killigrew's company, and in all likelihood this was the first appearance of the Marshalls.

"Mrs Ann Marshall was the elder sister, and the great actress. Previously to the publication of Pepys' *Diary* little was known of Mrs Rebecca Marshall."—*Genest's English Stage*.

The latter engaged in Court intrigues, as Pepys thus records: "7th April 1668. Mrs Knipp tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is mightly in love with Hart, of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Bech Meadale only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs Davis."

Sir Peter Leycester states in his History of Cheshire that "the two famous woman-actors in London" were daughters of — Marshall, chaplain to Lord Gerard of Bromley, by Elizabeth, a natural daughter of John Dutton of Dutton. Sir Peter had married a daughter of Lord Gerard.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, to whom the second and later editions of this piece have been dedicated, was, "for his comprehensive knowledge of mankind, styled the chancellor of human nature. His character at this distance of time may, and ought to be impartially considered. His designing or blinded contemporaries heaped the most unjust abuse upon him. The subsequent age, when the partisans of prerogative were at least the loudest, if not the most numerous, snit with a work that deified their martyr, have been unbounded in their encomium."—*Catalogue of Noble Authors*, vol. ii., p. 18. Lord Orford, who professes to steer a middle course, and separate his great virtues as a man from his faults as a historian, acknowledges that he possessed almost every virtue of a minister which could make his character venerable. He died in exile in the year 1674. See also *Introduction to Albovine in our 1st volume*.

The music of the Siege of Rhodes has been lost to us, but that of Clotilda, Camilla, and Etearco, are still extant, and copies are in the library of one of the editors of the present series.

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## THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(AS DETAILED IN THE FOLIO EDITION.)

SOLYMAN,	The Magnificent.
PIRRHUS,	Visier Bassa.
MUSTAPHA,	Bassa.
RUSTAN,	Bassa.
HALY,	Eunuch Bassa.
VILLERIUS,	Grand Master of Rhodes.
ALPHONSO,	A Sicilian Duke.
ADMIRAL	Of Rhodes.
HIGH MARSHAL,	Wife to Solyman.
ROXOLANA,	Wife to Alphonso.
IANTHE,	Wife to Alphonso.
WOMEN,	Attendants to Roxolana.
WOMEN,	Attendants to Ianthé.
FOUR PAGES,	Attendants to Roxolana.

*The Scene :* RHODES.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF CLARENDON,  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, &c.

MY LORD,—Though poems have lost much of their ancient value, yet I will presume to make this a present to your lordship ; and the rather, because poems (if they have anything precious in them) do, like jewels, attract a greater esteem when they come into the possession of great persons, than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuse which men have had for dedication of books, has been to protect them from the malice of readers : but a defence of this nature was fitter for your forces, when you were early known to learned men (and had no other occasion for your abilities but to vindicate authors) than at this season, when you are of extraordinary use to the whole nation.

Yet when I consider how many, and how violent they are who persecute dramatic poetry, I will then rather call this a Dedication than a Present ; as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to receive a great benefit ; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the justice which you convey, through all the different members of this great empire, that my Rhodians seem to enjoy a better harbour in the pacific Thames, than they had on the Mediterranean ; and I have brought Solymán to be arraign'd at your tribunal, where you are the censor of his civility and magnificence.

Dramatic poetry meets with the same persecution now, from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil, as it ever did from the barbarous. And yet whilst those virtuous enemies deny Heroic Plays to the gentry, they entertain the people with a seditious Farce of their own counterfeit gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this poetical dress)

neither the besieg'd nor the besiegers, since they come without their vices: for as others have purg'd the stage from corruptions of the art of the drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners; nor have I wanted care to render the ideas of greatness and virtue pleasing and familiar.

In old Rome the magistrates did not only protect but exhibit plays; and not long since, the two wise Cardinals\* did kindly entertain the great images, represented in tragedy by Monsieur Corneille. My Lord, it proceeds from the same mind, not to be pleas'd with Princes on the stage, and not to affect them in the throne; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the mirror, who are unwilling to see the images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that desolation which was permitted by Christian princes, when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of religions (begot by the factions of learning) in Germany; whilst those who would never admit learning into their empire (lest it should meddle with their religion, and entangle it with controversy) did make Rhodes defenceless; which was the only fortify'd academy in Christendom, where divinity and arms were equally profess'd. I have likewise, for variety, softened the martial encounters between Solyman and the Rhodians, with intermingling the conjugal virtues of Alphonso and Ianthe.

If I should proceed, and tell your Lordship of what use theatres have anciently been, and may be now, by heightening the characters of valour, temperance, natural justice, and complacency to Government, I should fall into the ill manners and indiscretion of ordinary Dedicators, who go about to instruct those from whose abilities they expect protection. The apprehension of this error makes me hasten to crave pardon for what has been already said by, My LORD, Your Lordship's most humble and most obedient Servant,

*Will. D'avenant.*

\* Richelieu and Mazarine.

## THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

*The ornament which encompass'd the scene, consisted of several columns of gross rustic work ; which bore up a large freese. In the middle of the freese was a compartiment, wherein was written RHODES. The compartiment was supported by divers habiliments of war ; intermix'd with the military ensigns of those several nations who were famous for defence of that island ; which were the French, Germans, and Spaniards, the Italians, Avergnois, and English. The renown of the English valour made the Grand Master Villerius to select their station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the freese was a crimson drapery, whereon several trophies of arms were fixt, those on the right hand representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the western nations ; together with the proper cognizance of the order of the Rhodian knights ; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the eastern countries ; and on an antique shield the crescent of the Ottomans.*

### The Scene before the First Entry.

*The curtain being drawn up, a lightsome sky appear'd, discovering a maritime coast, full of craggy rocks and high cliffs, with several verdures naturally growing upon such situations ; and, afar off, the true prospect of the City of RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate ; with so much view of the gardens and hills about it, as the narrowness of the room could allow the scene. In that part of the horizon, terminated by the sea, was represented the Turkish Fleet, making towards a promontory, some few miles distant from the town.*

*The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Music.*

## The First ENTRY.

*Enter ADMIRAL.*

ADMIR. Arm, arm, Villerius, arm !  
Thou hast no leisure to grow old ;  
Those now must feel thy courage warm,  
Who think thy blood is cold.

*Enter VILLERIUS.*

VILL. Our admiral from sea !  
What storm transporteth thee ?  
Or bringst thou storms that can do more  
Than drive an admiral on shore ?

ADM. Arm, arm ! the Bassa's fleet appears ;  
To Rhodes his course from Chios steers ;  
Her shady wings to distant sight  
Spread like the curtains of the night.  
Each squadron thicker and still darker grows ;  
The fleet like many floating forests shows.

VILL. Arm, arm ! Let our drums beat  
To all our out-guards, a retreat ;  
And to our main-guards add  
Files double lin'd from the parade.  
Send horse to drive the fields ;  
Prevent what rip'ning summer yields.  
To all the foe would save  
Set fire, or give a secret grave.

ADM. I'll to our gallies haste,  
Untackle ev'ry mast ;  
Hale 'em within the pier,  
To range and chain 'em there,  
And then behind St Nic'las cliffs  
Shelter our brigants, land our skiffs.

VILL. Our field and bulwark-cannon mount  
with hast !  
Fix to their blocks their brazen bodies fast !

Whilst to their foes their iron entrails fly :  
Display our colours, raise our standard high !

[*Exit Adm.*]

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

ALPH. What various noises do mine ears invade.  
And have a concert of confusion made ? \*  
The shriller trumpet, and tempestuous drum :  
The deafning clamour from the cannon's womb,  
Which through the air like sudden thunder breaks.  
Seems calm to soldier's shouts, and women's shrieks.  
What danger, Rev'rend Lord, does this portend ?

VILL. Danger begins what must in honour end.

ALPH. What Vizards does it wear ?

VILL. Such, gentle Prince,  
As cannot fright, but yet must warn you hence.  
What can to Rhodes more fatally appear  
Than the bright Crescents which those Ensigns  
wear ?

Wise emblems that encreasing Empire show ;  
Which must be still in nonage and still grow.  
All these are yet but the fore-running van  
Of the prodigious gross† of Solynan.

ALPH. Pale shew those crescents to our bloody  
cross ;

Sink not the western kingdoms in our loss ?  
Will not the Austrian eagle moult her wings ;  
That long hath hover'd o'er the Gallic kings ?  
Whose lillies too will wither when we fade,  
And th' English lion shrink into a shade.

VILL. Thou seest not, whilst so young and  
guiltless too,  
That Kings mean seldom what their statesmen do :

\* " KING ASH. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears !

KING'S PHYS. Sure 'tis the music of the moving spheres "

*Buckingham's Rehearsal, Act 5. Scene 1.*

† The main body.

Who measure not the compass of a crown  
 To fit the head that wears it, but their own ;  
 Still hind'ring peace, because they stewards are,  
 Without account, to that wild spender, war.

*Enter HIGH MARSHAL OF RHODES.\**

MAR. Still Christian wars they will pursue, and  
 boast

Unjust successes gain'd whilst Rhodes is lost :  
 Whilst we build monuments of death, to shame  
 Those who forsook us in the chase of fame.

ALPH. We will endure the colds of Court  
 delays ;  
 Honour grows warm in airy vests of praise.  
 On rocky Rhodes we will like rocks abide.

VILL. Away, away, and hasten to thy bride !  
 'Tis scarce a month since from thy nuptial rites  
 Thou cam'st to honour here our Rhodian knights :  
 To dignify our sacred annual feast :  
 We love to lodge, not t'entomb a guest.  
 Honour must yield, where reason should prevail.  
 Aboard, aboard ! and hoise up ev'ry sail  
 That gathers any wind for Sicily !

MAR. Men lose their virtue's pattern, losing  
 thee.  
 Thy bride doth yield her sex no less a light,  
 But, thy life gone, will set in endless night.  
 Ye must like stars shine long ere ye expire.†

ALPH. Honour is colder virtue set on fire :  
 My honour lost, her love would soon decay :  
 Here for my tomb or triumph I will stay.  
 My sword against proud Solyman I draw,  
 His cursed prophet, and his sensual law.

\* In the first edition, there being no entrance of the High Marshal, Villerius speaks the four following lines set down for that dignitary.

† These four lines are also spoken by Villerius.

## CHORUS.

Our swords against proud Solyman we draw,  
His cursed prophet, and his sensual law. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter IANTHE, MELOSILE, MADINA (her two women)  
bearing two open Caskets with Jewels.\**

IANTH. To Rhodes this fatal fleet her course does  
bear.

Can I have love, and not discover fear?  
When he, in whom my plighted heart doth live  
(Whom Hymen gave me in reward  
Of vows, which he with favour heard

And is the greatest gift he e'er can give)  
Shall in a cruel Siege imprison'd be,  
And I, whom love has bound, have liberty?  
Away! Let's leave our flourishing abodes  
In Sicily, and fly to with'ring Rhodes.

MELO. Will you convert to instruments of war,  
To things which to our sex so dreadful are,  
Which terror add to death's detested face,  
These ornaments which should your beauty grace?

MAD. Beauty laments! and this exchange  
abhors;

Shall all these gems in arms be spent  
Which were by bounteous Princes sent  
To pay the valour of your ancestors?

IANTH. If by their sale my lord may be  
redeem'd,  
Why should they more than trifles be esteem'd,  
Vainly secur'd with iron bars and locks?  
They are the spawn of shells, and warts of rocks.

MAD. All, Madam, all? Will you from all depart?

IANTH. Love a consumption learns from chymists'  
art.

\* This dialogue, down to "else lost with thee," does not occur in the first edition, the Chorus by Soldiers immediately following the exit of Alphonso and Villerius.

Sapphires and harder di'monds must be sold  
 And turn'd to softer and more current gold.  
 With gold we cursed powder may prepare,  
 Which must consume in smoke and thinner air.

MELO. Thou idol-love, I'll worship thee no more,  
 Since thou dost make us sorrowful and poor.

IANTH. Go, seek out cradles, and with child-  
 hood dwell !

Where you may still be free  
 From love's self-flattery,  
 And never hear mistaken lovers tell  
 Of blessings, and of joys in such extremes  
 As never are possess'd but in our dreams.  
 They woo apace, and hasten to be sped ;  
 And praise the quiet of the marriage-bed :  
 But mention not the storms of grief and care

When love does them surprize  
 With sudden jealousies,

Or they are sever'd by ambitious war.

MAD. Love may perhaps the foolish please :  
 But he shall quickly leave my heart  
 When he persuades me to depart  
 From such a horde of precious things as these.

IANTH. Send out to watch the wind ! with the  
 first gale  
 I'll leave thee Sicily, and, hoysing sail,  
 Steer strait to Rhodes. For love and I must be  
 Preserved, Alphonso, or else lost with thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### CHORUS.

*By Soldiers of several Nations.*

1. Come, ye termagant Turks,  
 If your Bassa dares land ye,  
 Whilst the wine bravely works  
 Which was brought us from Candy.



2. Wealth, the least of our care is,  
For the poor ne'er are undone ;  
Avous, Monsieur of Paris,  
To the back-swords of London.
3. Diego, thou, in a trice,  
Shalt advance thy lean belly ;  
For their hens and their rice  
Make Pillau like a jelly.
4. Let 'em land fine and free ;  
For my cap though an old one,  
Such a turbant shall be,  
Thou wilt think it a gold one.
5. It is seven to one odds  
They had safer sail'd by us :  
Whilst our wine lasts in Rhodes  
They shall water at Chios.

*End of the first entry.*

*The SCENE is changed, and the CITY RHODES appears  
beleagu'r'd at sea and land.*

*The ENTRY is again prepar'd by instrumental music.*

The Second ENTRY.

*Enter VILLERIUS and ADMIRAL.*

ADM. The blood of Rhodes grows cold : life  
must expire !

VILL. The Duke still warms it with his  
valour's fire !

ADM. If he has much in honour's presence  
done,

Has sav'd our ensigns, or has others won,  
Then he but well by your example wrought ;  
Who well in honour's school his childhood taught.

VILL. The foe three moons tempestuously has  
spent

Where we will never yield nor he relent ;  
 Still we but raise what must be beaten down,  
 Defending walls, yet cannot keep the town ;  
 Vent'ring last stakes where we can nothing win ;  
 And, shutting slaughter out, keep famine in.

ADM. How oft and vainly Rhodes for succour  
 waits  
 From triple diadems, and scarlet hats ?  
 Rome keeps her gold, cheaply her warriors pays,  
 At first with blessings, and at last with praise.

VILL. By armies, stow'd in fleets, exhausted  
 Spain  
 Leaves half her land unplough'd, to plough the  
 main ;  
 And still would more of the old world subdue,  
 As if unsatisfied with all the new.

ADM. France strives to have her lillies grow  
 as fair  
 In other realms as where they native are.

VILL. The English lion ever loves to change  
 His walks, and in remoter forests range.

#### CHORUS.

All gaining vainly from each others' loss ;  
 Whilst still the crescent drives away the cross.

#### *Enter ALPHONSO.*

ALPH. 1. How bravely fought the fiery French,  
 Their bulwark being stormed !  
 The colder Almans kept their trench,  
 By more than valour warm'd.

2. The grave Italians paus'd and fought,  
 The solemn Spaniards too ;  
 Study'ng more deaths than could be  
 wrought  
 By what the rash could do.

3. Th' Avergnian colours high were rais'd,  
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.  
Our foes, like friends to valour, prais'd  
The mischiefs they receiv'd.
4. The cheerful English got renown ;  
Fought merrily and fast :  
'Tis time, they cry'd, to mow them down,  
War's harvest cannot last.
5. If death be rest, here let us die,  
Where weariness is all  
We daily get by victory,  
Who must by famine fall.
6. Great Solyman is landed now ;  
All fate he seems to be ;  
And brings those tempests in his brow  
Which he deserv'd at sea.

VILL. He can at most but once prevail,  
Though arm'd with nations that were  
brought by more  
Gross gallies then would serve to hale  
This island to the Lycian shore.

ADM. Let us apace do worthily, and give  
Our story length, though long we cannot live.

CHORUS.

So greatly do, that being dead,  
Brave wonders may be wrought  
By such as shall our story read,  
And study how we fought. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* SOLYMAN, PIRRHUS.

SOLY. What sudden halt hath stay'd thy swift  
renown,

O'er-running kingdoms, stopping at a town ?  
He that will win the prize in honour's race,  
Must nearer to the goal still mend his pace.

If age thou feel'st the active camp forbear ;  
In sleepy cities rest, the caves of fear.  
Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,  
Thy courage cools because thy blood is cold,

PIR. How can ambitious manhood be exprest  
More than by marks of our disdain of rest ?  
What less than toils incessant can, despite  
Of cannon, raise these mounts to castle-height ?  
Or less than utmost or unwearied strength  
Can draw these lines of batt'ry to that length ?

SOLY. The toils of ants, and mole-hills rais'd in  
scorn

Of labour, to be levell'd with a spurn.  
These are the Pyramids that shew your pains ;  
But of your armies' valour, where remains  
One trophy to excuse a Bassa's boast ?

PIR. Valour may reckon what she bravely lost ;  
Not from successes all her count does raise :  
By life well lost we gain a share of praise.  
If we in danger's glass all valour see,  
And death the farthest step of danger be,  
Behold our mount of bodies made a grave ;  
And prise our loss by what we scorn'd to save.

SOLY. Away ! range all the camp for an assault ;  
Tell them they tread in graves who make a halt.  
Fat slaves, who have been lull'd to a disease,  
Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their  
ease !

Whose active fathers leapt o'er walls too high  
For them to climb : Hence from my anger fly !  
Which is too worthy for thee, being mine,  
And must be quench'd by Rhodian blood or thine.

[*Exit Pirrhus, bowing.*]

In honour's orb the Christians shine ;  
Their light in war does still increase ;  
Though oft misled by mists of wine,  
Or blinder love, the crime of peace.

Bold in adult'ries frequent change ;  
 And ev'ry loud expensive vice ;  
 Ebbing out wealth by ways as strange  
 As it flow'd in by avarice.  
 Thus vilely they dare live, and yet dare die.  
 If courage be a virtue, 'tis allow'd  
 But to those few on whom our crowns rely,  
 And is condemn'd as madness in the crowd.

*Enter MUSTAPHIA, IANTHE veil'd.*

MUSTA. Great Sultan, hail ! though here at land  
 Lost fools in opposition stand ;  
 Yet thou at sea dost all command.

SOLY. What is it thou wouldst shew, and yet  
 dost shroud ?

MUSTA. I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud ;\*  
 A wealth more worth than all the sea does hide,  
 Or courts display in their triumphant pride.

SOLY. Thou seem'st to bring the daughter of the  
 night ;  
 And giv'st her many stars to make her bright.  
 Dispatch my wonder and relate her story.

MUSTA. 'Tis full of fate, and yet has much of glory.  
 A squadron of our gallies that did ply  
 West from this coast met two of Sicily,  
 Both fraught to furnish Rhodes, we gave 'em chase,  
 And had, but for our number, met disgrace.  
 For, grappling, they maintain'd a bloody fight,  
 Which did begin with day and end with night.  
 And though this bashful lady then did wear  
 Her face still veil'd, her valour did appear :  
 She urg'd their courage when they boldly fought,  
 And many shun'd the dangers, which she sought.

"VOLCIUS. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud ?  
 Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

BAYES. The morning pictur'd in a cloud ! A gadzookers, what  
 a conceit is there."

*Buckingham's Rehearsal, Act 3, Scene 5.*

SOLY. Where are the limits thou would'st set for  
praise ?

Or to what height wilt thou thy wonder raise ?

MUSTA. This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,  
Sweeter than buds unfolded in a shower,  
Bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long  
The theme has been of each heroic song ;  
And she for his relief those gallies fraught ;  
Both stow'd with what her dow'r and jewels  
bought.

SOLY. O wond'rous virtue of a Christian wife !  
Advent'ring life's support, and then her life  
To save her ruin'd Lord. Bid her unveil !

*[Ianthe steps back.]*

IANTH. It were more honour, Sultan, to assail  
A public strength against thy forces bent,  
Then to unwall this private tenement,  
To which no monarch, but my lord, has right ;  
Nor will it yield to treaty or to might :  
Where heaven's great law defends him from surprise :  
This curtain only opens to his eyes.

SOLY. If beauty veil'd so virtuous be,  
'Tis more than Christian husbands know ;  
Whose ladies wear their faces free,  
Which they to more than husbands show.

IANTH. Your Bassa swore, and by his dreadful  
law,  
None but my lord's dear hand this veil should  
draw ;  
And that to Rhodes I should conducted be,  
To take my share of all his destiny  
Else I had quickly found  
Sure means to get some wound,  
Which would, in death's cold arms,  
My honour instant safety give  
From all those rude alarms,  
Which keep it waking whilst I live.

SOLY. Hast thou engag'd our prophet's plight,  
To keep her beauty from my sight,  
And to conduct her person free,  
To harbour with mine enemy ?

MUSTA. Virtue constrain'd the privilege I gave :  
Shall I for sacred virtue pardon crave ?

SOLY. I envy not the conquests of thy sword :  
Thrive still in wicked war ;  
But, slave, how did'st thou dare  
In virtuous love thus to transcend thy lord ?  
Thou did'st thy utmost virtue show :

Yet somewhat more does rest,  
Not yet by thee exprest ;  
Which virtue left for me to do.  
Thou great example of a Christian wife,  
Enjoy thy lord, and give him happy life.

Thy gallies with their freight,  
For which the hungry wait,  
Shall strait to Rhodes conducted be ;  
And as thy passage to him shall be free,  
So both may safe return to Sicily.

IANTH. May Solyman be ever far  
From impious honours of the war ;  
Since worthy to receive renown  
From things repair'd not overthrown,  
And when in peace his virtue thrives,  
Let all the race of loyal wives  
Sing this his bounty to his glory,  
And teach their princes by his story.  
Of which, if any victors be,  
Let them, because he conquer'd me,  
Strip cheerfully each others' brow,  
And at his feet their laurel throw.

SOLY. Strait to the port her gallies steer !  
Then hale the sentry at the pier.  
And though our flags ne'er used to bow,  
They shall do virtue homage now.

Give fire still as she passes by,  
And let our streamers lower fly !

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

1. Let us live, live ! for being dead,

The pretty spots,

Ribbands and knots,

And the fine French dress for the head,

No lady wears upon her

In the cold, cold, bed of honour.

Beat down our grottos, and hew down our bowers,

Dig up our arbours, and root up our flowers !

Our gardens are bulwarks and bastions become :

Then hang up our lutes, we must sing to the drum.

3. Our patches and our curls,

So exact in each station,

Our powders and our purls\*

Are now out of fashion.

Hence with our needles, and give us your spades ;

We, that were ladies, grow coarse as our maids.

Our coaches have drove us to balls at the Court,

We now must drive barrows to earth up the port.

*The End of the Second Entry.*

*The further part of the Scene is open'd and a Royal pavilion appears display'd, representing Solymán's Imperial throne ; and about it are discern'd the quarters of his Bassas and inferior officers.*

*The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Music.*

The Third ENTRY.

*Enter SOLYMAN, PIRRHUS, MUSTAPHIA.*

SOLY. Pirrhus, draw up our army wide !

Then from the gross two strong reserves  
divide :

\* Embroidered and puckered borders of lace.



And spread the wings  
 As if we were to fight,  
 In the lost Rhodians' sight,  
 With all the western Kings !  
 Each wing with Janizaries line ;  
 The right and left to Haly's sons assign ;  
 The gross to Zangiban.  
 The main artillery  
 With Mustapha shall be :  
 Bring thou the rear, we lead the van !  
 PIR. It shall be done as early as the dawn,  
 As if the figure by thy hand were drawn.  
 MUSTA. We wish that we, to ease thee, could  
 prevent  
 All thy commands, by guessing thy intent.  
 SOLY. These Rhodians, who of honour boast,  
 A loss excuse, when bravely lost :  
 Now they may bravely lose their Rhodes,  
 Which never play'd against such odds.  
 To-morrow let them see our strength and weep  
 Whilst they their want of losing blame ;  
 Their valiant folly strives too long to keep  
 What might be render'd without shame.  
 PIR. 'Tis well our valiant prophet did  
 In us not only loss forbid,  
 But has conjoin'd us still to get.  
 Empire must move apace,  
 When she begins the race,  
 And apter is for wings than feet.  
 MUSTA. They vainly interrupt our speed,  
 And civil reason lack,  
 To know they should go back  
 When we determine to proceed.  
 PIR. When to all Rhodes our army does appear  
 Shall we then make a sudden halt,  
 And give a general assault ?

SOLY. Pirrhus not yet, Ianthe being there :

Let them our valour by our mercy prize.

The respite of this day

To virtuous love shall pay

A debt long due for all my victories.

MUSTA. If virtuous beauty can attain such grace

Whilst she a captive was, and hid,

What wisdom can his love forbid

When virtue's free, and beauty shews her  
face ?

SOLY. Dispatch a trumpet to the town ;

Summon Ianthe to be gone

Safe with her lord ! When both are free

And in their course to Sicily,

Then Rhodes shall for that valour  
mourn

Which stops the haste of our return.

PIR. Those that in Grecian quarries wrought,

And Pioneers from Lycia brought,

Who like a nation in a throng appear,

So great their number is, are landed here :

Where shall they work ?

SOLY. Upon Philermus' hill.

There, ere this moon her circle fills with days,

They shall, by punish'd sloth and cherish'd skill,

A spacious palace in a castle raise :

A neighbourhood within the Rhodians' view ;

Where, if my anger cannot them subdue,

My patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long

Attend to see weak Princes make them strong :

There I'll grow old, and die too, if they have

The secret art to fast me to my grave.

[*Exeunt.*

*The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town besieg'd.*

*Enter VILLERIUS, ADMIRAL, ALPHONSO, IANTHE.*

VILL. When we, Ianthé, would this act commend,  
We know no more how to begin  
Than we should do, if we were in,  
How suddenly to make an end.

ADM. What love was yours which these strong  
bars of fate  
Were all to weak to separate ?  
Which seas and storms could not divide,  
Nor all the dreadful Turkish pride ?  
Which pass'd secure, though not unseen,  
Even double guards of death that lay between.

VILL. What more could honour for fair virtue do ?  
What could Alphonso venture more for you ?

ADM. With wonder and with shame we must  
confess  
All we ourselves can do for Rhodes, is less.

VILL. Nor did your love and courage act alone.  
Your bounty too has no less wonders done.  
And for our guard you have brought wisely down  
A troop of virtues to defend the town :  
The only troop that can a town defend,  
Which heav'n before for ruin did intend.

ADM. Look here, ye western monarchs, look with  
shame,

Who fear not a remote, though common foe !  
The cabinet of one illustrious dame

Does more than your exchequers join'd  
did do.

ALPH. Indeed I think, Ianthé, few  
So young and flourishing as you,  
Whose beauties might so well adorn  
The jewels which by them are worn,  
Did ever muskets for them take,  
Nor of their pearls did bullets make.

IANTH. When you, my Lord, are shut up  
here,

Expence of treasure must appear  
So far from bounty, that, alas !  
It covetous advantage was :  
For with small cost I sought to save  
Even all the treasure that I have.

Who would not all her trifling jewels give,  
Which but from number can their worth derive,  
If she could purchase or redeem with them  
One great inestimable gem ?

ADM. O ripe perfection in a breast so young !

VILL. Virtue has tun'd her heart and wit  
her tongue.

ADM. Though Rhodes no pleasure can allow,  
I dare secure the safety of it now ;  
All will so labour to save you,  
As that will save the city too.

IANTH. Alas ! the utmost I have done  
More than a just reward has won,  
If by my lord and you it be but thought,  
I had the care to serve him as I ought.

VILL. Brave duke, farewell ! the scouts for  
orders wait,

And the parade does fill,

ALPH. Great Master, I'll attend your pleasure  
strait,

And strive to serve your will.

[*Exeunt Vill., Adm.*]

Ianthe, after all this praise  
Which fame so fully to you pays,  
For that which all the world beside  
Admires you, I alone must chide.  
Are you that kind and virtuous wife,  
Who thus expose your husband's life ?  
The hazards, both at land and sea,  
Through which so boldly thou hast run,

Did more assault and threaten me,  
Than all the Sultan could have done.  
Thy dangers, could I them have seen,  
Would not to me have dangers been,  
But certain death. Now thou art here  
A danger worse than death I fear.  
Thou hast, Ianthe, honour won,  
But mine, alas, will be undone :  
For as thou valiant wer't for me,  
I shall a coward grow for thee.

IANTH. Take heed, Alphonso, for this care of me,  
Will to my fame injurious be ;  
Your love will brighter by it shine,  
But it eclipses mine.

Since I would here before, or with you fall,  
Death needs but beckon when he means to call.

ALPH. Ianthe, even in this you shall command  
And this my strongest passion guide ;  
Your virtue will not be denied :  
It could even Solyman himself withstand ;  
To whom it did so beauteous show :

It seem'd to civilize a barb'rous foe.  
Of this your strange escape, Ianthe say,  
Briefly the motive and the way.

IANTH. Did I not tell thee how we fought  
How I was taken and how brought  
Before great Solyman ? but there  
I think we interrupted were.

ALPH. Yes, but we will not be so here,  
Should Solyman himself appear.

IANTH. It seems that what the Bassa of me said,  
Had some respect and admiration bred  
In Solyman ; and this to me encreast  
The jealousies which honour did suggest.  
All that of Turks and Tyrants I had heard :  
But that I fear'd not death, I should have fear'd.  
I, to excuse my voyage, urg'd my love

To your high worth ; which did such pity move,  
That straight his usage did reclaim my fear.  
He seem'd in civil France ; and monarch there :  
For soon my person, gallies, freight, were free  
By his command.

ALPH. O wondrous enemy !

IANTH. These are the smallest gifts his bounty  
knew.

ALPH. What could he give you more ?

IANTH. He gave me you ;  
And you may homeward now securely go  
Through all his Fleet.

ALPH. But honour says not so.\*

IANTH. If that forbid it, you shall never see  
That I and that will disagree.

Honour will speak the same to me.

ALPH. This generous Turk amazes me, my dear !  
How long, Ianthe, stay'd you there ?

IANTH. Two days with Mustapha.

ALPH. How do you say ?

Two days, and two whole nights ? alas !

IANTH. That it, my Lord, no longer was,  
Is such a mercy, as too long I stay,  
Ere at the altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.

ALPH. To Heav'n, confession should prepare the  
way.

[*Exit Ianthe.*]

She is all harmony, and fair as light,  
But brings me discord, and the clouds of night.  
And Solyman does think Heaven's joys to be  
In women not so fair as she.  
'Tis strange ! Dismiss so fair an enemy !  
She was his own by right of war,  
We are his dogs, and such as she, his angels are.

\* VOLS. " Shall I to honour or to love give way ?

Go on, cries honour ; tender love says nay."

*Buckingham's Rehearsal, Act 3, Scene 5.*

O wondrous Turkish chastity !  
 Her gallies, freight, and those to send  
     Into a town which he would take !  
 Are we besieg'd then by a friend ?  
     Could honour such a present make,  
     Then when his honour is at stake ?  
 Against itself, does honour booty play ?  
     We have the liberty to go away !  
 Strange above miracle ! But who can say  
     If in his hands we once should be  
 What would become of her ? For what of me,  
     Though love is blind, ev'n love may see.  
     Come back my thoughts, you must not  
     rove !  
     For sure Ianthe does Alphonso love !  
 Oh Solyman, this mystic act of thine,  
     Does all my quiet undermine :  
     But on thy troops, if not on thee,  
 This sword my cure, and my revenge shall be.

[Exit.

*The Scene Changes to Solyman's Camp.*

*Enter ROXOLANA, PIRRHUS, RUSTAN.\**

RUST. You come from sea as Venus came before ;  
 And seem that goddess, but mistake her shore.

PIR. Her temple did in fruitful Cyprus stand ;  
 The Sultan wonders why in Rhodes you land.

RUST. And by your sudden voyage he doth fear  
 The tempest of your passion drove you here.

ROX. Rustan, I bring more wonder than I find ;  
 And it is more than humour bred that wind

Which with a forward gale  
 Did make me hither sail.

RUST. He does your forward jealousy reprove.

\* There is no change of scene in the first edition, nor is this entrance, and dialogue ending "himself dares say," but the previous scene terminates the Third Entry with the "Chorus of Men and Women."

ROX. Yet jealousy does spring from too much  
love ;

If mine be guilty of excess,

I dare pronounce it shall grow less.

PIR. You boldly threaten more than we dare hear.

ROX. That which you call your duty is your fear.

RUST. We have some valour or our wounds are  
feign'd.

ROX. What has your valour from the Rhodians  
gain'd ?

Unless, Ianthé, as a prize, you boast ;

Who now has got that heart which I have lost.

Brave conquest, where the taker's self is taken !

And, as a present, I

Bring vainly, ere I die,

That heart to him which he has now forsaken.

RUST. Whispers of Eunuchs, and by Pages  
brought

To Lycia, you have up to story wrought.

ROX. Lead to the Sultan's tent. Pirrhús, away !  
For I dare hear what he himself dares say.

*CHORUS of Men and Women.*

MEN. Ye wives all that are, and wives would be,

Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another,

And all you have learnt of an aunt or a  
mother :

Then straight hither come, a new pattern to see,

Which in a good humour kind fortune did send ;

A glass for your minds, as well as your faces :

Make haste then and break your own looking-  
glasses ;

If you see but yourselves, you'll never amend.

WOMEN. You that will\* teach us what your  
wives ought to do,

Take heed ! there's a pattern in town too for you.

\* "Would," 1st Ed.



Be you but Alphonsos, and we  
Perhaps Ianthes will be.

MEN. Be you but Ianthes, and we  
Alphonsos a while will be.

BOTH. Let both sides begin then, rather than  
neither;  
Let's both join our hands, and both mend together.

*End of the Third Entry.*

*The Scene is varied to the prospect of Mount Philermus:  
Artificers appearing at work about that castle  
which was there, with wonderful expedition,  
erected by Solymán. His great army is discovered  
in the plain below, drawn up in battalia, as if it  
were prepar'd for a general assault.*

*The Entry is again prepared by instrumental music.*

#### THE FOURTH ENTRY.

*Enter SOLYMAN, PIRRIUS, MUSTAPHA.*

SOLY. Refuse my pass-port, and resolve to die,  
Only for fashion's sake, for company?  
Oh costly scruples! But I'll try to be,  
Thou stubborn honour, obstinate as thee.  
My pow'r thou shalt not vanquish by thy will,  
I will enforce to live whom thou would'st kill.

PIR. They in to-morrow's storm will change  
their mind,  
Then, though too late instructed, they shall find  
That those who your protection dare reject,  
No human power dares venture to protect.  
They are not foes, but rebels, who withstand  
The pow'r that does their fate command.

SOLY. Oh Mustapha, our strength we measure ill,  
We want the half of what we think we have;

For we enjoy the beast-like pow'r to kill,  
But not the God-like power to save.  
Who laughs at death, laughs at our highest pow'r;  
The valiant man is his own emperour.

MUSTA. Your pow'r to save, you have to them  
made known,

Who scorn'd it with ingrateful pride ;  
Now, how you can destroy, must next be shown ;  
And that the Christian world has tried.

SOLY. 'Tis such a single pair  
As only equal are

Unto themselves ; but many steps above  
All others who attempt to make up love.  
Their lives will noble History afford,  
And must adorn my sceptre, not my sword.  
My strength in vain has with their virtue strove ;  
In vain their hate would overcome my love,  
My favours I'll compell them to receive :  
Go, Mustapha, and strictest orders give  
Through all the camp, that in assault they spare,  
And in the sack of this presumptuous town,  
The lives of these two strangers with a care  
Above the preservation of their own.  
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,  
That he to all but cowards must be known.  
Ianthe is so fair that none can be  
Mistaken among thousands which is she.

*The Scene returns to that of the town besieg'd.*

*Enter ALPHONSO, IANTHE.*

IANTH. Alphonso, now the danger grows so near,  
Give her that loves you leave to fear.  
Nor do I blush this passion to confess,  
Since it for object has no less

Than even your liberty, or life ;  
I fear not as a woman, but a wife.  
We were too proud no use to make  
Of Solymau's obliging proffer ;  
For why should honour scorn to take  
What honour's self does to it offer ?

ALPH. To be o'ercome by his victorious sword,  
Will comfort to our fall afford ;  
Our strength may yield to his ; but 'tis not fit  
Our virtue should to his submit ;  
In that, Ianthé, I must be  
Advanc'd, and greater far than he.

IANTH. Fighting with him who strives to be  
your friend,  
You not with virtue, but with power contend.

ALPH. Forbid it heav'n, our friends should think  
that we  
Did merit friendship from an enemy.

IANTH. He is a foe to Rhodes and not to you.

ALPH. In Rhodes besieg'd we must be Rhodians  
too.

IANTH. 'Twas fortune that engag'd you in this  
war.

ALPH. 'Twas Providence ! heaven's pris'ners here  
we are.

IANTH. That Providence our freedom does  
restore ;  
The hand that shut now opens us the door.

ALPH. Had heav'n that pass-port for our freedom  
sent,  
It would have chose some better instrument  
Than faithless Solymau.

IANTH. O say not so !  
To strike and wound the virtue of your foe  
Is cruelty, which war does not allow :  
Sure he has better words deserv'd from you.

ALPH. From me, Ianthé, no ;

What he deserves from you, you best must know.

IANTHE. What means my Lord ?

ALPH. For I confess, I must

The poison'd bounties of a foe mistrust :

And when upon the bait I look,

Though all seem fair, suspect the hook.

IANTH. He, though a foe, is generous and true ;  
What he hath done declares what he will do.

ALPH. He in two days your high esteem has  
won :

What he would do, I know ; who knows what he  
has done ?

Done ? wicked tongue, what hast thou said ?

[*Aside.*

What horrid falsehood from thee fled ?

Oh jealousy, if jealousy it be

Would I had here an asp instead of thee !

IANTH. Sure you are sick : your words, alas !

Gestures, and looks, distempers shew.

ALPH. Ianthe, you may safely pass ;

The pass, no doubt, was meant to you.

IANTH. He's jealous, sure ; Oh, virtue ! can  
it be ?

Have I for this serv'd virtue faithfully ?

Alphonso——

ALPH. Speak, Ianthe, and be free.

IANTH. Have I deserv'd this change ?

ALPH. Thou do'st deserve

So much, that Emperours are proud to serve

The fair Ianthe ; and not dare

To hurt a land whilst she is there.

Return, renown'd Ianthe, safely home,

And force thy passage with thine eyes ;

To conquer Rhodes will be a prize

Less glorious than by thee to be o'ercome.

But since he longs, it seems, so much to see,

And be possess'd of me,

Tell him, I shall not fly beyond his reach :  
 Would he could dare to meet me in the breach.

[*Exit.*

IANT. Tell him ! tell him ? Oh no, Alphonso, no.

Let never man thy weakness know ;

Thy sudden fall will be a shame

To man's and virtue's name.

Alphonso's false ! for what can falser be  
 Than to suspect that falsehood dwells in me ?

Could Solymán both life and honour give ?

And can Alphonso me of both deprive ?

Of both, Alphonso ; for believe

Ianthe will disdain to live

So long as to let others see

Thy true, and her imputed, infamy.

No more let lovers think they can possess

More than a month of happiness.

We thought our hold of it was strong ;

We thought our lease of it was long :

But now, that all may ever happy prove,

Let never any love.

And yet these troubles of my love to me

Shall shorter than the pleasures be.

I'll till to-morrow last ; then the assault

Shall finish my misfortune and his fault.

I to my enemies shall doubly owe,

For saving me before, for killing now.

[*Exit.*

*Enter VILLERIUS, ADMIRAL.*

ADM. From out the camp, a valiant Christian  
 slave

Escap'd, and to our knights assurance gave

That at the break of day

Their mine will play.

VILL. Oft Martiningus struck and tried the  
 ground,

And counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found :  
     We shall prevent  
     Their dire intent.

Where is the Duke, whose valour strives to keep  
 Rhodes still awake, which else would dully sleep ?

ADM. His courage and his reason is o'erthrown.

VILL. Thou sing'st the sad destruction of our  
     town.

ADM. I met him wild as all the winds,  
     When in the ocean they contest :  
     And diligent suspicion finds  
     He is with jealousy possest.

VILL. That arrow, once misdrawn, must ever  
     rove.

O weakness, sprung from mightiness of love !  
     O pitied crime !

Alphonso will be overthrown  
     Unless we take this ladder down,  
 Where, though the rounds are broke,  
     He does himself provoke  
     Too hastily to climb.

ADM. Invisibly as dreams, fame's wings  
     Fly every where ;  
 Hov'ring all day o'er palaces of kings ;  
     At night she lodges in the people's ear :  
 Already they perceive Alphonso wild,  
     And the beloved Ianthe griev'd.

VILL. Let us no more by honour be beguil'd ;  
     This town can never be relieved ;  
     Alphonso and Ianthe being lost,  
 Rhodes, thou dost cherish life with too much cost !

#### CHORUS.

Away, unchain the streets, unearth the ports.  
     Pull down each barricade  
     Which women's fears have made,  
 And bravely sally out from all the forts !

Drive back the crescents, and advance the cross !  
Or sink all human empires in our loss.

*Enter ROXOLANA, PIRRHUS, RUSTAN, and two  
of her Women.\**

ROX. Not come to see me ere th' assault be  
past ?

PIR. He spoke it not in anger, but in haste.

RUST. If mighty Solyman be angry grown,  
It is not with his Empress, but the town.

ROX. When stubborn Rhodes does him to anger  
move,

'Tis by detaining there what he does love.

PIR. He is resolv'd the city to destroy.

ROX. But more resolv'd lanthe to enjoy.

RUST. T'avoid your danger cease your jealousy.

ROX. Tell them of danger who do fear to die.

PIR. None but your self dares threaten you with  
death.

1. WOM. Do not your beauty blast with your own  
breath.

2. WOM. You lessen't in your own esteem  
When of his love you jealous seem.

1. WOM. And but a faded beauty make it  
When you suspect he can forsake it.

2. WOM. Believe not, Empress, that you are  
decay'd,

For so you'll seem by jealous passion sway'd.

ROX. He follows passion, I pursue my reason :  
He loves the traitor, and I hate the treason.

*Enter HALY.*

HALY. Our foes appear ! Th' assault will strait  
begin.

*[Pirrhus, Rustan, in chorus.*

\* This entrance, subsequent dialogue and Haly's entrance, down to "whom he forsakes," not in first edition," the "Chorus of Wives" following up the previous scene, and so ending the fourth entry.

They sally out where we must enter in.

ROX. Let Solyman forget his way to glory,  
Increase in conquest and grow less in story.

That honour which in vain

His valour shrinks to gain,

When from the Rhodians he Ianthe takes,

Is lost in losing me whom he forsakes.

*[Exeunt several ways.]*

CHORUS of *Wives*.

1.

1. This cursed jealousy, what is't ?
2. 'Tis love that has lost it self in a mist.
3. 'Tis love being frighted out of his wits.
4. 'Tis love that has a fever got ;  
Love that is violently hot ;  
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.  
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil :

CHORUS.

'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the love of God,  
possest with a devil.

2.

1. 'Tis rich corrupted wine of love,  
Which sharpest vinegar does prove.
2. From all the sweet flowers which might honey  
make,  
It does a deadly poison bring.
3. Strange serpent which it self doth sting !
4. It never can sleep, and dreams still awake.
5. It stuffs up the marriage bed with thorns.

CHORUS.

It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd  
horns.

*The end of the Fourth Entry.*



*The Scene is chang'd into a representation of a general assault given to the Town ; the greatest fury of the army being discerned at the English station.*

*The ENTRY is again prepar'd by instrumental music.*

The Fifth ENTRY.

*Enter PIRRIUS.*

PIR. Traverse the cannon ! mount the batt'ries higher !

More gabions, and renew the blinds ;

Like dust they powder spend,

And to our faces send

The heat of all the element of fire ;

And to their backs have all the winds.

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

MUSTA. More ladders and reliefs to scale !

The fire-crooks are too short ! Help, help to hale !

That battlement is loose, and strait will down !

Point well the cannons and play fast !

Their fury is too hot to last.

That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.

PIR. March up with those reserves to that redoubt !

Faint slaves ! the Janizaries reel !

They bend, they bend ! and seem to feel

The terrors of a rout.

MUSTA. Old Zanger halts, and re-inforcement lacks !

PIR. March on !

MUSTA. Advance those pikes, and charge their backs ! \*

\* The witty Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in his Rehearsal, Act 5, Scene 1, satirizes this battle chiefly on account of its having been performed in recitative music "by seven persons only."

*Enter SOLYMAN.*

SOLY. Those platforms are too low to reach !  
Haste, haste ! call Haly to the breach !  
Can my domestic Janizaries fly,  
And not adventure life for victory ?  
Whose childhood with my palace milk I fed :  
Their youth, as if I were their parent bred.  
What is this monster Death, that our poor slaves,  
Still vex with toil, are loth to rest in graves ?

MUSTA. If life so precious be, why do not they,  
Who in war's trade can only live by prey,

    Their own afflicted lives expose  
    To take the happier from their foes ?

PIR. Our troops renew the fight !

    And those that sally'd out

    To give the rout,

    Are now return'd in flight !

SOLY. Follow, follow, follow ! make good the line !  
In, Pirrhus, in ! Look, we have sprung the mine !

*[Exit Pirrhus.]*

MUSTA. Those desp'rate English ne'er will fly !

    Their firmness still does hinder others' flight,

    As if their mistresses were by

    To see and praise them whilst they fight.

SOLY. That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes  
Outshines the light of all my victories !

Those who were slain when they his bulwark  
storm'd,

    Contented fell,

    As vanquish'd well ;

    Those who were left alive may now,  
Because their valour is by his reform'd,

    Hope to make others bow.

MUSTA. Erewhile I in the English station saw  
Beauty that did my wonder forward draw,  
Whose valour did my forces back disperse ;

Fairer than woman, and than man more fierce :  
It shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,  
And yet seem'd willing to be kill'd.

SOLY. This vision did to me appear :  
Which mov'd my pity and my fear :  
It had a dress much like the imag'rie  
For heroes drawn, and may Ianthe be.

*Enter PIRRHUS.*

PIR. Fall on ! the English stoop when they give  
fire !

They seem to furl their colours and retire !

SOLY. Advance ! I only would the honour have  
To conquer two, whom I by force would save.

*Enter ALPHONSO with his sword drawn.*

ALPH. My reason by my courage is misled !

Why chase I those who would from dying fly,  
Enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead,

Yet keep myself unslain that fain would die ?  
Do not the pris'ners whom we take declare

How Solyman proclaim'd through all his host,  
That they Ianthe's life and mine should spare ?

Life ill preserv'd is worse than basely lost.  
Mine by dispatch of war he will not take,

But means to leave it ling'ring on the rack ;

That in his palace I might live, and know  
Her shame, and be afraid to call it so.

Tyrants and devils think all pleasures vain,  
But what are still deriv'd from others' pain.

*Enter ADMIRAL.*

ADM. Renown'd Alphonso, thou hast fought to-  
day,

As if all Asia were thy valour's prey.

But now thou must do more  
Than thou hast done before ;

Else the important life of Rhodes is gone.

ALPH. Why from the peaceful grave  
Should I still strive to save  
The lives of others, that would lose mine own ?

ADM. The soldiers call, Alphonso ! thou hast  
taught  
The way to all the wonders they have wrought  
Who now refuse to fight  
But in thy valour's sight.

ALPH. I would to none example be to fly ;  
But fain would teach all human kind to die.

ADM. Haste, haste ! Ianthe in disguise  
At the English bulwark wounded lies ;  
And in the French, our old great master strives  
From many hands to rescue many lives.

ALPH. Ianthe wounded ? where, alas !  
Has mourning pity hid her face ?  
Let pity fly, fly far from the oppress,  
Since she removes her lodging from my breast.

ADM. You have but two great cruelties to chuse  
By staying here ; you must Ianthe lose,  
Who ventur'd life and fame for you ;  
Or your great master quite forsake,  
Who to your childhood first did shew  
The ways you did to honour take.

ALPH. Ianthe cannot be  
In safer company :  
For what will not the valiant English do  
When beauty is distress'd and virtue too ?

ADM. Dispatch your choice, if you will either  
save,  
Occasion bids you run ;  
You must redeem the one  
And I the other from a common grave.

Alphonso, haste !  
ALPH. Thou urgest me too fast.  
This riddle is too sad and intricate ;

The hardest that was e'er propos'd by fate  
Honour and pity have  
Of both too short a time to chuse ;  
Honour the one would save,  
Pity would not the other lose.

ADM. Away, brave Duke, away !  
Both perish by our stay.

ALPH. I to my noble master owe  
All that my youth did nobly do :  
He in war's school my master was,  
The ruler of my life ;  
She my lov'd mistress but, alas !  
My now suspected wife.

ADM. By this delay we both of them forsake.  
Which of their rescues wilt thou undertake ?

ALPH. Hence, Admiral, and to thy master hie !  
I will as swiftly to my mistress fly,  
Through ambush, fire, and all impediments  
The witty cruelty of war invents :  
For there does yet some taste of kindness last,  
Still relishing the virtue that is past.  
But how, Ianthe, can my sword successful prove,  
Where honour stops, and only pity leads my love ?  
*[Exeunt several ways.]*

*Enter* PIRRHUS.

PIR. O sudden change ! repulst in all the heat  
Of victory, and forc'd to lose retreat !  
Seven crescents, fixt on their redoubts, are gone !

Horse, horse ! we fly  
From victory !

Wheel, wheel from their reserves, and charge our  
own !

Divide that wing !  
More succour bring !  
Rally the fled,  
And quit our dead !

Rescue that ensign and that drum !  
 Bold slaves ! they to our trenches come :  
 Though still our army does in posture stay  
 Drawn up to judge, not act, the business of the  
     day ;  
 As Rome, in theatres, saw fencers play.

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

MUSTA. Who can be loud enough to give  
     command ?  
     Stand, Haly, make a stand !  
 Those horses to that carriage span ! Drive, drive !  
     Zanger is shot again, yet still alive !  
     Coyns for the culv'rin, then give fire  
     To clear the turn-pikes, and let Zanger in !  
     Look, Pirrhus, look, they all begin  
 To alter their bold count'nance, and retire !

*The Scene returns to that of the Castle on  
 Mount Philermus.*

*Enter SOLYMAN.*

SOLY. How cowardly my num'rous slaves fall  
     back !  
 Slow to assault, but dext'rous when they sack !  
     Wild wolves in times of peace they are ;  
     Tame sheep and harmless in the war.  
 Crowds fit to stop up breaches ; and prevail  
 But so as shoals of herrings choke a whale.  
 This dragon-duke so nimbly fought to day,  
 As if he wings had got to stoop at prey,  
 Ianthe is triumphant, but not gone ;  
 And sees Rhodes still beleaguer'd, though not won.  
 Audacious town ! thou keep'st thy station still ;  
 And so my castle tarries on that hill,  
 Where I will dwell till famine enter thee ;  
 And prove more fatal than my sword could be.

Nor shall Ianthe from my favours run,  
But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

*The Scene is changed to that of the Town besieg'd.*

*Enter VILLERIUS, ADMIRAL, IANTHE.*

*She in a night-gown and a chair is brought in.*

VILL. Fair virtue, we have found  
Nor danger in your wound.

Securely live,  
And credit give  
To us and to the surgeon's art.

IANTH. Alas ! my wound is in the heart ;  
Or else, where e'er it be,  
Imprison'd life it comes to free,  
By seconding a worser wound that hid doth lie :

What practice can assure  
That patient of a cure,  
Whose kind of grief still makes her doubt the  
remedy ?

ADM. The wounded that would soon be eas'd  
Should keep their spirits tun'd and pleas'd ;  
No discords\* should their mind subdue :  
And who, in such distress  
As this, ought to express  
More joyful harmony than you ?  
'Tis not alone that we assure  
Your certain cure ;

But pray remember that your blood's expence  
Was in defence  
Of Rhodes, which gain'd to-day a most important  
victory :

For our success, repelling this assault,  
Has taught the Ottomans to halt ;  
Who may, wasting their heavy body, learn to fly.

\* " Discord " in first edition.

VILL. Not only this should hasten your content,  
But you shall joy to know the instrument  
That wrought the triumph of this day ;  
Alphonso did the sally sway ;  
To whom our Rhodes, all that she is does owe,  
And all that from her root of hope can grow.

IANTH. Has he so greatly done ?  
Indeed, he us'd to run  
As swift in honour's race as any he  
Who thinks he merits wreaths for victory.  
This is to all a comfort, and should be,  
If he were kind, the greatest joy to me.  
Where is my alter'd Lord ? I cannot tell  
If I may ask, if he be safe and well ?  
For whilst all strangers may his actions boast,  
Who in their songs repeat  
The triumphs he does get,  
I only must lament his favours lost.

VILL. Some wounds he has ; none desperate\* but  
yours ;  
Ianthé cur'd, his own he quickly cures.

IANTH. If his be little, mine will soon grow less.  
Ay me ! What sword  
Durst give my Lord  
Those wounds, which now Ianthé cannot dress ?

ADM. Ianthé will rejoice when she did hear  
How greater than himself he does appear  
In rescue of her life ; all acts were slight,  
And cold, even in our hottest fight,  
Compar'd to what he did,  
When with death's vizard she her beauty hid.

VILL. Love urg'd his anger, till it made such  
haste  
And rusht so swiftly in,  
That scarce he did begin  
Ere we could say, the mighty work was past.

\* " Dangerous " in first edition.



IANTH. All this for me ? something he did for you :

But when his sword begun,  
Much more it would have done  
If he, alas ! had thought Ianthé true.

ADM. Be kind, Ianthé, and be well ?

It is too pitiful to tell  
What way of dying is exprest  
When he that letter read

You wrote before your wounds were drest ;  
When you and we despair'd you could recover :

Then he was more than dead,  
And much out-wept a husband and a lover.

*Enter ALPHONSO wounded, led in by two Mutes.*

ALPH. Tear up my wounds ! I had a passion  
coarse

And rude enough to strengthen jealousy ;  
But want that more refin'd and quicker force  
Which does out-wrestle nature when we die.  
Turn to a tempest all my inward strife :

Let it not last,

But in a blast

Spend this infectious vapour, life !

IANTH. It is, my Lord ! enough of strength I feel  
To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.

He bled for me when he achiev'd for you  
This day's success ; and much from me is due.

Let me but bless him for his victory,  
And hasten to forgive him ere I die.

ALPH. Be not too rash, Ianthé, to forgive,\*

Who knows but I ill use may make

Of pardons which I could not take ;

For they may move me to desire to live.

\* From here down to " tedious councils meet " not in first edition.

IANTH. If ought can make Ianthe worthy grow  
 Of having pow'r of pard'ning you,  
 It is, because she perfectly doth know  
 That no such pow'r to her is due.  
 Who never can forget herself, since she  
 Unkindly did resent your jealousie.  
 A passion against which you nobly strove :  
 I know it was but over-cautious love.

ALPH. Accursed crime ! Oh, let it have no name  
 Till I recover blood to shew my shame.

IANTH. Why stay we at such distance when we  
 treat ?

As monarch's children, making love  
 By proxy, to each other move,  
 And by advice of tedious councils meet.

ALPH. Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does\*  
 fail

When on thy cheeks I see thy roses pale.  
 Draw all your curtains, and then lead her in !  
 Let me in darkness mourn away my sin. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ROXOLANA, and Women Attendants.†*

SOLY. Your looks express a triumph at our loss.

ROX. Can I forsake the crescent for the cross ?

SOLY. You wish my spreading crescent shrunk  
 no less.

ROX. Sultan, I would not lose by your success,

SOLY. You are a friend to the besiegers grown !

ROX. I wish your sword may thrive

Yet would not have you strive

To take Ianthe rather than the town.

SOLY. Too much on wand'ring rumour you rely ;  
 Your foolish women teach you jealousy.

\* "Will" in first edition.

† This entrance and subsequent dialogue down to "learn to wink" not in first edition, Chorus of Soldiers following up the exit of Alphonso and others.

1. WOM. We should too blindly confident  
appear,

If, when the Empress fears, we should not fear.

2. WOM. The camp does breed that loud report  
Which wakens echo in the Court.

1. WOM. The world our duty will approve,  
If for our mistress' sake,

We ever are awake

To watch the wand'rings of your love.

SOLY. My war with Rhodes will never have  
success,

Till I at home, Roxana, make my peace.

I will be kind, if you'll grow wise ;

Go, chide your whisp'ers and your spies !

Be satisfied with liberty to think ;

And, when you should not see me, learn to wink.

CHORUS *of Soldiers.*

1.

With a fine merry gale,

Fit to fill ev'ry sail,

They did cut the smooth sea

That our skins they might flea :

Still as they landed, we firkt them with sallies ;

We did bang their silk sashes,

Through sands and through plashes

Till amain they did run to their gallies.

2.

They first were so mad

As they jealousies had

That our Isle durst not stay,

But would float strait away ;

For they landed still faster and faster,

And their old Bassa, Pirrhus.

Did think he could fear us ;

But himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

## 3.

Then the hug'ous great Turk  
Came to make us more work ;  
With enow men to eat  
All he meant to defeat ;  
Whose wonderful worship did confirm us  
In the fear he would bide here  
So long till he died here,  
By the Castle he built on Philermus.

## 4.

You began the assault  
With a very long halt ;  
And, as halting ye came,  
So ye went off as lame ;  
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.  
To himself, as a dainty,  
He keeps his Ianthe,  
Whilst we drink good Wine, and you drink but  
coffee.

*The end of the fifth Entry.*

*The Curtain is let full.*

FINIS.

SIEGE OF RHODES.

---

THE SECOND PART.

---



## PROLOGUE.

What if we serve you now a trick, and do  
Like him who pasted Bills that he would shew  
So many active feats, and those so high,  
That Court and City came to see him fly ?  
But he, good man, careful to empty still  
The money-boxes, as the house did fill,  
Of all his tricks had time to shew but one :  
He lin'd his purse, and, presto ! he was gone !  
Many were then as fond, as you are now,  
Of seeing stranger things than art can shew.  
We may perform as much as he did do ;  
We have your money, and a back-door too.  
Go, and be cozen'd thus, rather than stay  
And wait to be worse cozen'd with our play.  
For you shall hear such coarse complaints of Love,  
Such silly sighing, as no more will move  
Your passion than Dutch madrigals can do,  
When skippers, with wit beards,\* at Wapping woo.  
Hope little from our Poet's wither'd wit ;  
From infant-players, scarce grown puppets yet.  
Hope from our women less, whose bashful fear  
Wond'red to see me dare to enter here :  
Each took her leave, and wisht my danger past ;  
And though I come back safe and undisgrac'd,  
Yet when they spy the WITS here, then I doubt  
No Amazon can make 'em venture out.  
Though I advis'd 'em not to fear you much ;

\* Wet beards.—*Folio*.

For I presume not half of you are such.  
But many trav'lers here as judges come  
From Paris, Florence, Venice, and from Rome,  
Who will describe, when any scene we draw,  
By each of ours all that they ever saw.  
Those praising for extensive breadth and height,  
And inward distance to deceive the sight.  
When greater objects, moving in broad space,  
You rank with lesser in this narrow place,  
Then we like chess-men on a chess board are,  
And seem to play like pawns the Rhodian war.  
Oh money ! money ! if the WITS would dress,  
With ornaments, the present face of peace ;  
And to our poet half that treasure spare,  
Which faction gets from fools to nourish war ;  
Then his contracted scenes should wider be,  
And move by greater engines, till you see,  
Whilst you securely sit, fierce armies meet,  
And raging seas disperse a fighting fleet.  
Thus much he bade me say ; and I confess,  
I think he would, if rich, mean nothing less ;  
But, leaving you your selves to entertain,  
Like an old rat retire to parmazan.



## ACT THE FIRST, SCENE THE FIRST.

*The scene is a prospect of Rhodes beleagu'r'd at sea  
and Land by the Fleet and Army of Solymán.*

*Enter ALPHONSO, ADMIRAL, MARSHAL of Rhodes.*

ALPH. When shall we 'scape from the delays of  
Rome ?

And when, slow Venice, will thy succours  
come ?

MAR. How often too have we in vain  
Sought aid from long consulting Spain ?

ADM. The German eagle does no more  
About our barren island soar.

Thy region, famisht Rhodes, she does forsake ;  
And cruelly at home her quarry make.

ALPH. The furious French, and fiercer English  
fail.

ADM. We watch from steeples and the pier  
What flags remoter vessels bear ;

But no glad voice cries out, a sail ! a sail !

MAR. Brave Duke ! I find we are to blame  
In playing slowly honour's game,  
Whilst ling'ring famine wastes our  
strength,

And tires afflicted life with length.

ALPH. The Council does it rashness call,  
When we propose to hazard all

The parcels we have left in one bold cast :  
But their discretion makes our torments last.

ADM. When less'ning hope flies from our ken,  
And still despair shews great and near,  
Discretion seems to valour then  
A formal shape to cover fear.

ALPH. Courage, when it at once adventures all,  
And dares with human aids dispense,  
Resembles that high confidence

Which priests may faith and heav'nly valour call.

ADM. Those who in latter dangers of fierce war  
To distant hope and long consults are  
given,

Depend too proudly on their own wise care ;  
And seem to trust themselves much more  
than Heav'n.

ALPH. Let then the Elder of our Rhodian knights  
Discourse of slow designs in ancient fights ;  
Let them sit long in council to contrive  
How they may longest keep lean fools alive :  
Whilst, Marshal, thou, the Admiral and I,  
Grown weary of this tedious strife  
Which but prolongs imprison'd life  
Since we are freely born will freely die.

ADM. From sev'ral ports we'll sally out  
With all the bolder youth our seas have bred.

MAR. And we at land through storms of war  
have led,

Then meet at Mustapha's redoubt.

ALPH. And this last race of honour being run,  
We'll meet again, far, far above the sun.

ADM. Already Fame her trumpet sounds :  
Which more provokes and warms  
Our courage than the smart of wounds.  
Away ! to arms ! to arms !

*Enter VILLERIUS.*

VILL. What from the camp, when no assault is  
near,

Fierce Duke does thee to slaughter call ?  
Or what bold fleet does now at sea appear,  
To hale and board our Admiral ?

ADM. We give, great master, this alarm  
Not to forewarn your chiefs of harm :  
To whom assaults from land or sea  
Would now but too much welcome be.

ALPH. We want great dangers, and of mischiefs  
know

No greater ill but that they come too slow.

ADM. Why should we thus, with art's great care  
Of Empire, against nature war?

Nature, with sleep and food, would make life last ;  
But artful Empire makes us watch and fast.

ALPH. If valour virtue be, why should we lack  
The means to make it move ?

Which progress would improve ;  
But cannot march when famine keeps it back.

ADM. When gen'ral dearth  
Afflicts the earth,

Then even our loudest warriors calmly pine.  
High courage, though with sourness still  
It yields to yokes of human will,

Yet gracefully does bow to pow'r divine.

ALPH. But when but mortal foes  
Imperiously impose

A martial Lent

Where strength is spent ;

That famine, doubly horrid, wears the face  
Both of a ling'ring death, and of disgrace.

MAR. For those, whose valour makes them  
quickly die,

Prevent the Fast to shun the infamy.

VILL. Whom have I heard ? 'Tis time all pow'r  
should cease

When men high born, and higher bred,

Who have out-done what most have read,

Grow like the gowd,\* impatient of distress.

Is there no room for hope in any breast ?

ADM. Not since she does appear

Boldly a dweller where

The first was entertain'd but as a guest.

\* Goud ; Woad—A plant cultivated for dyers, who use it as the foundation of many colours.

ALPH. She may in sieges be receiv'd,  
Be courted too and much believ'd ;  
And thus continue after wants begin ;  
But is thrust out when famine enters in.

VILL. You have been tir'd in vain with passive-  
ness ;  
But where, when active, can you meet success ?

ALPH. With all the strength of all our forts  
We'll sally out from all the ports ;  
And with a hot and hot alarm  
Still keep the Turkish tents so warm  
That Solymán shall in a fever lye.

MAR. His Bassas, marking what we do,  
Shall find that we were taught by you  
To manage life, and teach them how to die.

VILL. Valour's designs are many heights above  
All pleasures fancied in the dreams of Love.  
But whilst, voluptuously, you thus devise  
Delightful ways to end those miseries  
Which over-charge your own impatient mind ;  
Where shall the softer sex their safety find ?  
When you with num'rous foes lye dead,  
(I mean asleep in honour's bed)

They then may subject be  
To all the wild and fouler force  
Of rudest victory ;  
Where noise shall deafen all remorse.

ALPH. If still concern'd to watch and arm,  
That we may keep from harm  
All who defenceless are  
And seldom safe in war,  
When, Admiral, shall we  
From weariness be free ?

VILL. The Rhodians by your gen'ral sally may  
Get high renown ;  
Though you at last must bravely lose the day,  
And they their town.

Then when by anger'd Solyman 'tis sway'd,  
 On whom shall climbing infants smile for aid ?  
 Or who shall lift and rescue falling age,  
 When it can only frown at Turkish rage ?  
 The living thus advise you to esteem  
 And keep your life that it may succour them :  
 But though you are inclin'd to hear death plead  
 As strongly to invite you to the dead,  
 Whilst glory does beyond compassion move,  
 Yet stay till your Ianthe speaks for love !

ALPH. Ianthe's name is such a double charm,  
 As strait does arm me, and as soon unarm.  
 Valour as far as ever valour went  
 Dares go, not stopping at the Sultan's tent,  
 To free Ianthe when to Rhodes confin'd :

But halts, when it considers I  
 Amidst ten thousand Turks may die,  
 Yet leave her then to many more behind.

ADM. Since life is to be kept, what must be  
 done ?

VILL. All those attempts of valour we must shun  
 Which may the Sultan vex ; and, since bereft  
 Of food, there is no help but treaty left.

ADM. Rhodes, when the world shall thy submis-  
 sion know,  
 Honour, thy ancient friend, will court thy foe.

MAR. Honour begins to blush, and hide his face :  
 For those who treat sheath all their swords,  
 To try by length of fencing words  
 How far they may consent to meet disgrace.

ALPH. As noble minds with shame their wants  
 confess ;  
 So Rhodes will bashfully declare distress.

[*A shout within, and a noise of forcing of doors.*]

VILL. Our guards will turn confed'rates with the  
 crowd,  
 Whose mis'ries now insult and make them loud.

Their leaders strive with praises to appease,  
And soften the misled with promises.

[*Exit Admiral.*]

ALPH. These us'd with awe to wait  
Far from your palace gate ;  
But, like lean birds in frosts, their hunger now  
Makes them approach us and familiar grow.

VILL. They have so long been dying, that 'tis fit  
Their death's great privilege should have ;  
Which does in all a parity admit :  
No rooms of state are in the grave.

*Enter ADMIRAL.*

ADM. The people's various minds  
(Which are like sudden winds,  
Such as from hilly-coasts still changing blow)  
Were lately as a secret kept  
In many whispers of so soft a breath,  
And in a calm so deeply low,  
As if all life had soundly slept ;  
But now, as if they meant to waken death,  
They rashly rise, and loud in tumults grow.

MAR. They see our strength is hourly less,  
Whilst Solyman's does still increase.

ADM. Thus, being to their last expectance driven,  
Ianthé, now they cry !  
Whose name they raise so high  
And often, that it fills the vault of Heaven.

ALPH. If Solyman does much her looks esteem,  
Looks captive him, and may enfranchise them.

ADM. By many pris'ners, since our siege began,  
They have been told, how potent Solyman,  
In all assaults, severely did command  
That you and she  
Should still be free

From all attempts of every Turkish hand.

ALPH. It rudeness were in me not to confess

That Solyman has civil been,  
And did much Christian honour win  
When he Ianthe rescu'd from distress.

ADM. They were from many more advertis'd too,  
That he hath pass-ports sent for her and you :  
Which makes them hope the pow'r divine  
Does by some blessed cause design

Ianthe to procure their liberty :

Or if by Heav'n 'tis not entirely meant  
That powerful beauty's force should set them free,  
Yet they would have her strait in treaty sent  
To gain some rest for those,  
Who of their restless foes

Continual wounds and fasts are weary grown.

MAR. Whose mighty hearts conceiv'd before,  
That they were built to suffer more  
Assaults and batt'ries then our rocky town.

VILL. Those who, with giant-stature, shocks  
receiv'd,  
Now down to dwarfish size and weakness fall.

MAR. Who once no more of harm from shot  
believ'd  
Than that an arrow hurts a wounded wall.

ALPH. She treat ? what pleasant but what  
frantic dreams  
Rise from the people's fever of extremes !

I will allay their rage, or try

How far Ianthe will comply. [Exit.

*Enter IANTHE and her two Women at the other door.*

IANTH. Why, wise Villerius, had you power to  
sway

That Rhodian valour, which did yours obey ?  
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awful Heav'n  
Which to your valour hath your wisdom given ?  
And that directs you to the seasons meet  
For deeds of war, and when 'tis fit to treat.

VILL. Ere we to Solyman can sue,  
Ianthé, we must treat with you.  
The people find that they have no defence  
But in your beauty and your eloquence.

MAR. To your requests great Solyman may  
yield.

IANTH. Can hope on such a weak foundation  
build ?

MAR. In you the famish't people's hopes are fed.

IANTH. Can your discerning eyes  
(Which may inform the wise)  
Be by vain hope, their blind conductor, led ?

VILL. When winds in tempests rise  
Pilots may shut their eyes.

MAR. And though their practice knows their way,  
Must be content a while to stray.

IANTH. Though Solyman should softer grow,  
And to my tears compassion shew ;  
What shape of comfort can appear to me,  
When all your outward war shall cease,  
If then my lord renew his jealousy  
And straight destroy my inward peace ?

VILL. The Rhodian knights shall all in council sit ;  
And with persuasions, by the public voice,  
Your lord shall woo till you to that submit  
Which is the people's will and not your choice.  
No arguments, by forms of senate made,  
Can magisterial jealousy persuade ;  
It takes no counsel, nor will be in awe  
Of reason's force, necessity, or law.

*[Exit with the Marshal and her women.]*

VILL. Call thy experience back,  
Which safely coasted ev'ry shore ;  
And let thy reason lack  
No wings to make it higher soar ;  
For all those aids will much too weak appear,  
With all that gath'ring fancy can supply,



When she hath travell'd round about the sphere,  
To give us strength to govern jealousy.

ADM. Will you believe that fair Ianthe can  
Consent to go, and treat with Solyman,  
Vainly in hope to move him to remorse ?

VILL. 'Twill not be said by me  
That she consents, when she  
Does yield to what the people would inforce.  
Their strength they now will in our weakness find,  
Whom in their plenty we can sway,  
But in their wants must them obey,  
And wink when they the cords of pow'r unbind.

ADM. 'Tis likely then that she must yield to go.

VILL. Who can resist, if they will have it so ?

ADM. Where'er she moves she will last innocent.

VILL. Heaven's spotless lights are not by motion  
spent.

ADM. Alphonso's love cannot so sickly be  
As to express relapse of jealousy.

VILL. Examine jealousy and it will prove  
To be the careful tenderness of love.  
It can no sooner than celestial fire  
Be either quench't, or of it self expire.

ADM. No signs are seen of embers that remain  
For windy passion to provoke.

VILL. Talk not of signs ; celestial fires contain  
No matter which appears in smoke.  
Be heedful, Admiral ! the private peace

Of lovers so renown'd requires your care :  
Their league, renew'd of late, will if it cease

As much perplex us as the Rhodian war. [*Erit.*]

ADM. How vainly must I keep mine eyes awake,  
Who now, Alphonso, am enjoind to take,  
For public good, a private care of thee ;  
When I shall rather need thy care of me ?  
Love, in Ianthe's shape, pass't through my eyes  
And tarries in my breast. But if the wise

Villerius does high jealousy approve  
 As virtue, and, because it springs from love,  
 My love, I hope, will so much virtue be  
 As shall, at least, take place of jealousy.

For all will more respect

The cause than the effect.

What I discern of love seems virtue yet,  
 And whilst that face appears I'll cherish it.

[*Exit.*]

## THE SECOND ACT.

*The same Scene continues.*

*A great noise is heard of the people within.*

*Enter VILLERIUS, ADMIRAL, MARSHAL.*

ADM. Their murmurs with their hunger will increase :

Their noises are effects of emptiness.

Murmurs, like winds, will louder prove

When they with larger freedom move.

VILL. Winds which in hollow caverns dwell,

Do first their force in murmurs waste ;

Then soon, in many a sighing blast,

Get out, and up in tempests swell.

ADM. Your practis'd strength no public burden fears ;

Nor stoops when it the weight of Empire bears.

VILL. Pow'r is an arch which ev'ry common hand

Does help to raise to a magnific height,

And it requires their aid when it does stand

With firmer strength beneath increasing weight.

ADM. 'Tis noble to endure and not resent

The bruises of affliction's heavy hand.

But can we not this Embassy prevent ?

VILL. Ianthe needs must go. Those who with-  
stand

The tide of flood, which is the people's will,  
Fall back when they in vain would onward row :  
We strength and way preserve by lying still.

And sure, since tides ebb longer than they flow,  
Patience, which waits their ebbs, regains  
Lost time, and does prevent our pains.

ADM. Can we of saving and of gaining boast  
In that by which Ianthe may be lost ?

She wholly honour is ; and, when bereft  
Of any part of that, has nothing left.

For honour is the soul, which by the art  
Of schools is all contain'd in ev'ry part.

VILL. The guiltless cannot honour lose, and she  
Can never more than virtue guilty be.

ADM. The talking world may persecute her name.

VILL. Her honour bleeds not, when they wound  
her fame.

Honour's the soul which nought but guilt can  
wound ;

Fame is the trumpet which the people sound.

ADM. Can no expedient stop their will ?

VILL. The practice grows above our skill.

Last night, in secret, I a pris'ner sent

To Mustapha, with deep acknowledgment

For fair Ianthe's former liberty,

And pass-ports, offer'd since, to set her free.

My letters have no ill acceptance met ;

But his reply forbids all means to treat,

Unless Ianthe, who has oft refus'd

That pass, which honour might have safely us'd,

Appear before great Solyman, and sue

To save those lives which famine must subdue.

ADM. Sad fate ! were all those drowsy syrups  
here

[*Aside.*

Which art prescribes to madness or to fear,

To jealousy or careful States-men's eyes  
 To waking tyrants, or their watchful spies,  
 They could not make me sleep when she is sent  
 To lie love's lieger in the Sultan's tent.

[*A great noise within.*]

MAR. What sudden pleasure makes the crowd  
 rejoice ?

What comfort can thus raise the public voice ?

VILL. 'Tis fit that with the people's insolence,  
 When in their sorrows rude, we should dispense ;  
 Since they are seldom civil in their joys,  
 Their gladness is but an uncivil noise.

ADM. They seldom are in tune, and their tunes  
 last

But, like their loves, rash sparkles struck in haste.

VILL. Still brief, as the concordance of a shout.

ADM. What is so short as music of the rout ?

VILL. Though short, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis  
 loud.

ADM. Dissembling is an art above the crowd.

VILL. Whom do they dignify with this applause ?

*Enter ALPHONSO, IANTHE.*

ALPH. Of this, grave Prince, Ianthe is the cause,  
 I from the temple lead her now :

Where she for Rhodes paid many a vow ;

And did for ev'ry Rhodian mourn

With sorrows gracefully devout :

But they paid back at our return

More vows to her than she laid out.

VIL. If they such gratitude express

For your kind pray'rs in their distress,

Ianthe, think, what the besieg'd will do

When the besieger is o'ercome by you.

Though Rhodes by Kings has quite forsaken been

Without, whilst all forsake their chiefs within ;

Yet who can tell but Heav'n has now design'd

Your shining beauty and your brighter mind  
 To lead us from the darkness of this war,  
 Where the besieg'd forgotten pris'ners are :  
 Where glorious minds have been so much obscur'd  
     That fame has hardly known  
     What they have boldly done,  
 And with a greater boldness have endur'd.

ALPH. If Heaven of innocence unmindful were,  
 Ianthe then might many dangers fear.  
 Your hazards, and what Rhodes does hazard too,  
 Are less than mine when I adventure you ;

    Who doubtful perils run  
     That we may try to shun  
 Such certain loss as nought can else prevent.

ADM. Revolted jealousy ! can he consent ?

[*Aside.*

IANTH. If Rhodes were not concern'd at all  
 In what I am desired to undertake

    I should it less than duty call  
 To seek the Sultan for Alphonso's sake.

ALPH. The Sultan has with forward haste  
     Climb'd to the top of high renown,  
 And sure, he cannot now as fast,  
     By breaking trust, run backward  
     down.

IANTH. We should not any with suspicion wound  
     Whom none detect, much less believe  
     that those,  
 In whom by trial we much virtue found,  
     Can quickly all their stock of virtue lose.

ADM. How sweetly she, like infant-innocence,

[*Aside.*

    Runs harmlessly to harm ?  
     High honour will unarm  
 Itself to furnish others with defence.

MAR. Her mind, ascending still o'er human  
     heights,

Has all the valour of our Rhodian knights.

VILL. What more remains but pray'rs to  
recommend

Your safety to the Heav'nly pow'rs,  
You being theirs much more than ours.

I'll to the Sultan for your pass-port send.

IANTH. That may disgrace the trust which we  
should give,  
And lessen the effects we should receive.

Let such use forms so low  
As not by trial know

How high the honour is of Solyman :

Who never will descend  
Till he in valleys end

That race which he on lofty hills began.

His pow'r does every day increase,  
And can his honour then grow less ?

Bright power does like the sun  
Tow'rs chief perfection run,

When it does high and higher rise.

From both the best effects proceed,  
When they from heights their glories spread,  
And when they dazzle gazing eyes.

ALPH. How far, Ianthé, will these thoughts  
extend ?

Vain question, honour has no journey's end !

ADM. Her honour's such, as he who limits it  
Must draw a line to bound an infinite.

VILL. Since fate has long resolv'd that you  
must go,  
And you a pass decline, what can we do ?

IANTH. The great example which the Sultan gave  
Of virtue, when he did my honour save,  
And yours, Alphonso, too in me,  
When I was then his enemy,  
Shall bring me now a suppliant to his tent,  
Without his plighted word or pass-port sent.

So great a test of our entire belief  
Of clemency, in so renown'd a chief,  
Is now the greatest present we can make :  
His pass-port is the least that we can take.

ALPH. Ianthe, I am learning not to prize  
Those dangers, which your virtue can despise.

ADM. My love is better taught ;  
For with the pangs of thought,  
I must that safety much suspect,  
Which she too nobly does neglect. [*A shout within.*

VILL. You hear them, Admiral !

ADM. Again the people call,  
Our haste provoking by a shout.

VILL. Go hang a flag of treaty out,  
High on Saint Nic'las fort !

Then clear the western port  
To make renown'd Ianthe way ! [*Shout again.*

ADM. Hark ! they grow loud !  
That tide, the crowd,  
Will not for lovers' leisure stay.

MAR. That storm by suddenness prevails,  
And makes us lower all our sails.

VILL. To Mustapha I'll straight a herald send,  
That Solyman may melt when he shall know,  
How much we on his mighty mind depend  
By trusting more than Rhodes to such a foe.

[*Ereunt Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.*

ALPH. How long, Ianthe, should I grieve  
If I perceiv'd you could believe  
That I the Rhodians can so much esteem,  
As to adventure you to rescue them ?  
Yet I for Rhodes would frankly hazard all  
That I could mine, and not Ianthe's call.

But now I yield to let you go  
A pledge of treaty to the foe,  
In hope that saving Rhodes you may  
Prepare to Sicily your way.

Were Rhodes subdu'd, Ianthe being there,  
Ianthe should the only loss appear.

IANTH. Much from us both is to the Rhodians due,  
But when I sue for Rhodes, it is for you.

ALPH. Ianthe, we must part ! you shall rely  
On hope, whilst I in parting learn to die.

IANTH. Take back that hope ! your dealing is  
not fair,  
To give me hope, and leave your self despair.

ALPH. I will but dream of death, and then  
As virtuously as dying men  
Let me to scape from future punishment  
Come to a clear confession, and repent.

IANTH. I cannot any story fear  
Which of Alphonso I shall hear,  
Unless his foes in malice tell it wrong.

ALPH. Ianthe, my confession is not long,  
For since it tells what folly did commit  
Against your honour, shame will shorten it.

IANTH. Lend me a little of that shame ;  
For I perceive I grow to blame  
In practising to guess what it can be.

ALPH. It is my late ignoble jealousy.  
Though parting now seems death, yet but forgive  
That crime, and after parting I may live.  
And as I now again great sorrow shew,

Though I repented well for it before,  
So let your pardon with my sorrows grow ;  
You much forgive me, but forgive me more.

IANTH. Away ! away ! How soon will this augment  
The troubled people's fears,  
When they shall see me by Alphonso sent  
To treat for Rhodes in tears ?

ALPH. What in your absence shall I do  
Worthy of fame, though not of you ?

IANTH. By patience, not by action now,  
Your virtue must successful grow.

[*A shout within.*



ALPH. In throngs the longing people wait  
Your coming at the palace gate.  
Let me attend you to the pier.

IANTH. But we must leave our sorrows here.  
Let not a Rhodian witness be  
Of any grief in you or me ;  
For Rhodes, by seeing us at parting mourn,  
Will look for weeping clouds at my return.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene is chang'd to the camp of Solymán, the tents  
and guards seem near, and part of Rhodes at a distance.*

*Enter SOLYMAN, PIRRHUS, RUSTAN.*

PIR. None, glorious Sultan, can your conquest  
doubt

When Rhodes has hung a flag of treaty out ?

SOLY. Thy courage haughty Rhodes,  
When I account the odds

Thou hast oppos'd, by long and vain defence,  
Is but a braver kind of impudence.

Thou knew'st my strength, but thou didst better  
know

How much I priz'd the brav'ries of a foe.

PIR. Their sallies were by stealth, and faint  
of late.

SOLY. Can flowing valour stay at standing  
flood ?

PIR. No, it will quickly from the mark abate.

RUST. And then soon shew the dead low cbb  
of blood.

SOLY. When those who did such mighty deeds  
before,

Shall less, but by a little, do,

It shews to me and you,

Old Pirrhús, that they mean to do no more.

By treaty they but boldly beg a peace.

PIR. Shall I command that all our batt'ries  
cease ?

SOLY. You may ! then draw our out-guards to  
the line.

PIR. And I'll prevent the springing of the  
mine. *[Exit.*

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

MUSTA. Villerius sends his homage to your feet:  
And, to declare how low  
The pride of Rhodes can bow,  
Ianthé will be here to kneel and treat.

RUST. What more can fortune in your favour  
do ?

Beauty, which conquers victors, yields to you.

SOLY. What wand'ring star does lead her forth ?  
Can she,

Who scorn'd a pass-port for her liberty,  
Vouchsafe to come, and treat without it now ?  
The first did glory, this respect may shew.

Pow'rs best religion she,  
Perhaps does civilly believe  
To be establish'd, and reform'd in me,  
Which councils monarchs to forgive.

*Enter PIRRHUS.*

PIR. A second morn begins to break from  
Rhodes ;

And now that threat'ning sky grows clear,  
Which was o'ercast with smoke of cannon-clouds,  
The fair Ianthe does appear.

SOLY. Pirrhus, our forces from the trenches lead,  
And open as our flying ensigns spread.  
And Mustapha, let her reception be  
As great as is the faith she has in me.  
I keep high int'rest hid in this command ;

Which you with safety may  
Implicitly obey,  
But not without your danger understand.  
Your tried obedience I shall much engage,  
Join'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.

MUSTA. We are content with age, because we live  
So long beneath your sway.

PIR. Age makes us fit t' obey  
Commands which none but Solyman can give.  
[*Exeunt Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan.*]

SOLY. Of spacious Empire what can I enjoy?  
Gaining at last but what I first destroy.

'Tis fatal, Rhodes, to thee,  
And troublesome to me  
That I was born to govern swarms  
Of vassals boldly bred to arms :  
For whose accurs'd diversion, I must still  
Provide new towns to sack, new foes to kill.  
Excuse that pow'r, which by my slaves is aw'd :  
For I shall find my peace  
Destroy'd at home, unless  
I seek for them destructive war abroad. [Exit.

*Enter ROXOLANA, HALY, PIRRHUS, MUSTAPHA,  
RUSTAN, Pages, Women.*

ROX. Th' ambassadors of Persia, are they  
come ?

HALY. They seek your favour and attend their  
doom.

ROX. The Vizier Bashaw, did you bid him wait ?

HALY. Sultana, he does here expect his fate.

ROX. You take up all our Sultan's bosom now ;  
Have we no place but that which you allow ?

RUST. Your beauteous greatness does your ear  
incline  
To rumours of those crimes which are not mine.

My foes are prosp'rous in their diligence,  
And turn e'en my submission to offence.

ROX. Rustan, your glories rise, and swell too  
fast.

You must shrink back and shall repent your haste.

MUSTA. Th' Egyptian presents which you pleas'd  
t' assign,

As a reward to th' eunuch Saladine,  
Are part of those allotments Haly had.

ROX. Let a division be to Haly made.

PIR. Th' Armenian cities have their tribute  
paid,

And all the Georgian princes sue for aid.

ROX. Those cities, Mustapha, deserve our  
care.

Pirrhus, send succours to the Georgian war.

MUSTA. Th' ambassador which did the jewels  
bring

From the Hungarian queen, does audience crave.

ROX. Pirrhus, be tender of her infant King.

Who dares destroy that throne which I would  
save ?

RUST. Sultana, humbly at your feet I fall,  
Do not your Sultan's will, my counsel call.

ROX. Rustan ! Go, mourn ! but you may long  
repent :

My busy pow'r wants leisure to relent.

RUST. Think me not wicked, till I doubt to find  
Some small compassion in so great a mind.

ROX. These are Court-monsters, corm'rants of  
the crown :

They feed on favour till th' are over-grown ;  
Then saucily believe, we monarch's wives

Were made but to be dress't

For a continu'd feast ;

To hear soft sounds, and play away our lives.  
They think our fulness is to wane so soon

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*The Scene continues.*

To shew I this retain in full belief,

I'll doubly trust you, with my shame and grief.  
 A grief which takes up all my breast :  
 Yet finds the room so narrow too  
 That being straightened there it takes no  
 rest,

But must get out to trouble you.  
 That grief begets a shame which would disgrace  
 My pow'r if it were publisht in my face,

MUSTA. Your outward calm does well  
 Your inward storm disguise.

RUST. But long dead calms fore-tell  
 That tempests are to rise.

SOLY. My Roxolana, by ambitious strife,  
 To get unjust succession for her son,  
 Has put in doubt  
 Or blotted out

All the heroic story of my life ;  
 And will lose back the battles I have won.

PIR. Ere ill advice shall lead her far, she'll  
 scorn

Her guide, and, faster than she went, return.

MUSTA. Those who advis'd her ill, in that did do  
 Much more than we dare hear except from you.

SOLY. O Mustapha ! is it too much for me,  
 To think, I justly may possessor be  
 Of one soft bosom, where releas'd from care,  
 I should securely rest from toils of war ?  
 But now, when daily tir'd with watchful life,  
 (With various turns in doubtful fight,  
 And length of talking councils) I at night  
 In vain seek sleep with a tempestuous wife.  
 Wink at my shame, that I, whose banners brave  
 The world, should thus to beauty be a slave.

PIR. This cloud will quickly pass  
 From Roxolana's face.

MUSTA. The weather then will change from foul  
 to fair.

RUST. Tempests are short, and serve to clear the air.

SOLY. Since I have told my sickness, it is fit  
You hear what cure I have prescrib'd to it.  
Those lovers' knots I cannot strait untwine,

Which, sure, were made to last

Since they were once tied fast

With strings of Roxolana's heart and mine.

MUSTA. How can she vast possession more  
improve?

Has she not all in having all your love?

SOLY. I have design'd a way to check her pride.

It is not yet forgot,

That even the Gordian knot

At last was cut, which could not be untied.

Does not the fair Ianthe wait

Without in hope to mitigate,

By soft'ning looks, the Rhodians' fate?

Let that new moon appear,

And try her influence here.

*[Exit Mustapha.]*

PIR. What lab'rynth does our Sultan mean to  
tread?

Shall straying love the world's great leader lead?

*Enter MUSTAPHA, IANTHE.*

SOLY. When warlike cities, fair Embassadress,  
Begin to treat they cover their distress.

In showing you, the artful Rhodians know

They hide distress and all their triumphs show.

From with'ring Rhodes you fresher beauty bring,

And sweeter than the bosom of the Spring.

IANTH. Cities, propitious Sultan, when they treat,  
Conceal their wants, and strength may counterfeit:

But sure the Rhodians would not get esteem,

By ought pretended in my self or them.

If I could any beauty wear

Where Roxolana fills the sphere,  
Yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.

SOLY. Your Rhodes has hung a flag of treaty out.

IANTH. You can as little then my sorrows doubt  
As I can fear that any humble grief  
May sue to Solyman and want relief.

SOLY. You oft the proffer'd freedom did refuse,  
Which now you seek, and would have others use.

IANTH. I then did make my want of merit known;  
And thought that gift too much for me alone;  
And as 'twas fit  
To reckon it

More favour than Ianthé should receive;  
So it did then appear  
That single favours were  
Too little for great Solyman to give.

SOLY. Much is to every beauty due:

Then how much more to all

Those divers forms we beauty call;

And all are reconcil'd in you?

But those who here for peace by treaty look,  
Must meet with that which beauty least can brook;  
Delay of Court, which makes the blood so cold  
That youngest Agents here look pale and old.  
Here you must tedious forms of pow'r obey:  
Your business will all night require your stay.

IANTH. Bus'ness, abroad at night? sure bus'ness  
then

Only becomes the confidence of men.

Those who the greatest wand'rers are,

Wild birds, that in the day

Frequent no certain way,

And know no limits in the air,

Will still at night discreetly come

And take their civil rest at home.

SOLY. Is the protection of my pow'r so slight,  
That in my camp you are afraid of night?



IANTH. Stay in the camp at night, and Rhodes so near,

Honour my guide and griev'd Alphonso there ?

SOLY. Treaties are long, my Bassas old and slow :

With whom you must debate before you go.

Let not your cause by any absence fail.

Your beauteous presence may on age prevail.

IANTH. Alas, I came not to capitulate,  
And shew a love of speech by long debate :

*[She kneels.]*

But to implore from Solyman what he

To Rhodes may quickly grant,

And never feel a want

Of that which by dispatch would doubled be.

SOLY. Ianthe rise ! your grief may pity move ;

But graceful grief,

Whilst it does seek relief

May pity lead to dang'rous ways of love.

IANTH. Why Heav'n, was I mistaken when I thought

That I the coarsest shape had brought

And the most wither'd too that sorrow wears ?

SOLY. If you would wither'd seem, restrain your tears.

The morning dew makes roses blow

And sweeter smell and fresher shew.

Take heed, Ianthe, you may be to blame.

Did you not trust me when you hither came ?

Will you my honour now too late suspect,

When only that can yours protect ?

IANTH. If of your virtue my extreme belief

May virtuous favour gain,

My tears I will restrain.

It is my faith shall save me, not my grief.

SOLY. Conduct her strait to Roxolana's tent  
And tell my haughty Empress I have sent

Such a mysterious present as will prove  
A riddle both to honour and to love.

[*Exeunt sev'ral ways.*]

*The Scene returns to that of the town besieg'd.*

*Enter ADMIRAL.*

ADM. Dwells not Alphonso in Ianthe's breast ;  
As prince of that fair palace, not a guest ?  
Can it be virtue in a Rhodian knight  
To seek possession of another's right ?  
Yet how can I his title there destroy  
By loving that which he may still enjoy ?  
My passion will no less than virtue prove  
Whilst it does much Ianthe's virtue love.  
If in her absence I her safety fear,  
'Tis virtuous kindness then to wish her here.

But of her dangers I in vain

Shall with my watchful fears complain  
Till he grows fearful too, whose fears must be  
Rais'd to the husband's virtue, jealousy.

*Enter VILLERIUS, MARSHAL.*

VILL. Does he not seem  
As if in dream,

His course by storm were on the ocean lost ?

MAR. He now draws cards to shun a rocky  
coast.

ADM. The foolish world does jealousy mistake :  
'Tis civil care which kindness does  
improve.

Perhaps the jealous are too much awake ;  
But others dully sleep o'er those they love.  
He must be jealous made, for that kind fear,  
When known, will quickly bring and stay her here.

VILL. What can thy silence now portend,  
When the assembled people send

Their thankfulness to Heav'n in one loud voice ?  
The hungry, wounded, and the sick rejoice.

VILL.           Our quires in long procession sing,  
                  The bells of all our temples ring,  
                  Our enemies  
                  Begin to rise,

And from our walls are to their camp retir'd  
    To see Ianthé there in triumph shewn.  
Their cannon in a loud salute are fir'd,  
    And echo'd too by louder of our own.

ADM.           Who is so dully bred,  
                  Or rather who so dead  
Whom fair Ianthé's triumph cannot move ?  
From th' ocean's bosom it will call  
    A sinking Admiral,  
Who flies to stormy seas from storms of love.

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

ALPH. Our foes, great master, wear the looks  
    of friends.

    A Zanjack from the camp attends  
    Behind the out-let of the pier;  
    And he demands your private ear.

*[Ex. Vil. and Mar.]*

ADM.           Would you had met Ianthé there.

ALPH. Since well receiv'd, you wish her here  
    too soon.

    The morning led her out  
    And we may doubt  
How her dispatch could bring her back ere noon.

ADM. Her high reception was but justly due ;  
    Who with such noble confidence,  
    Could with her sexes fears dispense  
And trusting Solyman could part from you.

ALPH. By that we may discern her rising mind  
O'er all the pinnacles of female kind.

ADM. Strangely she shun'd what custom does  
afford,  
The pledges of his pass and plighted word.

ALPH. Not knowing guilt, she knows no fear,  
And still must strange in all appear,  
As well as singular in this ;

The crowd of common gazers fill  
Their eyes with objects low and ill,  
But she a high and good example is.

*Enter VILLERIUS, MARSHAL.*

MAR. Ianthe's laurels hourly will increase!

VILL. I have receiv'd some secret signs of peace  
From Mustapha, whose trusted messenger  
Has brought me counsel how to counsel her.  
She must a while make such appliances  
As may the haughty Roxolana please,  
To whom she now by Solyman is sent,  
And does remain our lieger in her tent.

ADM. In Turkish dialect, that word, remain,  
May many sums of tedious hours contain :  
And in a Rhodian lover's swift account,  
To what a debt will that sad reck'ning mount.

VILL. To-night, Alphonso, you must sleep alone.  
But time is swift, a night is quickly gone :  
For lovers' nights are like their slumbers short.—  
I must dispatch this Zanjack to the Court.

ALPH. The quiet bed of lovers is the grave ;  
For we in death no sense of absence have.

*[Exeunt Villerius, Marshal.]*

ADM. Rhodes in her view, her tent within  
your sight !

And yet to be divided a whole night !

ALPH. A single night would many ages seem,  
Were I not sure that we shall meet in dream.

ADM. She must no more such dang'rous visits  
make.

Methinks I grow malicious for your sake,  
And rather wish Rhodes should of freedom fail,  
Than that Ianthe's power should now prevail.

ALPH. Your words mysterious grow.

ADM. Alphonso, no !

For if whilst thus you for her absence mourn

Her pow'r should much appear,

She'll want excuse,

Unless she use

A little of that power for her return

To-day, and nightly resting here.

ALPH. The hardened steel of Solyman is such,

As with the edge does all the world command,

And yet that edge is softened with the touch

Of Roxolana's gentle hand.

And as his hardness yields, when she is near,

So may Ianthe's softness govern her.

ADM. The day sufficient seems for all address,

And is at Court the season of access ;

Deprive not Roxolana of her right ;

Let th' Empress lye with Solyman at night.

And as that privilege to her is due,

So should Ianthe sleep at Rhodes with you.

ALPH. I'll write ! The Zanjack for my letter stays ;

Love walks his round, and leads me in a maze.

[*Exit.*

ADM. Love does Alphonso in a circle lead ;

And none can trace the ways which I must tread.

Lovers, in searching love's records, will find

But very few like me

That still would virtuous be,

Whilst to another's wife I still am kind.

And whilst that wife I like a lover woo,

I use all art

That from her husband she may never part,

And yet even then would make him jealous too.

[*Exit.*

*The Scene returns to that of the Camp.*

*Enter ROXOLANA, HALY.*

ROX. Think, Haly, think, what I should swiftly  
do ?

A Rhodian lady, and a beauty too,  
In my pavilion lodg'd ! It serves to prove  
His settled hatred and his wandering love.  
Who did he send to plant this canker here ?

HALY. Old Bassa Mustapha.

ROX. Bid him appear ! *[Exit Haly.]*

Hope thou grow'st weak, and thou hast been too  
strong.

Like night thou com'st too soon, and stay'st too  
long.

Hence ! smiling hope ! with growing infants play :  
If I dismiss thee not, I know

Thou of thy self wilt go,

And canst no longer than my beauty stay.

I'll open all the doors to let thee out :

And then call in thy next successor, doubt.

Come doubt, and bring thy lean companion, care,

And, when you both are lodg'd, bring in despair.

*Enter MUSTAPHA, HALY.*

MUSTA. Our op'ning buds, and falling blossoms, all

That we can fresh and fragrant call,

That spring can promise and the summer pay,

Be strew'd in Roxolana's way.

On nature's fairest carpets let her tread ;

And there, through calms of peace, long may she  
lead

That pow'r which we have follow'd far,

And painfully, through storms of war.

ROX. Blessings are cheap, and those you can  
afford :

Yet you are kinder than your frowning lord.  
 I dare accuse him ; but it is too late.— [*Weeps.*  
 What means that pretty property of State,  
 Which is from Rhodes for midnight treaties sent ?  
 Private cabals of lovers in my tent !  
 Your valour, Mustapha, serv'd to convey  
 Love's fresh supplies. You soldiers can make way.  
 Was it not greatly done to bring her here ?

MUSTA. Duty in that did over-rule my fear.  
 It was the mighty Solyman's command.

ROX. Thou fatal fool ! how canst thou think  
 To find a basis where thou firm mayst stand

On those rough waters where I sink ?

MUSTA. If Roxolana were not ranked above  
 Mankind, she strait would fall  
 Before that pow'r which all  
 The valiant follow, and the virtuous love.

ROX. I grow immortal, for I life disdain :  
 Which ill with thy dislike of dying suits.  
 Yet thou, for safety, fear'st great pow'r in vain ;  
 Who here art but a subject to my mutes.

[*Mustapha draws a Parchment.*

MUSTA. Peruse the dreaded will of anger'd power ;  
 Toucht with the signet of the Emperour :  
 It does enjoin Ianthe's safety here :

She must be sought with love, and serv'd with fear.  
 This disobey'd ; your mutes who still make haste  
 To cruelty, may rest for want of breath.

'Tis order'd they shall suddenly be past  
 Their making signs, and shall be dumb with  
 death.

This dreadful doom from Solyman I give,  
 But if his will, which is our law,  
 Be met with an obedient awe,  
 The Empress then may long in triumph live.

[*She weeps.*

ROX. Be gone ! thy duty is officious fear.

If I am soft enough to grieve,  
 It is to see the Sultan leave  
 The warring world, and end his conquests here.  
 Crawl to my Sultan, still officious grow !  
 Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow.

[*Exit Mustapha.*]

HALY. Preserve with temper your Imperial  
 mind ;  
 And till you can express  
 Your wrath with good success,  
 By ang'ring others to your self be kind.—

ROX. If thou canst weep, thou canst endure  
 to bleed :

Men who compassion feel have valour too :  
 I shall thy courage more than pity need :

Dar'st thou contrive as much as I dare do ?

HALY. I'll on, as far as weary life can go.

ROX. Then I shall want no aid to my design :  
 We'll dig below them, and blow up their mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### THE FOURTH ACT.

*The Scene returns to that of the town beleaguer'd.*

*Enter SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN.*

SOLY. Can Roxalana such a rival bear ?

MUST. She has her fits of courage and of fear.

As she does high against your anger grow,  
 So, trusting strait your love, she stoops as low.

SOLY. Her chamber-tempests I have known too  
 well :

She quickly can with winds of passion swell ;  
 And then as quickly has the woman's pow'r  
 Of laying tempests with a weeping show'r.  
 What looks does the detain'd lanthe shew ?

MUSTA. She still is calm in all her fears.



RUST. And seems so lovely in her tears,  
As when the morning's face is washt in dew.

*Enter PIRRHUS.*

PIR. The world salutes you Sultan ! ev'ry pow'r  
Does shrink before your throne ; and ev'ry hour  
A flying packet or an agent brings  
From Asia, Africa, and European kings.

SOLY. With packets to old Zanger go !

Who, freed from action, can with sleep  
dispense ;

And having little now to do,

May read dull volumes of intelligence.

These Writing-Princes covet to seem wise

In packets, and by formal Embassies :

They would with symphonies of civil words,

Sweet sounds of Court, charm rudeness from our  
swords :

Teach us to lay our gauntlets by,

That they unarm'd, and harmlessly,

From farthest realms, by proxy, might shake hands,

And, off'ring useless friendship, save their lands.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter VILLERIUS, ALPHONSO, ADMIRAL, MARSHAL.*

ADM. He came disguis'd, who brought your  
letter here,

And sought such privacy as argu'd fear.

MAR. But, Sov'reign master, yours did seem to be  
Convey'd by one less pain'd with secrecy ;

Who does for answer stay.

VILL. Mine came from Mustapha.

It would import a promising increase  
Of our conditions by approaching peace.

But does request us to consent

That fair Ianthe may yet longer stay

In pow'rful Roxolana's tent ;

ALPH. Mine by a Christian slave was brought,  
Who from the Eunuch Bassa, Haly, came ;

Not to be dead

ADM. Oh, my prophetic fear!

I should with all the art

And straight from Solymán divert her eyes.

ALPH. And here she likewise says,

A closer siege than e'er he did to Rhodes.

ADM. Ianthe, I will still my love pursue ;

Be kind to thee, and to Alphonso true :

But love's small policies great honour now

Will hardly to my rivalry allow :

Those little arts, bold Duke, I must lay by

And urge thy courage more than jealousy.

ADM. Why sought we not his pass-port or his word?

ALPH. How durst Ianthe have so little fear

As to believe

That in the camp she should receive  
Freedom from him who did besiege her here?

ADM. Whilst in her own dispose she here  
remain'd

I of the brav'ry of her trust complain'd :  
Her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd,  
And must not be upbraided but reliev'd.

VILL. To rescue Rhodes she did her self forsake ;  
And Rhodes shall nobly pay that virtue back.

ALPH. Great master ! what shall poor Alphonso  
do ?

Since all he has Ianthe's is ;

And now in this

Must owe Ianthe and her fame to you.

VILL. If any virtue can in valour be :

ADM. Or any valour in a Rhodian knight :

ALPH. Or any lover can have loyalty :

VILL. Or any warrior can in love delight.

MAR. If absence makes not mighty love grow less.

ADM. Or gentle lovers can compassion feel.

ALPH. If loyal beauty, when in deep distress,  
Can melt our hearts, and harden all our steel.

VILL. Then let us here in sacred vows combine !  
My vow is seal'd ——— [*They join their swords.*]

ADM. And mine.——

MAR. And mine.——

ALPH. And trebly mine.——

VILL. Behold us, fame, then stay thy flight,  
And hover o'er our towers to night ;

Fresh wings together with the morning take

As early as afflicted lovers wake.

Then tell the world that we have join'd our swords ;  
But 'tis for griev'd Ianthe, not for Rhodes.

ALPH. Now we shall prosper, who were weary  
grown

In Rhodes, and never could successful prove  
When Empire led us forth to seek renown,  
For honour should no leader have but love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*The Scene is chang'd.*

*Being wholly fill'd with Roxolana's Rich Pavilion,  
wherein is discern'd, at distance, Ianthé sleeping on  
a Couch ; Roxolana at one End of it, and Haly at  
the other ; Guards of Eunnuchs are discover'd at the  
wings of the Pavilion ; Roxolana having a Turkish  
embroidered handkerchief in her left hand, and a  
ponyord in her right.*

ROX. Thou dost from beauty, Solymán,  
As much refrain as nature can ;  
Who making beauty, meant it should be lov'd.  
But how can I my station keep  
Till thou, Ianthé, art by death remov'd ?  
To die, when thou art young,  
Is but too soon to fall asleep  
And lye asleep too long.

HALY. Your dreadful will what power can here  
command  
But pity ? oh, let pity stay your hand !——

ROX. Sultan, I will not weep, because my tears  
Cannot suffice to quench thy love's false flame :  
Nor will I to a paleness bleed,  
To show my love's true fears.  
Because I rather need

More blood to help to blush away thy shame.

HALY. How far are all his former virtues gone ?  
Turn back the progress of forgetful time :

The many favours by your Sultan done  
Should now excuse him for one purpos'd crime.

ROX. Haly, consult ! can I do ill  
If many foul adult'ries I prevent,  
When I but one fair mistress kill ?

HALY. Be not too early here with punishment.  
Your Sultan now  
Does only shew  
The grudgings of a lover's feverish fit.

You find his inclinations strange,  
 But, being new, they soon may change :  
 And they have reacht but to intention yet.

ROX. Long before deeds Heav'n calls intention  
 sin.

'Tis good to end what he would ill begin.

HALY. Do not relinquish yet your first design.

Before you darken all her light  
 Examine, by your judging sight,  
 If in your sphere she can unblemisht shine.  
 You meant to prove her virtue and first try  
 How well she here could as a rival live,  
 Ere as a judg'd adultress she should die :

In pard'ning her you Solyman forgive.  
 And can you add to your lov'd greatness more,  
 When able to forgive the greatest pow'r ?

ROX. Tell me again Alphonso's short reply  
 When I by letter wak'd his jealousy ;  
 And counsell'd him to write and to advise  
 His wife to lock her breast, and shut her eyes.

HALY. With silence first he did his sorrows bear ;  
 Then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear :  
 At last said, she was now past counsel grown ;  
 Or else could take no better than her own.

ROX. His thoughts a double vizard wear,  
 And only lead me to suspense,  
 It seems he does her dangers fear,  
 And fain would trust her innocence.  
 Wake her ! I will pursue my first design.

HALY. I go to draw the curtain of a shrine.  
 Awake ! Behold the pow'rful Empress here.

*[Ianthé rises and walks at distance from Roxelana.]*

IANTH. Heav'n has the greatest pow'r ;  
 Heav'n seeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.  
 This is my fatal hour.

ROX. Though beauteous when she slept,  
 Yet now would I had kept

Her safely sleeping still.  
 She, waking, turns my envy into shame ;  
 And does it so reclaim,  
 That I am conquer'd who came here to kill.

IANTH. What dangers should I fear ?  
 Her brow grows smooth and clear:  
 Yet so much greatness cannot want disguise.  
 The great live all within ;  
 And are but seldom seen

Looking abroad through casements of their eyes.

ROX. Have courage, fair Sicilian, and come near.

IANTH. My distance shews my duty more than fear.

ROX. I have a present for you, and 'tis such  
 As comes from one who does believe  
 It is for you too little to receive ;  
 And I, perhaps, may think it is too much.

IANTH. Who dares be bountiful to low distress ?  
 Who to Ianthé can I present make  
 When Rhodes besieg'd has all she would possess ;  
 And all the world does ruin'd Rhodes  
 forsake ?

ROX. The present will not make the giver poor ;  
 And, though 'tis single now, it quickly can  
 Be multiplied ; you shall have many more.  
 It is this kiss——It comes from Solyman.

IANTH. You did your creature courage give ;  
 And made me hope that I had leave  
 to live

When you from duteous distance call'd me near :  
 But now I soon shall courage lack :  
 I am amaz'd, and must go back.

Amazement is the ugliest shape of fear.

ROX. Are Christian ladies so reserv'd and shy ?

IANTH. Our sacred law does give  
 Them precepts how to live,

And nature tells them they must die.

ROX. 'Tis well they to their husbands are so true.

But speak, Ianthé, are they all like you ?

IANTH. I hope they are, and better too,  
Or, if they are not, will be so.

ROX. They have been strangely injur'd then.  
But rumour does mistake.

Some say they visits make ;

And they are visited by men.

IANTH. What custom does avow  
Our laws in time allow ;

And those who never guilty be  
Suspect not others' liberty.

ROX. This would in Asia wonderful appear :  
But time may introduce that fashion here.

Come nearer ! Is your husband kind and true ?

IANTH. If good to good I may compare,  
Excepting greatness, I would dare

To say, he is as Solyman to you.

ROX. As he to me ? How strong is innocence !  
Prevailing till 'tis free to give offence.

Indeed, Alphonso, has a large renown :

Which does so daily spread,

As it the world may lead ;

And should not be contracted in a town.

IANTH. As we in all agree,  
So he will prove like me

A lowly servant to your rising fame.

ROX. But is he kind to you, and free from blame ?  
Civil by day, and loyal too at night ?

IANTH. By nature, not by skill,  
He is as cheerful still,

And as unblemisht as unshaded light.

ROX. These Christian turtles live too happily.  
I wish, for breed, they would to Asia fly.—

You must not at such distance stand ;

Draw near, and give me your fair hand.—

I have another present for you now ;  
And such a present as I know

You will much better than the first allow,

Though Solyman will not esteem it so.

'Tis from my self—of friendship such a seal——  
[*Kisses her.*

As you to Solyman must ne'er reveal.

And that I may be more assur'd,

By this again you are conjur'd.

IANTH. Presents so good and great as these  
I should receive upon my knees.

ROX. I will not, lest I may revive your fear,  
Relate the cause of your confinement here.

But know, I must

Your virtue trust ;

Which, proving loyal, you are safe in mine.

IANTH. The light of angels still about you shine !

HALY. The dang'rous secrets of th' Imperial bed

[*Haly takes Ianthé aside.*

Are darker than the riddles of the throne.

The glass, in which their characters are read,

We Eunuchs grind, and 'tis but seldom  
shewn.

IANTH. I shall with close and weary eyes  
Retire from all your mysteries ;

And, when occasion shall my honour trust,

You'll find I have some courage, and am just.

ROX. Perhaps, Ianthé, you may shortly hear  
Of clouds, which threat'ning me, may urge your fear.  
Be virtuous still ! 'tis true my Sultan frowns.

[*She weeps.*

But let him win more battles, take more towns,

And be all day the foremost in the fight ;

Yet he shall find that I will rule at night.

[*Haly looks in.*



HALY. The guards increase, and many mutes  
appear,  
Lifting their lights to shew the Sultan near.

ROX. My new seal'd friendship I must now  
lay by

A while, and seem your jealous enemy.  
Be to your self, and to Alphonso, true.

IANTH. As he to me, and virtue is to you.

*[Ianthé steps at distance.]*

*Enter SOLYMAN.*

SOLY. Has night lost all her dark dominion here ?  
High hopes disturb your sleep ;

But I suspect you keep  
Ianthé waking, not with hope but fear.

ROX. Too well, and much too soon I know  
Whom you are pleas'd to grace :

However, since it must be so,  
You'll find I can give place.

SOLY. You had a place too near me, and too high.  
If but a little you remove  
From place of Empire or of love

You soon become but as a stander-by.  
One step descending from a shining throne,  
You to the darkest depth fall swiftly down.

ROX. If I sat nearer to you than 'twas fit,  
For Empires, heralds to admit ;

(I being born below, and you above)  
Pray call in death, and I'll, even then, bring love.  
To these all places equal be ;

For love and death know no degree.

SOLY. I cannot passion's riddles understand.

ROX. You still have present death at your  
command ;

But former love you have laid by :  
Which, being gone you know that I can die.

*[Weeps.]*

SOLY. I better know that you have cause to weep.

[*Turns to Ianthe.*

Ianthe, all is calm within your breast,  
Retire into the quiet shade of sleep,  
And let not watchful fear divert your rest.  
Let all the nations of my camp suffice,  
As guards, to keep you from my enemies ;

(For of your own  
You can have none)

Whilst I but as love's sent'nel on you wait,  
Arm'd with his bow, at your pavilion gate.

IANTH. Heaven put it in your mighty mind  
Quickly to be,

More than to me,

To all the valiant Rhodians kind.  
And may you grieve to think how many mourn  
Till you shall end their griefs at my return.

SOLY. You shall not languish with delay.

But this is business for the day.

'Tis now so late at night that all love's spies,  
Parents and husbands too,  
The watchful, and the watch, seal up their eyes,  
And lovers cease to woo.

[*Exeunt Italy, Ianthe.*

ROX. You alter ev'ry year the world's known  
face ;

Whilst cities you remove, and nations chase.  
These great mutations (which, with shrill  
And ceaseless sounds, Fame's trumpet fill,  
And shall seem wonders in her brazen books)  
Much less amaze me than your alter'd looks ;  
Where I can read your love's more fatal change.

SOLY. You make my frowns, yet seem to think  
them strange.

ROX. You seek a stranger and abandon me.

SOLY. Strange coasts are welcome after storms  
at sea.

ROX. That various mind will wander very far,  
Which, more than home, a foreign land prefers.

SOLY. The wise, for quietness, when civil war  
Does rage at home, turn private travellers.

ROX. Your love's long frost has made my bosom  
cold.

SOLY. Let not the cause be in your story told.

ROX. A colder heart death's hand has never felt ;  
But 'tis such ice as you may break, or melt.

[*She Weeps.*]

SOLY. I never shall complain

When you are wet with rain,  
Which softer passion does thus gently pour.  
What more in season is than such a shower ?  
You still, through little clouds, would lovely shew,  
Were all your April-weather calm as now.  
But March resembles more your haughty mind ;  
Froward and loud oft'ner than calmly kind.  
Weather which may not inconvenient prove  
To country lovers, born but to make love :

Who grieve not when they mutual kindness  
doubt,

But with indifference meet a frown or smile ;

As having frequent leisure to fall out,  
And their divided breasts to reconcile.

ROX. The world had less sad business known if  
you  
Had been ordain'd for so much leisure too.

SOLY. Monarchs, who onward still with conquest  
move,

Can only for their short diversion love.  
When a black cloud in beauty's sky appears,  
They cannot wait till time the tempests clears.  
Whilst they to save a sullen mistress, stay,  
The world's dominion may be cast away.

ROX. Why is dominion priz'd above  
Wise nature's great concernment, love ?

SOLY. Of Heav'n what have we found, which we  
do more,  
And sooner, than exceeding pow'r adore ?  
The wond'rous things which that chief pow'r has  
done,  
Are to those early spies, our senses, shewn :  
And must at length to reason be assur'd :  
Yet how, or what, Heav'n loves is much obscur'd,  
And our uncertain love  
(Perhaps not bred above,  
But in low regions, like the wand'ring winds)  
Shews diff'rent sexes more than equal minds.

ROX. Your love, indeed, is prone to change,  
And like the wand'ring wind does range.  
The gale awhile tow'rd Cyprus blew ;  
It turn'd to Crete and stronger grew ;  
Then on the Lycian shore it favour'd me :  
But now, Ianthé seeks in Sicily.

SOLY. In progresses of war and love  
Victors with equal haste must move,  
And in attempts of either make no stay :  
They can but visit, conquer, and away.

ROX. Love's most victorious and most cruel foe !  
Forsake me and to meaner conquests go !  
To wars, where you may sack and over-run,  
Till your success has all the world undone.  
Advance those trophies which you ought to hide ;  
For wherefore are they rais'd  
But to have slaughter prais'd,

And courage which is but applauded pride ?

SOLY. In so much rain I knew a gust would  
come :

I'll shun the rising storm and give it room.

ROX. Love's foes are ever hasty in retreat ;  
You can march off ; but 'tis for fear  
Lest you should hear  
Those mournings which your cruelties beget.

SOLY. The fear is wise which you upbraid :  
For, whilst thus terrible you grow,  
I must confess, I am afraid,  
And not asham'd of being so.

ROX. Go where you cover greater fear  
Than that which you dissemble here :  
Where you breed ill your mis-begotten fame,  
When charging armies and assaulting towns,  
You ravish nations with as little shame  
As now you shew in your injurious frowns.

SOLY. If we grow fearful at the face of war,  
You, justly, may our terror blame,  
Since, by your darings, we might learn to dare.  
Would you as well could teach us shame.

ROX. Your fears appear, even in your darings,  
great ;  
You would not else sound cheerful  
trumpets when  
The charge begins, whilst drums with clamour beat,  
To raise the courage of your mighty men.  
With war's loud music shouts are mingled too ;  
Which boastingly such cruel deeds  
proclaim  
As beasts, through thickest furs, would blush to do.  
Your wives may breed up wolves to  
teach you shame.

SOLY. 'Tis not still dang'rous when you angry  
grow :  
For, Roxolana, you can anger show.  
To those whom you, perhaps, can never hate.  
This passion is ; but you have crimes of State.

ROX. Call nature to be judge ! what have I  
done ?

SOLY. You have a husband lost to save a son.

ROX. Sultan, that son is yours as much as mine.

SOLY. He has some lustre got in fight ;  
But yet beyond the dawning light

Of his new glory, Mustapha does shine ;  
Who is the pledge of my Circassian wife ;  
And from my blood as great a share of life  
May challenge as your son. Has he not worn  
A victor's wreath ? He is my eldest born.

ROX. Because her son the Empire shall enjoy,  
Must therefore strangling mutes my sons destroy ?  
Since eldest born you may him Empire give :  
But mine, as well as he, were born to live.  
They may, as yours, though by a second wife,  
Inherit that which nature gave them, life.

SOLY. Whilst any life I shew, by any breath,  
Who dares approach them in the shape of death ?

ROX. When you to Heav'n's high palace shall  
remove,

To meet much more compassion there  
Than you have ever felt, and far more love

Than e'er your heart requited here ;  
Will not your Bassas then presume to do  
What custom warrants and our priesthood too ?

SOLY. Those are the secret nerves of Empire's  
force.

Empire grows often high  
By rules of cruelty,  
But seldom prospers when it feels remorse.

ROX. Accursed Empire ! got and bred by art !  
Let nature govern or at least  
Divide our mutual interest :

Yield yours to death, and keep alive my part.

SOLY. Beauty, retire ! Thou dost my pity move !  
Believe my pity, and then trust my love !

[*Exit Rosol.*]

At first I thought her by our prophet sent  
As a reward for valour's toils ;

More worth than all my father's spoils :  
And now she is become my punishment.  
But thou art just, O pow'r divine !

With new and painful arts  
Of study'd war I break the hearts  
Of half the world, and she breaks mine.

[*Exit.*

THE FIFTH ACT.

*The Scene is chang'd to a Prospect of Rhodes by night,  
and the Grand Master's Palace on Fire.*

*Enter SOLYMAN, PIRRHUS, RUSTAN.*

SOLY. Look, Pirrihus, look ! what means that  
sudden light,  
Which casts a paleness o'er the face of night ?  
The flame shews dreadful, and ascends still  
higher !

PIR. The Rhodian master's palace is on fire !

RUST. A greater from Saint George's tower does  
shine !

SOLY. Chance it would seem, but does import  
design !

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

MUSTA. Their flag of treaty they have taken in !

SOLY. Dare they this ending war again begin ?

PIR. They feed their flames to light their  
forces out !

RUST. And now, seem sallying from the French  
redoubt !

MUSTA. Old Orchan takes already the alarm !

SOLY. Need they make fires to keep their  
courage warm ?

PIR. The English now advance !

SOLY. Let them proceed !

Their cross is bloody, and they come to bleed.

Set all the turn-pikes open, let them in !

Those island gamesters may,

(Who desperately for honour play)

Behold fair stakes, and try what they can win.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter VILLERIUS, ALPHONSO, ADMIRAL, MARSHAL.*

VILL. Burn palace, burn ! Thy flame more  
beauteous grows

Whilst higher it ascends.

That now must serve to light us to our foes  
Which long has lodg'd our friends.

ALPH. It serves not only as a light  
To guide us in so black a night ;

But to our enemies will terror give.

MAR. Who (seeing we so much destroy,  
What we in triumph did enjoy,

That now we know not where to live)

Will strait conclude that boldly we dare die.

VILL. And those who to themselves lov'd life  
deny,

Want seldom pow'r to aid their will  
When they would others kill.

ADM. Speak both of killing and of saving too.

The utmost that our valour now can do

Is when, by many Bassas pris'ners ta'ne,

We freedom for distress Ianthé gain.

ALPH. A jewel too sufficient to redeem  
Great Solymán were he in chains with them.

VILL. Here spread our front ! our rear is all  
come forth.

We lead two thousand Rhodian knights ;

All skill'd in various fights :

Fame's roll contains no names of higher worth.

In whispers give command

To make a stand !

ADM. Stand !

WITHIN. 1. Stand ! 2. Stand ! 3. Stand !

VILL. Divide our knights, and all their martial  
train !

ALPH. Let me by storm the Sultan's quarter gain.

ADM. My lot directs my wing to Mustapha.



MAR. To Pirrhus, o'er his trench, I'll force my way.

VILL. Our honour bids us give a brave defeat ;  
 Whilst prudence leaves reserves for a retreat.  
 All lovers are concern'd in what we do.  
 Love's crown depends on you, on you, on you,  
 Love's bow is not so fatal as my sword.

ALPH. As mine.

ADM. And mine.

TOGETHER. Ianthe is the word ! [*Exeunt.*

*A Symphony expressing a Battle is play'd a while.*

*Enter SOLYMAN.*

SOLY. More horse ! more horse, to shake their ranks !  
 Bid Orchan haste to gall their flanks.  
 Few Rhodian knights making their several stands,  
 Out-strike assemblies of our many hands.

*Enter MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN.*

MUSTA. Morat, and valiant Zangiban are slain.

RUST. But Orchan does their yielded ground regain.

SOLY. Our crescents shine not in the shade of night.

But now the crescent of the sky appears ;  
 Our valour rises with her lucky light ;  
 And all our fighters blush away their fears.

*Enter PIRRHUS.*

PIR. More pikes ! and pass the trench ! fall in !  
 fall in !

That we may gain the field ere day begin.

SOLY. Advance with all our guards ! This doubtful strife

Less grieves me than our odds  
 Of number against Rhodes ;  
 By which we honour lose to rescue life. [*Exeunt.*

*A Symphony sounds a battle again.*

*The Scene returns to the town besieg'd.*

*Enter VILLERIUS, MARSHAL.*

VILL. Send back ! send back ! to quench our  
 fatal fire !  
 Ere morning does advance we must retire ;  
 Justly asham'd to let the day's great light  
 Shew what a little we have done to-night.

*Enter ADMIRAL.*

ADM. We have been shipwreckt in a midnight  
 storm ;  
 Who hither came, great master, to perform  
 Such deeds as might have given us cause to boast.

MAR. We found the night too black,  
 And now no use can make  
 Of day, but to discern that we are lost.

VILL. Can thy great courage mention our defeat  
 Whilst any life is left to make retreat ?

ADM. It is a just rebuke.

VILL. Where is the Duke ?

ADM. Long tir'd with valour's toils, and in his  
 breast,  
 O'ercharg'd with lovers' griefs, he sought for rest.  
 To Fame's eternal temple he is gone.

And I may fear

Is enter'd there,

Where death does keep the narrow gate,

And lets in none

But those whom painful honour brings.  
 Many, without in vain for entrance wait,

With warrants seal'd by mighty kings.

VILL. Villerius never yet by Turkish swords  
Was cut so deep as by thy wounding words.  
Is that great youth, the prince of lovers, slain ?

ADM. Who knows how much of life he does  
retain ?

Twice I reliev'd him from the double force  
Of Zangiban's old foot, and Orchan's horse.  
My strength was over-pow'r'd ; and he still bent  
To follow honour to the Sultan's tent.

MAR. Alphonso's story has this sudden end :  
Ianthé may a longer fate attend.

VILL. Of life's chief hope we are bereft.

Go rally all whom death has left !

Let our remaining knights make good the pier !

Our hearts will serve to beat,

Unheard, a stol'n retreat.

ADM. But shall we leave Ianthe captive here ?

VILL. I'll to our temple force our way ;

And there for her redemption pray :

Her freedom now depends on our return.

In temples we shall nothing gain

From Heav'n, whilst we of loss complain :

We'll for our crimes, not for our losses, mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SOLYMAN, PIRRHUS.*

SOLY. Let us no more the Rhodians' flight  
pursue ;

Who, since below our anger, need our  
care.

Compassion is to vanquish valour due

Which was not cruel in successful war.

PIR. Our sultan does his pow'r from heav'n  
derive,

'Tis raised above the reach of human  
force :

It could not else with soft compassion thrive :  
                   For few are gain'd or mended by remorse.  
 The world is wicked grown, and wicked men  
                   (Since jealous still of those whom they  
                   have harm'd)  
 Are but enabl'd to offend again  
                   When they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

*Enter MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN.*

MUSTA. The Rhodians will no more in arms  
                   appear :

                  They now are lost before they loss  
                   their town.

RUST. They may their standards hide and  
                   ensigns tear :

                  For what's the body when the soul  
                   is gone ?

MUSTA. The prisoner whom in doubtful fight  
                   we took

                  (Who long maintain'd the strife,  
                   For freedom more than life)

Is young Alphonso, the Sicilian Duke.

SOLY. Fortune could never find, if she had eyes,  
 A present for me which I more would prize.

*Enter HALY.*

HALY. Your bosom-slave, the creature which  
                   your pow'r

                  Has made in all the world the greatest wife  
 Did all this dang'rous night kneel and implore

                  That heav'n would give you length of  
                   happy life,

In measure to your breadth of spreading fame,  
 And to the height of Ottoman's high name.

SOLY. Tell Roxolana I esteem her love

So much that I her anger fear  
And whilst with passion I the one approve,  
The other I with temper bear.

HALY. She charg'd me not to undertake t'  
express

With how much grief her eyes did melt  
When she this night your dangers felt ;  
Nor how much joy she shew'd at your success.  
She hears that you have pris'ner took  
The bold Sicilian Duke :

And begs he may be straight at her dispose ;  
That you may try how she can use your foes.

SOLY. This furious Rhodian sally could not be  
Provokt but by his jealousy of me.

MUSTA. He wanted honour who could yours  
suspect.

PIR. The rash, by jealousy, themselves detect.

SOLY. His jealousy shall meet with punish-  
ment.

Convey him straight to Roxolana's tent.

[*Exit Pirrhus.*]

But, Haly, know, the fair Ianthe must  
Be safe, and free, who did my honour trust.  
You want no mutes, nor can they want good skill  
To torture or dispatch those whom they kill.

But since this Duke's renown did spread and rise

(Who in attempt at night

Has often scap'd my sight)

Take care that I may see him ere he dies.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*The Scene returns to Roxolana's Pavilion.*

*Enter IANTHE in her night dress.*

IANT. In this pavilion all have been alarm'd.  
The eunuchs, mutes, and very dwarfs  
were arm'd.

The Rhodians have a fatal sally made ;  
 And many now, to shun  
 The griefs of love, are run  
 Through night's dark walks to death's detested  
 shade.

An eunuch lately cry'd Alphonso's slain !

Now others change my grief,

And give some small relief,

By new report that he's but pris'ner ta'ne.

Where, my afflicted lord,

Is thy victorious sword ?

For now (though 'twas too weak to rescue thee)

It might successful grow

If thy triumphant foe

Would make an end of love by ending me.

*Enter ROXOLANA.*

ROX. How fares my rival, the Sicilian flow'r ?

IANTH. As wet with tears as roses in a show'r.

ROX. I brought you presents when I saw you last.

IANTH. Presents ? If you have more,

Like those you brought before,

They come too late, unless they make great haste.

ROX. Are you departing without taking leave ?

IANTH. I would not you, nor can your guards,  
 deceive.

ROX. You'll pay a farewell to a civil Court ?

IANTH. Souls make their parting ceremonies short.

ROX. The present which the Sultan sent before  
 (Who means to vex your bashfulness no more)

Was to your lips, and that you did refuse :

But this is to your ear. I bring you news.

IANTH. I hear, my lord and Rhodes have been to  
 blame.

ROX. It seems you keep intelligence with Fame,  
 Or with some frightened eunuch, her swift post ;

Who often has from camps to cities  
 brought

The dreadful news of battles lost  
Before the field was fought.

IANTH. Then I may hope this is a false alarm ;  
And Rhodes has neither done nor taken harm.

ROX. You may believe Alphonso is not slain.

IANTH. Blest angel, speak ! Nor is he pris'ner  
ta'ne ?

ROX. He is a pris'ner, and is given to me.

IANTH. Angels are kind, I know you'll set him free.

ROX. He has some wounds, plac'd nobly in his  
breast.

IANTH. You soon take back the comfort you have  
given.

ROX. They are not deep, and are securely drest.

IANTH. Now you are good again ! O heal them,  
Heav'n !

ROX. In Heav'n, Ianthé, he may mercy find,  
He must go thither, and leave you behind.

IANTH. I hope I shall discern your looks less  
strange ;

And your expressions not so full of change——

ROX. Weep'st thou for him, whose saucy  
jealousy

Durst think the Sultan could be false to me ?

IANTH. Though his offence makes him unfit to live,  
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.

ROX. Soft fool ! bred up in narrow western  
Courts ;

Which are by subjects storm'd like paper-forts :

Italian Courts, fair inns for foreign posts,

Where little Princes are but civil hosts.

Think'st thou that she, who does wide Empire sway,

Can breed such storms as lovers show'rs allay ?

Can half the world be govern'd by a mind

That shews domestic pity, and grows kind ?

IANTH. Where are those virtuous vows you  
lately seal'd ?

ROX. I did enjoin they should not be reveal'd.

IANTH. But could you mean they should be broken too ?

ROX. Those seals were counterfeit, and pass

For nothing, since my sealing was

But to a Christian when I seal'd to you.

IANTH. Seal'd by your precious lips ! what is so sure

As that which makes the Sultan's heart secure ?

You to religion many temples rear ;

Justice may find one lodging in your breast.

ROX. Religion is but public fashion here ;

And justice is but private interest.

Nature our sex does to revenge incite ;

And int'rest counsels us to keep our own.

Were you not sent to rule with me at night ?

Love is as shy of partners as the throne.

Haly prepare the pris'ner ; he must die.

*Enter HALY.*

IANTH. If any has offended it is I !——

O think ! think upward on the thrones above.

Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love.

If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,

This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

Excuse his innocence ; and seize my life !

Can you mistake the husband for the wife ?

ROX. Are Christian wives so true, and wondrous kind ?

Ianthe, you can never change my mind :

For I did ever mean to keep my vow,

Which I renew, and seal it faster now.

*[Kisses her.]*

The Sultan frankly gave thy lord to me ;

And I as freely render him to thee.

IANTH. To all the world be all your virtues known  
More than the triumphs of your Sultan's throne.



ROX. Send in her lord, to calm her troubled breast.

[*Ereunt Roxolana, Haly, several ways.*]

IANTH. Now his departing life may stay ;

But he has wounds. Yet she did say  
They were not deep, and are securely drest.

*Enter HALY, ALPHONSO, his arms bound.*

HALY. Fate holds your dice ; and here expect  
the cast,  
Your chance, if it be bad, will soon be past.

[*Exit.*]

ALPH. My doom contains not much diversity.  
To live, to die, to be a slave, or free ?  
Death sums up all ! by dying we remove  
From all the frowns of pow'r, and griefs of love.

Ianthe, are you here ?

I will dismiss my fear.

Death's dreaded journey I

Have ended ere I die.

Death does to Heav'n the virtuous lead ;

Which I enjoy ere I am dead.

For it is Heav'n to me where e'er thou art,

And those who meet in Heav'n shall never part.

IANTH. Stay, stay, Alphonso ! you proceed too fast ;

For I am chang'd since you beheld me last.

In Rhodes I wholly did myself resign

To serve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.

And that you may perceive how soon I can

Melt the obdurate heart of Solyman ;

Let this confirm your restless jealousy :

You came in bound and thus I make you free.—

[*Unbinds him.*]

ALPH. By this, Ianthe, you express no more  
Dominion o'er me than you had before.

In Rhodes I was a subject to your will :

Your smiles preserv'd me, and your frowns did kill.

IANTH. I know your tongue too well ; which  
should deceive  
One who had study'd all the art  
Of love rather than her whose heart  
Too simply would your very looks believe.  
But now you know, that though you are unbound,  
Yet still your walk is on the Sultan's ground.

ALPH. Ianthe, you are chang'd indeed  
If cruelly you thus proceed,

IANTH. In tracing human story we shall find  
The cruel more successful than the kind.  
Whilst you are here submitted to my sway,  
It safe discretion were to make you pay  
For all those sighs and tears my heart and eyes  
Have lost to make you lose your jealousies.  
But I was bred in nature's simple school ;  
And am but love's great fool,  
With whom you rudely play,  
And strike me hard, then stroke the pain away.  
How are your wounds ? I hope you find them  
slight ?

ALPH. They scarce will need the rip'ning of a  
night :

Unless, severe Ianthe, yon  
By chiding me, their pains renew.

IANTH. Was it not jealousy which brought you  
here ?

ALPH. It was my love conducted by my fear.  
Fear of your safety, not of virtue, made  
The Rhodians, by surprize, this camp invade.  
In hope, by bringing home great pris'ners, we  
Might set the Rhodians' greater mistress free.

IANTH. The safety of Ianthe was not worth  
That courage which mis-led the Rhodians forth.  
The world's contagion, vice, could ne'er infect  
The Sultan's heart : but when you did suspect  
His favours were too great for me to take,

You then, Alphonso, did unkindly make  
 My merit small ; as if you knew  
 There was to that but little due.  
 Or if he wicked were,  
 What danger could you fear ?

Since virtue's force all vicious pow'r controls.  
 Lucrece a ponyard found, and Porcia coals.

ALPH. How low to your high virtue shall I fall ?

IANTH. What chance attended in this fatal night  
 The Master, Marshal, and the Admiral ?

ALPH. I lost them in the thickest mist of fight,  
 Yet did from Haly this short comfort get  
 That they to Rhodes have made a brave retreat.  
 As love's great champions we must them adore.

IANTH. Be well, Alphonso ! I will chide no more.

*Enter SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, MUSTAPHIA, PIRRHUS,  
 HALY, RUSTAN.*

SOLY. Haly, I did declare that I would see  
 The jealous pris'ner ere he died.

ROX. Look there ! you are obey'd. Yet pardon  
 me

Who, ere you pardon'd him, did make him free.

SOLY. In this I have your virtue tried.

If Roxolana thus revengeless proves  
 To him whom such a beauteous rival loves,  
 It does denote she rivals can endure,  
 Yet thinks she still is of my heart secure.

Duke, this example of her trust may be  
 A cure for your distrustful thoughts of me.  
 You may embark for the Sicilian coast ;  
 And there possess your wife when Rhodes is lost.

ALPH. Since freedom, which is more than life  
 you give  
 To him, who durst not ask you leave to live :  
 I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave  
 That, granting freedom, you will honour save.

My honour I shall lose, unless I share  
 In Rhodes, the Rhodians' worst effects of war.  
 To Sicily let chaste Ianthe steer :  
 And sing long stories of your virtue there :  
 Whilst, by your mercy sent, to Rhodes I go,  
 To be in Rhodes your suppliant, not your foe.

IANTH. Alphonso, I have honour too ;  
                   Which calls me back to Rhodes with you.  
 Were this, through tenderness, by you denied  
                   For soft concerns of life,  
 Yet gracious Solyman will ne'er divide  
                   The husband from the wife.

SOLY. Both may to Rhodes return ! but it is just  
 That you, who nobly did my honour trust,  
                   (Without my pass, or plighted word)  
 Should more by your advent'rous visit get  
                   Than Empires' int'rest would afford,  
 Or you expected when you came to treat.  
                   Go back, Ianthe ! make your own  
                   Conditions boldly for the town.

I am content it should recorded be,  
 That, when I vanquished Rhodes, you conquer'd me.

IANTH. Not Fame's free voice, nor lasting num-  
                   bers can  
 Disperse, or keep, enough of Solyman.

SOLY. From lovers' beds, and thrones of mon-  
                   archs, fly  
 Thou ever waking madness, jealousy.

                  And still, to nature's darling, love  
                   (That all the world may happy prove)  
 Let giant-virtue be the watchful guard,  
 Honour, the cautious guide, and sure reward :  
 Honour, adorn'd in such a poet's song  
                   As may prescribe to fame  
                   With loyal lovers' name  
 Shall far be spread, and shall continue long.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## EPILOGUE.

Though, bashfully, we fear to give offence,  
Yet, pray allow our poet confidence.  
He has the priv'lege of old servants got,  
Who are conniv'd at, and have leave to doat ;  
To boast past service, and be chol'rick too,  
Till they believe at last that all they do  
Does far above their master's judgments grow :  
Much like to theirs, is his presumption now.  
For free, assur'd, and bold his brow appears,  
Because, he serv'd your fathers many years.  
He says he pleas'd them too, but he may find  
You wits, not of your duller fathers' mind.  
Which, well consider'd mistress-muse will then  
Wish for her old gallants at Fri's again :  
Rather than be by those neglected here,  
Whose fathers civilly did court her there.  
But as old mistresses, who meet disdain,  
Forbear through pride, or prudence, to complain :  
And satisfy their hearts, when they are sad,  
With thoughts of former lovers they have had :  
Even so poor madame-muse this night must bear,  
With equal pulse, the fits of hope and fear ;  
And never will against your passion strive :  
But, being old, and therefore narrative,  
Comfort her self with telling tales, too long,  
Of many plaudits had when she was young.

FINIS.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.













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